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QUEEN'S Love For BROTHER

Elizabeth and David were called the "two Benjamins"

Childhood Companions

Continuing her intimate story of the life of Queen Elizabeth her friend and biographer, Lady Cynthia Asquith, lays special emphasis on the devotion of the Queen to her brother David.

They were two lovely, happy, and unaffected children who grew up beautifully together.

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH
Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

THERE was only a difference of twenty-one months between the Duchess and her brother David, and, as they were considerably younger than any other members of the family, the "two Benjamins," as Lady Strathmore called them, had the nursery to themselves and were inseparable.

The little boy followed his protective sister like a shadow, and when visitors were present she always preceded him into the room. "David's rather shy," she would say, with tender apology.

Many people were laid under the spell of these two children.

Mrs. Thompson, a faithful friend of the family, and in their service as housekeeper from 1886 to 1915, writes:

Dearest Couple

"THEY were the dearest little couple I have ever seen, and the Queen always took the lead. She would come tripping down the stairs and it would be 'Mrs. Thompson, have you any of those nice creams left for us?' And she would open the cupboard and help herself to what she liked best.

"I remember the child inviting me to play cricket with them. She had great fun with me, as I could not send the ball anywhere near the

wicket. She was a merry child and always friendly.

"I can see her now coming outside the window of the house-keeper's room with her pony Bobbs, and making him beg for sugar, and often she would come up by herself and pop her head up suddenly and make us all jump, at which she would have a good laugh.

"She had a very happy childhood and always good health to enjoy it. I used to love to watch her movements. She and her brother were like little fairies dancing about."

In the dairy at Glamis there are also many happy recollections of this inseparable pair. They used to approach by the wood and burst in covered with feathers they had picked up and, with threats of scolding, extort a drink of milk and a biscuit.

The most enchanting impression left on the memories of the many visitors who delighted in these two children was made by their dancing lessons with Mr. Neal, a great character who had played the fiddle for

fifty years. That side of his beard against which he pressed his instrument was quite worn away.

He skipped round the room after the children as he played, but if his limbs were frisky, his countenance was very solemn and his seriousness imparted itself to the children, who went through their steps with a gravity only broken by their pleased smiles and rippling laughter when applause greeted them at the end.

The Minuet

THEIR only grievance against their mother was that she made them dance a minuet at some entertainment given at Glamis.

Fond as they were of dancing and of fancy dress, so large an audience was not to their taste.

For this performance Lady Strathmore made for her daughter a lovely long dress of rose-pink and silver, of the period of James I. David Lyon wore one of the treasures of the dressing-up chest, the parti-colored dress of the family jester with cap and bells.

In his account of a visit to Glamis, Mr. Stirling, for many years Minister at Ballater, tells of the charm of the children's dancing.

"I entered the Castle by the low main doorway which still displays the huge knocker dated 1689, and passed the 'yett' of massive iron from which, as Sir Walter Scott said, one might have imagined Lady Macbeth (with the form and feature of Siddons) issuing forth to receive King Duncan.

Lovely Room

I MOUNTED the great stone staircase and entered the drawing-room, which in former times was the banquet hall, the splendid apartment which Earl Patrick described in his diary, still preserved at the Castle, as a 'room which I have ever loved.'

Here, amid these surroundings, so full of historical associations, I was kindly greeted by the Countess of Strathmore and other members of the family assembled there.

"After some general conversation the Countess sat down at the piano and played a few bars of a quaint old minuet.

"Suddenly, as if by a magician's touch, two little figures seemed to rise from the floor and dance, with admirable precision and grace, the stately measure so characteristic of the eighteenth century. These little children were the Hon. David Lyon and Lady Elizabeth Lyon, the

youngest son and daughter of the house.

"The former had donned part of the dress of the family jester, and the latter had assumed the robe and cap of a little girl of the period of James I and VI.

"Surely never was there a setting for so bright and fascinating a scene. The lofty rooms, the historic surroundings, the dresses of a bygone period, the quaint music, so suggestive of Purcell and his formal school, all combined to form a scene which could not readily be forgotten.

"As the dance proceeded the glamor and illusion seemed to increase. Was it reality, or had the psychic influence of historic Glamis clouded the mind and conjured up a scene to delude the senses? No 'crystal ball' experience could have been more effective.

"For one brief, yet supreme, half hour the seventeenth and the twentieth centuries were one.

Memories Evoked

"NEW reveries were forming, leading to others still more historically suggestive and alluring when suddenly the music stopped and the little dancers, making a low bow and curtsy, clapped their hands with delight, and in this way brought the minds of all back to the present-day reality.

"Little choruses of praise were heard on every side, and Lady Elizabeth, on being asked by the writer the name of the character she had adopted, said with great embarrassment: 'I call myself the Princess Elizabeth.'

Her brother David writes that he can always remember his sister being a most unselfish person and a most enchanting companion.

His only complaint was her proficiency at lessons. "She was very quick at learning and always left me far behind, to the despair of the teachers."

He, too, has vivid memories of the charms of the building the Duchess has enshrined in her memory as the "Plea House."

"A great resort of ours was an old and half-ruined brew-house at St. Paul's, Waldenbury. This attic could only be reached by a very rotten ladder, the rungs of which would certainly have broken if an adult had attempted the ascent. Consequently, our nurse was unable to come up and retrieve us.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Traveller and Artist

MADGE FREEMAN (Mrs. L. Thompson) has painted her way round the world. With the exception of three years with her late husband in a mining camp on the Gold Coast of West Africa, she has for the last twelve years gone from country to country, capturing beauty spots on canvas.

Studied with Malich in Paris, was in Spain when the revolution started, headed for Corsica and then returned to Melbourne.



Touring by Motor Cycle

MR. GUNAR GUNNARSSON, of Ikreyri, Iceland, an Esperantist, making a holiday tour of Australia by motor-cycle, will surely experience climatic contrasts! Speaks eight languages beside Esperanto, for which he is a delegate from the Icelandic Group of the United Esperanto Association. He is meeting many Esperantists while in Australia.



Pickles and Politics

MISS MAY HOLMAN, M.L.A., Australia's first and only woman Labor member of Parliament, will preside at the Interstate Conference of Labor Women's organisations in Tasmania next month. Has been active in politics since early teens, and in addition to graduating at South Australian and West Australian Universities, holds diplomas for piano and for singing.

Has always been mainstay of big family of brothers and sisters, is good cook, especially at making bread. Still makes all the pickles and preserves for family larder.

The secret of Flat No.5-

LOOK DAPH! THERE'S OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR...THE GIRL FROM FLAT No.5. ISN'T SHE POPULAR?

JERRY SEEMS TO KNOW HER... PERHAPS HE'LL INTRODUCE US!

YES...I'M NOT SURPRISED...WITH HER MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION

I HOPE SO...I'D LIKE A CHANCE TO FIND OUT HER BEAUTY SECRET

COME FOR SUPPER TO-MORROW NIGHT...YOU CAN HELP ME DECIDE ON MY BEDROOM CURTAINS.

WELL...HERE'S HER COMPLEXION SECRET JOSIE... ERASMIC FACE POWDER.

SO IT IS! WHAT A LOVELY FRAGRANCE TOO! I'M GOING TO BUY SOME TO-MORROW.

THANKS! I'D LOVE TO HELP YOU

ERASMIC Face Powder's blended "film-ness" will give you glamour.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER

Erasmic Vanishing Cream 2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube, leaves delicate protective film. Erasmic Cold Cream 2/6 Jar. Rich in fragrant, softening oils.

1/- PER BOX

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES



Illustrated by WEP

"How dare you arrange my marriage, how dare you?"
The intrepid warrior found himself retreating in a
bewildered fashion before her onslaught

SCARLETT and GREEN

A fast-moving story
of love and piracy
with a beautiful girl as the
enchancing central character

A Complete Short Story
by

John Carlisle

~~~~~

charming in that light. But, to  
use the words of your greatest  
playwright: "Methinks the lady  
doth protest too much."

He silenced the outraged Cyn-  
thia with one upraised white hand.  
"But no, do not upbraid me again,  
I beg of you. Instead, let us  
examine this Captain Francis  
Scarlett, this unmitigated ruffian.  
First, ma petite, he is no pirate."

"No pirate!" Miss Lorimer  
favored Monsieur le comte to a  
look the scornfulness of which  
would have withered a more sus-  
ceptible man. On Rene, however,  
it was lost.

"Ma foi, no."  
The calm denial seemed to in-  
crease the girl even more. With  
an imperious gesture she beckoned  
Rene to his feet, and moved over  
to the windows leading on to the  
stern gallery.

"Come here," she commanded.  
Lazily he rose to his feet,  
shook out his ruffles, and crossed  
to her side.

"Well?"  
"Look at that, and then dare to  
repeat that your precious Cap-  
tain Scarlett is not a pirate."

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**M**ONSIEUR LE COMTE DE BEAU-  
RIVAGE took a  
snuff delicately,  
displaying to ad-  
vantage his long,  
white hands,  
brushing a ker-  
chief of fine-  
wrought lace be-  
neath his high-  
bred nose, and  
completing the operation with a  
movement which sent his exquisite  
ruffles foaming once more over  
wrists which, despite their ap-  
pearance of fragility, were as  
strong as those of any master of  
the rapier in Europe. He spoke.  
"I repeat, cousin, the fellow is  
a gentleman. Yes, yes, I know, ma  
petite . . . this as the sound  
of a foot being tapped impatiently

came from behind the tapestry  
screen to his right, "I know all  
that you intend to say: He is a  
rogue, a pirate, a scoundrel! A  
gallows bird, a scourge to French  
and Spanish merchantmen, a very  
fiend!"

The drawling voice had a faint  
touch of mockery in it, and this  
appeared to provoke the unseen  
listener behind the screen. Mon-  
sieur le comte heard a comb clatter  
as if thrown by a peevish hand;  
the sound of other movements,  
equally indicative of mounting  
temper. Only by a faint lifting of  
the corners of his sensitive mouth  
did the lord of Beau-rivage betray  
his amusement. Languidly adjust-  
ing the skirts of his coat of scarlet  
velvet, he continued.

"Nevertheless, Mademoiselle  
Cynthia Lorimer, my most charm-

ing cousin, he is, as I have said,  
a gentleman. And," the speaker  
cast an expectant look towards  
the screen. "I begin to think that  
you, chérie, have long thought  
so, despite your harsh words."

This was too much. Whatever  
feminine operations had been  
going on, hidden from the worldly  
eye of Monsieur le comte de Beau-  
rivage, were now suspended en-  
tirely. Miss Cynthia Lorimer,  
stung beyond endurance by the im-  
plications of this last remark,  
came storming from behind the  
screen. And, having achieved his  
object, Rene de Beau-rivage lounged  
back in his carved chair, eyes  
glinting humorously beneath their  
heavy lids, to enjoy the storm he  
himself had provoked, and to ap-  
preciate, as a connoisseur, the  
spectacle of youthful loveliness in  
tempestuous mood.

There was much to appreciate.  
Although at that time Cynthia  
Lorimer had not attained the full  
flower of her beauty as it was to  
be, some four years later, when  
Walbeck executed his famous por-

trait of her, at eighteen she was  
already a vision to set afire the  
blood.

"S"O," said she, "not  
content with attempting to white-  
wash this . . . this pirate yourself,  
sir, you must needs impute your  
own false tolerance to me. How  
dare you? A gentleman. He, a  
thieving, murdering, looting buc-  
caneer. I hate him, I tell you,  
hate him!"

As she stood there, magnificent  
in her rage, the westering sun,  
slipping down to the horizon, sent  
its first beam into the huge cabin  
in which these two confronted  
each other.

The ruddy-gold light shone on  
the big stern windows, brought to  
life the gilt work that adorned  
the gallery outside the cabin,  
flashed on the big brass stern-  
chaser, now tumbled but ready  
to be run out in a moment, and  
fell like a mantle upon the girl.  
De Beau-rivage looked up at her  
in open admiration.

"Admirable sentiments," he  
drawled. "And, Cynthia, you look



# OVER the WATER

*Telling how a girl  
played on a man's devotion  
for her to have important  
despatches carried to the  
"King over the water."*

Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER



**G**ALLOPING LARRY was at peace with the world, which means he was pleased with himself. Five miles behind him was the York Stage. Its traces, cut and horses scattered across the fields, passengers cursing or weeping, according to each one's disposition, and the guard and coachman raving over the empty boot.

Distributed in the highwayman's pockets and saddle-bags were the merrily-chinking causes of the futile lamentations, and, to complete good fortune, there was neither sign nor sound of pursuit, and the road ahead was clear.

Certainly, it had been a rare haul, well worth the risk of stopping the fastest coach in England, and now the reckless rumpad was giving earnest consideration to the most agreeable manner of spending his ill-gotten booty.

There was that ever-open door of Marco's gaming house where he could be reasonably sure of losing the bright guineas in good company and quick time; he might even ride north to Yorkshire or Lancashire, where he was not so well known, and live at gentlemanly ease for a month or two; he could content himself by merely putting up at his snug retreat, the Warrenby Arms, and quietly enjoying Master Hogg's incomparable wine.

But what he really wished to do he dare not seriously consider. The flesh is weak, and consideration

A  
Short  
Complete  
Story

honor," returned Hogg, casting nervous glances up and down the dark street.

"Anyone inside?" asked the highwayman.

"No one as matters, sir; nobbut one or two ploughmen in t' tap-room."

"Then by y'r leave I'll have my usual room, Jimmy me lad, an' a half-dozen bottles to start wi'. Do you go an' get 'em up while I bring in my saddle-bags."

"Hol saddle-bags," said the host with a knowing wink. "Be they heavy, Cap'en?"

The highwayman smiled and nodded.

"That minds me, Cap'en. I have summat for you; a little parcel like wot you did say might come addressed to me."

Coverdale halted abruptly; his heart seemed to skip a beat and then pound at double speed.

"Get it, man, and quickly," he ordered, and went into the private room at the back of the house. Hogg returned in very short time and handed his guest a small, securely sealed packet.

"Twas give me by t' guard o' this morn's coach, Cap'en."

The highwayman ripped it open and disclosed a familiar diamond clasp. Beneath the glittering ornament was a letter, which he unfolded and read:

My Captain Nemo,—You did say ere you left me in so ungallant a hurry that if ever I needed you again to send this clasp to the inn at Warrenby Wick.

I avail myself of your offer now, for I am in dire trouble, and can turn only to you who did serve me so chivalrously once before. Perchance, my dear Unknown, you have not quite forgot

Your K.M.

"Is 't all right, sir?" asked the inn-keeper, observing with concern the captain's rapt expression. Coverdale did not answer, for the very good reason that he did not hear.

Across his mental vision flashed a picture of Mistress Kitty as he had last seen her, standing flushed and appealing by the tiny casement of her room while he bade

her farewell and gave her the clasp with the promise:

"But if ever ye need me again; if ever ye are in trouble and crave a sword to slash it through, send this, under cover, to Master James Hogg, landlord o' the Warrenby Arms at Warrenby Wick—and I'll smoke the highroad back—"

"**T**HIS" was the diamond pin pulled from the feather of his hat, the token of his pledge.

"Jimmy," he cried suddenly, "I must be off again. Now, look'ee, I'll leave these bags o' guineas wi' you, having enough weight o' money in my pockets for hard riding."

Next morning, Captain Ludovic walked briskly from the Black

*Perhaps it was the fact of her having brought him wounded to the Red Lion one dark night at great risk which caused him to love Kitty.*

Swan in Holborn, where he had stabled his horse and breakfasted, up Red Lion Street to Red Lion Square.

His black-and-silver riding-clothes and long boots were grey with dust, his breeches wrinkled by hours in the saddle, and instead of a dainty dress sword and sash, his long leather-sheathed rapier with plain steel guard swung from a leather sword belt.

It was, in fact, the vagabond soldier of fortune who rapped on the well-remembered door.

The door was opened almost immediately, and he found himself looking down on the piquant, smiling face of Mistress Kitty.

"I saw you from my window," she said a trifle breathlessly. "Oh, it is good of you to come so promptly—I cannot thank you."

The captain bowed, closed the door behind him, and, being ever an opportunist, kissed her.

"You have thanked me," he smiled, and followed her upstairs to her sitting-room.

Kitty became alarmingly grave of manner.

"I am in the very depths of despair—"

"Ta-ta, me dear, then shall I quickly pull ye out. What be the trouble?"

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By VAN  
HARRISON

would undoubtedly end in his wheeling Nero, his mount, and galloping back to London. To the house of the Red Lion, in Red Lion Square, where lived that engaging little baggage, Mistress Kitty Mortimer, play actress of Old Drury.

Perhaps it was the fact of her having brought him wounded to the Red Lion one dark night at great risk which caused him to love her.

Coverdale did not know and dare not guess. 'Twas sufficient that he was no more a captain in the Greens, but Galloping Larry, highway rogue and outlaw, with six hundred pounds on his head and only horse, sword and pistols twixt him and the gallows.

As it happened, Master James Hogg was standing on the front steps of his inn getting a breath of fresh air when the captain rode up the High Street. There could be no mistaking the grey stallion and his black-cloaked rider, and the landlord experienced his usual mixed feelings on beholding them.

While the highwayman was wildly prodigal with guineas and a boon from the business point of view, he was also a devilish over-ripe sample of gallows-fruit, and therefore a dangerous guest.

"Ho, there, Jimmy!" greeted Coverdale as he dismounted.

"Which I'm pleased to see y'r



# SIXTEEN BELLS

A beautiful love tale, brilliantly told, of a man's devotion and loyalty . . .

by

A. E. W. Mason

Complete  
Short  
Story

Illustrated  
by  
Boothroyd

*Cynthia, by the simple device of not answering the summons to the drawing-room, had joined her husband in the glamor of that forest garden.*

**S**YLVIA STRODE gave a party on New Year's Eve at the Semiramis Hotel. She summoned to it the young and lovely as the groundwork, then the lame ducks, the old friends who were getting a little sear at the edges, and the new ones with the fresh glitter of their youth—the medley, in fact, in which her wise, warm heart delighted.

There were still a few minutes to run before midnight; the lights throughout the restaurant were already dimmed; on ships at sea quarter-masters were getting ready to strike on this one occasion in

the twelve-month sixteen bells; and Michael Croyle made his way between the tables as quickly as the crowded room allowed. Sylvia caught sight of him, stood up, and called him to her side.

"Michael! You wrote to me that you couldn't come."

"I found to my surprise that I could," he answered, laughing. "So I ran. I am nearly out of breath."

Sylvia made room for him at her side, and ordered a waiter to bring up a chair. "You complete my party," she said.

"You make mine perfect," he said, as he sat down.

Michael Croyle was a man of middle-age, thin, grey, and worn, with, as a rule, the haggard look of a man waiting for something

to happen which wouldn't and didn't happen.

"Tell me," she said, and as she bent her head towards him she noticed in the dim light that the contentment and the ease, a new spirituality like a quality of someone borne on wings, was luminous behind the mask of his face.

"Tell me! You have till midnight."

"Have I?" he asked, and he looked behind him to the white face of the clock glimmering upon the wall. "I want no more time, but I do want that much. I want you to know. For you were very good to me a year or so ago."

Sylvia shrugged her young shoulders.

"I did nothing—" "Except make me perpetually aware that in the midst of your

own happiness you had thought and time to spare for the distress I was—what shall I say?—willing—yes, willing under."

"THAT wasn't very much for me to do," she put in, "since it was at my house that you first met Joan Ferrars and came in for all this trouble."

"My dear," Croyle answered, "you gave me five years of wonder. Joan, twenty-three, lovely, with her brown-black hair with the glinting lights in it, her enormous dark eyes, and the throb of color in her cheeks, and I, a battered thirty-five with a wife who didn't want me and wouldn't divorce me. Had I been able to marry Joan—there would have been Heaven already."

Sylvia looked at the clock, and significantly. Here were the minutes running on to midnight when the lights would go out and up again and there would be Auld Lang Syne and seasonable greetings and all the rest of the paraphernalia of the New Year, and what had happened to Michael Croyle on this wonderful evening would be hidden for ever from her knowledge.

"You must get along, Michael," she warned him.

All that he had said so far, Sylvia knew already. She knew, too, of the toss which Joan Ferrars had taken when she was hunting in the New Forest; of her removal to a nursing home pitched on a high stretch of moor above that sea of trees; and of her long waiting with a broken spine.

"Joan put up a great fight, didn't she, Sylvia? She wouldn't give in, would she? But she was going to mend—surely she would—and then everything came with a rush. The Powers which fix the dates—Joan was weakened down to her date. A fortnight and she drifted out in her sleep."

Thus Michael Croyle, and Sylvia answered, "Yes?" in a question which she made as patient as she could. For this, too, she knew.

"He has some odd secret to share with me," Sylvia reflected. "My reward for a little sympathy and good fellowship."

And since in her curiosity for the experiences outside the normal horizon she went far beyond her fellows, she was to hold herself on this night richly rewarded.

The afternoon on which I was told that a fortnight would end everything, I came up from Hampshire by train," Croyle continued. "I did not pay much attention to the places we passed. I had the carriage to myself. But just at one place by chance I looked out of the window. I saw a stretch of heath, a white tavern at a corner and a broad strip of road—just a few yards of it—and for the first time I realised the dreadful thing which was going to happen. Joan used to drive down that road in my great car to

join me when I had a house by the sea. She was like a child with a magnificent new toy, except that besides enjoying the toy she saw the fun of herself enjoying her toy." He stopped and smiled as his memories painted the lively picture on the air in front of him.

"So I have never driven down that road again," he added simply; "and when I have had to pass in the train that corner with the white public-house—the Duke of Cornwall I think it's called—I've sat at the window on the other side of the carriage. See?"

"Yes. I can follow that," said Sylvia.

"Until this week," he continued; and Sylvia looked at him sharply. "When for no reason whatever my whole point of view changed."

Sylvia was startled. Had he gone the way of all men? Mended the despair with the splints of a new passion? Repaired his wound with the poultice of a few years? Well, it was usual enough, but she had not expected it. Also, she was a trifle hurt.

"So you went on a visit, and you refused to come to my party, Michael," she said.

Michael Croyle laid his hand on her arm and gave it a little shake.

"You've got it all wrong, Sylvia," he said, with a quiet laugh of enjoyment. "I didn't go on any visit. But I did make a visit with the strangest and most glorious experience."

"How?" asked Sylvia, not yet reassured. "In London?"

"No! Just listen! You know, or rather you don't know, that I have kept up writing letters."

"To Joan?"

"Yes."

Sylvia stared at him. "Just the same sort of letters which I used to write when she was in her nursing-home—telling her everything, what I was doing and thinking."

"But what in the world," Sylvia exclaimed, "did you do with the letters when you had written them?"

Michael Croyle laughed.

"I didn't post them, you may be sure. But I didn't have to. I had an idea—no, a conviction—that Joan read them over my shoulder as I wrote them. Well, I was writing to her on the day before your invitation came, and right in the middle of the letter I understood that I needn't write any more—that letter-writing was at an end."

**S**YLVIA, though fantasy and imagination played their parts, too, in her life, had a sound practical foundation on which she stood firm. She could vibrate like a well-built lighthouse, but she remained on her rock. She asked now:

"But something must have happened? Something which you had forgotten?"

Croyle shook his head.

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# MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

## Fascinating Handkerchiefs . . .

FOR odd jobs about your house or garden, a service apron, made from a large cotton kerchief square in vivid, attractive colors, takes a minute to make and is extremely individual. Here are two very attractive examples. The lady picking flowers in her garden wears one which is just gathered around the waist. And her friend, holding a watering-can, is wearing a very jaunty example of the popular mono-tone prints in large island flower designs in red and off-white. The halter neck introduces a new note, and the broad bands of red give an additional touch of color.



**HANKIES** in a variety of materials — silks, cottons, fine linens, may be put to all kinds of uses, and some of them make the most attractive blouses, particularly to complement the white linen suit. Patterns and borders are used to dramatic effect.

The first top is fashioned from a very heavy blue printed silk with a white border, and makes a particularly individual model.

The second, a fine white linen with fuchsia coin spots, and a fuchsia border, makes a very effective halter type to wear with a white linen suit.

FOR hat-trimming here are a few unique suggestions. Actually the black-spotted hankie tied under the chin, peasant fashion, serves as

a sun crown in a crownless white straw brim — rather snappy for wear with a beach dress. Another is placed over the crown and brim of an old straw hat, and tied on with a red cord of fine linen.

The third hat boasts two smaller silk hankies, bordered and spotted in red and tied on each side of the crown of a white panama hat.





# AUTUMN MODELS . . .

from London's Leading Couturiers



● ABOVE: A Reville creation of gleaming white satin and tulle, daintily hand-embroidered with opal-green taffeta leaves and besprinkled with minute diamante.

②

● AT RIGHT: An original Reville model for smart occasions fashioned in teak-brown and Hawaiian-pink luminous satin, worn with a brown fox fur and a charming hat with bird ornaments.

②

● CENTRE: This is Lilian Lawler's idea of a suitable ensemble for winter afternoons. The face-cloth frock under the fur-trimmed coat has short tight sleeves and a high neck. It is trimmed with silver fox and worn with an antelope cap with a fox tail.

②

● TOP RIGHT: Distinctive Reville day ensemble fashioned in fine novelty wool fabric and worn with a smart georgette ruffle. The attractive angle of the hat is most effective.



● AT RIGHT: This smart little coat is fashioned in white moire taffeta, with stitched revers which add distinction. It is worn with a plain colored evening dress, and has a bunch of multi-colored tulips at the neck.

PHOTOGRAPHS reproduced on this page were selected in London by Mary St. Claire and sent by air mail.





# The Fashion Parade *sketched by Petrov*



● ABOVE: A green, red, and blue plaid is used in a striking way in this coat and skirt. The coat is of plain "Robin Hood" green and the "Dunce's Cap" is of the same color.

● CENTRE: A charming afternoon frock in floral crepe-de-chine. It has a cravat tie and belt of the same material.

## FABRICS

THE background used for the first two dresses is the latest material for summer sportswear. Golf, tennis and hunting are pictured on a plain ground. The evening gown has a background of grey and pink shot taffeta and plain gold lame. Both these fabrics will be popular in the coming season.

● ABOVE: A winged evening gown of cherry-red, gold thread cloque. It has a train which falls into graceful folds at the side.



# TALISMAN RING

Continuing Our Brilliant Serial of High-hearted Courage and Old-world Romance...

LUDOVIC, a handsome young English nobleman, is in disgrace, and the recovery of a lost talisman ring will prove his innocence. Eustacie, a beautiful French girl, is in love with him. Her cousin, Sir Tristram Shield, and her friend, Sarah Thane, search for the ring at the home of a relative, Beau Lovenham. Now read on:



FOR the time being, however, even Ludovic himself was forced to admit that his strength was not sufficiently recovered to permit of his riding five miles to the Dower House. He had lost a good deal of blood, and had been feverish

for long enough to make him tiresomely weak upon first getting up out of his sick-bed. He was not one to submit patiently to being an invalid, nor did it seem to be possible to impress him with a sense of the dangerous nature of his situation. Once he was possessed of his clothes nothing short of turning the key on him could keep him in his room. He strolled about the inn in the most careless way imaginable, his left arm disposed in a sling and Sylvester's great ruby on his finger. When begged to conceal this too-well-known ring somewhere about his person, or to give it back to Tristram for safe keeping, he said no, he had a fancy to wear Sylvester's ruby. Twice he nearly walked into the arms of the local visitors to the Red Lion, who had come in for a tankard of ale and a chat over the coffee-room fire.

Since he was not allowed to step outside the Red Lion, and dissuaded from wandering about at large in it, it was a fortunate circumstance that Eustacie was staying under the same roof with Ludovic. Her presence beguiled the most tedious hour, and her vehement way of saying: "But no, Ludovic, you shall not!" had the power of restraining arguments might have failed. He taught Eustacie how to throw dice, and how to play piquet; he told her hair-raising and entirely apocryphal tales of adventures to be met with at sea; he teased her and laughed at her, and ended inevitably by catching her in his sound arm and kissing her.

No sooner had he done it than he recollected the impropriety of such conduct. He released her at once, and said, rather pale, and with the laugh quite vanished from his eyes:

## Change

Until he came  
There was no moment  
Did not breathe your name.  
Now he is here  
And all the things he does  
Are all so dear  
I find I think of you  
But here and there  
Too oddly wonder  
How I came to care,  
And from my haven of content  
I see  
Some other woman where I  
used to be.  
—Yvonne Webb.

"I'm sorry! Forgive me!" Eustacie said earnestly. "Oh, I did not mind at all! Besides, you kissed me before, do you not remember?"

"Oh, that!" he said. "That was a mere cousinly kiss!"

"And this one, not?" she said simply. "I am glad."

He ran his hand through his fair locks. "I'm a villain to have kissed you as all! Forget that I did! I had no right—I ought to be shot for doing such a thing!"

Eustacie stared at him in the blankest surprise. "Voyons, I find that you are excessively rude! I thought you wanted to kiss me!"

"Of course I wanted to! Oh, devil take it, this won't do! Eustacie, if everything were different; if I were not a smuggler, and an exile, I should beg you to marry me. But I am these things, and—"

"I do not mind about that," she interrupted. "It is not at all convenient that you should kiss me, and then refuse to marry me. I am quite mortified."

"I WISH I could ask you to marry me!" "It does not signify," said Eustacie, handsomely waiving this formality. "If it is against your honor you need not make me an offer. We will just be betrothed without it."

"No, we won't. Not until I have cleared my name." "Yes, but if you cannot clear your name what, then, are we to do?" she demanded.

"Forget we ever met!" said Ludovic with a groan.

This Spartan resolve did not commend itself to Eustacie at all. Two large tears sparkled on the ends of her eyelashes, and she said in a forlorn voice:

"But me, I have a memory of the very longest!"

Ludovic, seeing the tears, could not help putting his arm round her again.

"Sweetheart, don't cry! I can't possibly let you marry me if I'm to remain an exile all my life!"

Eustacie stood on tiptoe and kissed his chin.

"Oh! Then you will choose for us some place where there are not any English people, and Tristram, who is a—trustee will arrange that you can have some money there."

"Tristram is more likely to send you to Bath, and kick me out of the country," said Ludovic. "What's more, I don't blame him."

But Sir Tristram, when the news of the betrothal was broken to him, did not evince any desire to resort to such violent methods. He did not even show much surprise, and when Ludovic, half-defiant, half-contrite, said: "I ought never to have done it, I know," he merely replied: "I don't suppose you did do it."

Eustacie, taking this as a compliment, said cordially: "You are quite right, cousin; it was I who did it!"



By  
Georgette  
HEYER

Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

Clem came to the stairs. "It's the Runners, Miss," he said.

Ludovic of the Beau's decision not to go to London yet, and to warn him that this change of plan might well mean that the Beau's suspicions had been aroused. When he heard from Nye that Greg had visited the inn on the previous day for the ostensible purpose of purchasing a keg of brandy for his master he felt more uneasy than ever, and said that if only Ludovic had not entered upon an ill-timed engagement he would have had no hesitation in forcibly removing him to Holland.

Miss Thane, to whom, in the coffee-room, this remark was addressed, said that the betrothal, though perhaps a complication, had been inevitable from the start.

"Quite so, ma'am. But if you had not encouraged Eustacie to remain here it need not have been inevitable."

"I might have known you would lay it at my door!" said Miss Thane in a voice of pious resignation.

"I imagine you might, since you are very well aware of having fostered the engagement!" retorted Shield. "I had thought you a woman of too much sense to encourage such an insane affair."

"Oh!" said Miss Thane idly, "but I think it is so romantic!"

"Don't be so foolish!" said Sir Tristram, refusing to smile at this sally.

"How cross you are!" marvelled Miss Thane. "I suppose when one reaches middle-age it is difficult to sympathize with the follies of youth."

Sir Tristram had walked over to the other side of the room to pick up his coat and hat, but this was too much for him, and he turned and said with undue emphasis:

"It may interest you to know, ma'am, that I am one-and-thirty years old, and not yet in my dotage!"

"Why, of course not!" said Miss Thane soothingly. "You have only entered upon what one may call the sober time of life. Let me help you to put on your coat!"

"Thank you," said Sir Tristram. "Perhaps you would also like to give me the support of your arm as far as the door?"

She laughed. "Can I not persuade you to remain a little while? This has been a very fleeting visit. Do you not find it dull alone at the Court?"

"Very, but I am not going to the Court, I am on my way to Brighton, to talk to the Beau's late butler."

She said approvingly: "You may be shockingly cross, but you are certainly not idle. Tell me about this butler!"

"There is nothing to tell as yet. He was in the Beau's employment at the time of Plunker's murder, and it occurred to me some days ago that it might be interesting to trace him and discover what he can remember of the Beau's movements upon that night."

This scheme, though it would not have appealed to Eustacie, who preferred her plans to be attended from Sir Tristram very cordially, and went back into the parlor to tell Ludovic that although he might still be unable to do anything towards his reinstatement his cousin had the matter well in hand.

As she had expected, Eustacie did

not regard Sir Tristram's errand with much favor. She said that it was very well for Tristram, but for herself she preferred that there should be adventure.

But upon the following morning, when Miss Thane had gone out with her brother for a sedate walk, adventure took Eustacie unawares and in a guise that frightened her a good deal more than she liked.

SHE was descending the stairs to await Ludovic, who was dressing, when the mail coach from London arrived.

She heard it draw up outside the inn, as she walked down the stairs. Clem came to the stairs and said, his face as white as his shirt: "It's the Runners, miss!"

Eustacie gazed at him in surprise and stammered: "The B-Bow Street Runners?"

"Yes, miss, I'm telling you! And there's Mr. Ludovic trapped upstairs, and Mr. Nye not in!" said Clem, wringing his hands.

Eustacie pulled herself together. "He must instantly go into the cellar. I will talk to the Runners while you take him there."

"It's too late, miss! Whoever it was sent them knew about the cellar, for there's one of them standing over the back stairs at this very moment! I never knew they was even on the coach till they came walking into the place, as bold as brass!"

Please turn to Page 36



# THEY LIVE on the OCEAN WAVES

## Men and Women Who Make Their Homes On Liners

"A life on the ocean wave," runs the old song, and for many people to-day it is a slogan for living. They virtually make their homes on ships.

The latest instance to come under notice is Miss N. M. Ramsay, who left Australia last week for Scotland.

THIS is her tenth trip between Australia and Great Britain. The time already spent on voyages, in the aggregate, is almost three years.

Miss Ramsay travels continuously between the two countries because she loves both Scotland and Australia.

She has relatives in both countries and she feels she cannot settle permanently in either.

SO palatial are modern liners that they make a great appeal as a "home" in which one can live and see the world.

Some people now adopt this mode of living for many months of the year, while a few have made their permanent homes on liners, reserving a suite all the year round, and travelling wherever the liner may go.

Major W. E. Long, who travels on the Mongolia on every trip the ship makes, has good claims to the record for continuous travel.

He never leaves the vessel, and intends to live aboard until the ship goes out of commission.

Major Long is a "permanent" passenger aboard the Mongolia because he likes the life and because he considers he can get the best value for his money in this way.

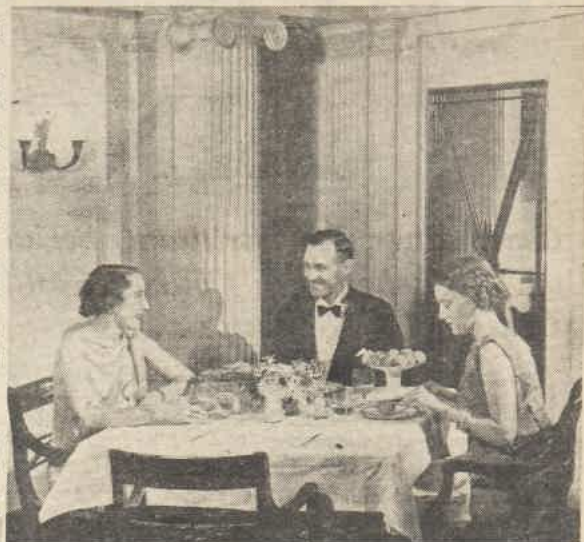
A retired army officer, who has decided to spend the rest of his life at sea, he was in Australia this month for his second round voyage on the Mongolia.

Before finally settling down on that ship he had made four round trips to Australia on the Ulysses and one on the Barrabool.

### Woman's Record

ANOTHER well-known traveller who covers the same route is Senator James Moran, of the Irish Free State.

A man in his seventies, who makes



DINNER FOR THREE on a modern liner. Offering all the elegance and refinement of a luxury home, is it any wonder that ships now appeal to many people as a permanent home on which to float round the world?

the return voyage from England to Australia at the beginning of each year, Senator Moran is at present on the Orion making his seventh consecutive trip.

There is another case on record of an elderly Victorian woman who has made sixty trips back and forth to England.

Shipboard life becomes very familiar to these people. It loses the novelty of its routine.

For the general traveller this routine is a short experience, pleasant in its unfamiliarity, to be savored in full while it lasts.

But it is not an experience to extend indefinitely. Over a long period it would become irksome. To others it has a lasting attraction.

The latter are generally types attracted by life in hotels, guest-houses, clubs, army barracks, naval wardrooms.

A "home" on a liner would appeal to them since it would be very little different from that in any big hotel or club.

Naturally, Miss Ramsay and Major Long board ships with emotions far different from the casual passenger.

For them there is little thrill of embarkation; no sense of unreality at sea, such as impresses casual voyagers.

Another consistent England-

Australia passenger is Mr. P. H. Holt, who arrived in Australia last week on his fifth successive visit.

Mr. Holt makes the round trip of three months to escape the English winter. He is a son of the founder of the Blue Funnel Steamship Line.

### Opposite View

"UTTERLY boring," said Miss Morriby, a well-known traveller who has made the England-Australia voyage five times, and the America-Australia three times, when asked how she found shipboard life.

"I don't know how these people can live on ships," she said. "I am always glad when I get ashore."

"The same things happen every trip. The food is always the same, and, funny enough, the same types of people are always turning up."

"There is always some energetic person trying to conscript you to play games you don't want to play. There is always an indignant mother whose daughter should have been awarded the fancy-dress prize."

"There is always somebody who drives you to distraction with tales of her operations. There is always somebody who pries out your favorite spot and takes possession of it. Ugh! A life ashore's the life for me."

## SCARLETT and GREEN

Continued from Page 3

THE scene that confronted the two was a richly colorful one. Before them lay the waters of a land-locked lagoon. A narrow beach of yellow sand fringed the shore, and behind this was lush, green grass, and scrub backed by rising, heavily-forested land, the trees of which now stood black against the crimson sunset. But it was not to regard these natural beauties that Cynthia Lorimer had summoned her cousin. Scornfully, she pointed to a group of men ashore, to the chests which could be seen on the beach or being carried by stooped seamen into the scrub, to the laden boat which, even as they looked, was being rowed shoreward. Rene regarded it all unmoved.

"Parbleu," gibed he, "I see no piracy here."

Miss Lorimer turned on him like a tigress, but with a swift surprise in one who so studiously cultivated a pose of indolence he caught her wrists in a grip at once gentle and firm, and silenced the words that were forming on those perfect lips.

"Hush, my dear," said he. "Hush. Perhaps I have teased you too much. Now, listen to me. It is true that those chests we can see contain gold and other valuables taken at the cannons' point from French

and Spanish ships by this Captain Scarlett about whom you wax so bitter. Yet, chérie, he is no buccaneer."

"And what then," the girl asked hotly, "would you call him?"

Monsieur le comte treated himself to a pinch of snuff. Then,

"Captain Francis Scarlett," he drawled, "is what is known as a privateer. That is to say, my dear cousin, that he is sailing under Letters of Marque and is authorised by His Majesty of England to engage, capture, loot and sink any ship flying French or Spanish colors—those countries, unhappily, being at war with your own."

"And yourself, an Englishwoman—I suppose it is not piratical and ruffianly conduct to hold me prisoner?" Cynthia Lorimer's eyes flashed at the thought. Once more de Beauvoir checked her.

"Softly, softly," he urged. "What else is to be expected? When your father, my uncle, died, you came to France to us. Our countries were then at peace. You decide to voyage to the West Indies to visit our Aunt Louise, and I, feeling the need of change, accomodatingly offer to act as your escort. We take passage in a French ship, and, three days out, learn that England and France are at war."

Please turn to Page 20



Now Guess its Name!

Try this with your friends

Because you serve tea of fine flavor people compliment you on your skill.

When they ask you what tea you use, invite them to guess. It's great fun, especially when they guess that you paid ever so much more for it than you really did.

Of course, the wise ones pick Bushells at once. They recognise the fine bud-leaf flavor, rich and fragrant.

The Tea of Flavor



# WOMAN'S Amazing LIFE DRAMA

From Height of Riches She  
Tumbled to Dire Poverty  
FORTUNE SMILES AGAIN

Life has presented a many-patterned face to Eileen Bede Dalley, Countess de Vismes, the Australian woman, on whom Fortune has smiled again in London.

Portions of her remarkable life were told in the daily papers last week, but Mary St. Claire, our special representative in England, here tells the complete astonishing and fascinating story of this picturesque personality.

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

AS Countess de Vismes, a wife of a handsome French aristocrat, Eileen Bede Dalley knew wealth and luxury.

As a social headliner she was a fêted guest.

The whirligig of life found her walking the terraced beauties of haciendas in South America.

It also found her stretched in weary slumber in the crypt of St. Martin's Church, London, a refuge for the down-and-out—for the spiritually or physically broken who seek the sanctuary of its ever-open door.

Love and despair, luxury and poverty, success and sudden devastating failure, were hers.

Now, at 40 years of age, fate, tired of its jesting, has tossed a solid little legacy into her lap—making her safe forever from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Employed up till a few days ago in a London milk-bar she told me an amazing story of ups and downs of fortune which contained more romance and adventure than could be crammed into the pages of the most colorful fiction.

Of how the lawyers had made a long search for her with news of a legacy of £150 a year from the estate of her uncle, the late John Bede Dalley, of Sydney.

## Holiday First

THE legacy, which would have seemed small in the days of her youth, now represents comparative luxury.

She will have a holiday, probably in Ireland, where her famous grandfather came from; buy new clothes, and have the chance of seeking a more lucrative job.

Good looking and cultured, and appearing ten years younger than her forty years, the Countess is the daughter of the late William Bede Dalley and Pauline Fattorini, now Mrs. Bruce Baxter, of New Guinea.

"I last saw my mother in Norway

as a baby, when I was learning to walk," said the Countess. "Before my parents' divorce I went to a convent at Roehampton, London.

"I then went to school in France and Belgium, staying part of the time with my father's sister, Mary Degen, an artist.

"I learned to dance at the age of eight years. "My father encouraged me to sing in French and to dance and act for our guests at big house parties he gave.

"When I was fifteen I was offered a chance to appear at His Majesty's Theatre, London, but my father forbade it.

"A few years later I decided to earn my own living.

"I went dancing in musical comedy, and gave French lessons when there were no theatrical engagements.

## Fell in Love

"DURING the war I met and fell in love with, and married, a Guardsman, Count Alexander De Vismes Depontieu (usually called De Vismes).

"After the war we went to South America, where my husband worked for a nitrate firm.

"We lived in Santiago, a glamorous life of parties at the various Consulates, with visits to rich Chileans at their magnificent haciendas.

"We took trips to Havana and Europe.

"My son Valery, who is aged 19, was born in England.

"In the south of France I lived in a lovely chateau.

"While there I met a man with whom I fell violently in love. I told my husband, but he refused to allow me a divorce.

"I ran away with my lover, and my husband petitioned the French courts for a divorce. The proceedings dragged on for two weary years and then my lover died.

"Broken-hearted, I returned to London.

"I then went to Africa and lived in Sierra Leone against a background of palms, sheiks, natives, and desert.

"I returned to Europe, sold my



DREAMS of "Castles in Spain" became a reality for Australian Eileen Bede Dalley, but—



DREAMS are intangible things, and the turn of fortune found her at St. Martin's, Trafalgar Square, the "Mercy" Church of London, where she slept on the bench in the crypt, during the days of her direst poverty.

jewels and lived on the proceeds for some time. After that I faced a life of hardships.

"I worked as a chambermaid in a men's club, sold pianos on time payment, went from hotel to hotel selling ties, and made an occasional few shillings addressing envelopes.

"Sometimes I slept in the 'ever-open door,' the crypt of St. Martin's Church in Trafalgar Square, where down-and-



THE COUNTESS DE VISMES. "Despite her forty years, she looks ten years younger," says Mary St. Claire, who interviewed her in London.

outs are allowed to sleep on the benches.

While working as a chambermaid the Countess refused a proposal of marriage from the pantryman, not because he was a pantryman, but because he was bad tempered.

"I then went to Ostend as a dance hostess at one of the big hotels," she said.

"My money was stolen, and I was arrested by the Belgian police for being without financial support.

"When they learned the facts, they treated me like royalty.

"Last summer I worked in the Kent hopfields. The weather was so damp that my boots were covered with mildew.

"I slept on straw in a tin shed with mice everywhere.

"Recently I went to see Mr. Hugh McIntosh, who was a friend of my father and uncle.

"He gave me a job at a Hammer-smith milk-bar serving behind the counter. I found there lots of kind people in all walks of life, just as there were lots of tough ones, even in the highest stations."



THERE IS VERY GRAVE DANGER IN THE NEGLECT OF A COUGH. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, there would be fewer cases of Pneumonia, Pleurisy, or other serious complications.

For that obstinate, irritating, tickling COUGH that pesters you and irritates everybody else; for the sort of COUGH that shakes you to

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FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION always ask for and see that you get HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, because HEARNE'S obtains its amazing results without the use of Narcotics and does not upset the stomach.

For all CHEST troubles take

**HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE . . .**

## QUEEN'S Coronation GOWN is Fashion SECRET

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

Fashion details of the Queen's Coronation robe and gown, now being made by the Handley Seymour Company, of New Bond Street, are a closely-guarded secret.

Fittings will be carried out in the Queen's own apartments.

SEYMOUR'S have made clothes for the Queen since she was a debutante of nineteen. They also make for the King's sister, the Princess Royal.

The manager of Seymour's, Mr. M. Lolette, married Avis Ford, daughter of Thomas Ford, formerly of the Mineralogical Department, South Australia.

They have a large Australian custom, including the well-known Hordern family.

There is plenty of evidence also that

the Queen's tastes will influence the popular fashions.

Leading London couturiers are agreed that with a Queen to be crowned the styles and colorings they have planned for the fashions of the Coronation season must be radically changed . . . though on the question of what those differences will be opinions vary considerably.

"Our new Queen is fond of pastel shades and soft materials, so these will undoubtedly be used much more than we had anticipated," Reville told me.

"Some of the brocades and gold

and silver tissues which have been specially designed for Coronation wear will probably wane in popularity."

"The Queen likes simplicity," said Robert Piguet, "so simplicity of line will be our aim."

"Our evening gowns for the Coronation season will be in classical style with soft draperies and restrained necklines. Queen Elizabeth, we understand, does not really like the modern backless gowns."

Norman Hartnell, on the other hand, thinks that because there is a Queen styles will be more elaborate, with lovelier embroideries, lace, flounces, and flower and feather trimmings.

The favorite color, he says, will be blue—particularly that peculiar shade of ice-blue which looks so well under crimson robes.

Schiaparelli thinks that frocks will be longer again both for day and evening wear, and that all evening gowns will have trains.

"The new Queen is partial to clothes that match," she said. "So this year having everything to match will become more of a fetish than ever."



# An Editorial

JANUARY 23, 1937.

## SCHOOL — AND AFTER



SCHOOL holidays are now drawing to a close, and those scholars returning for another term envy their "lucky" comrades who have left school for good.

But are these latter pupils so lucky—from the adult point of view?

In Australia the minimum age for leaving school is 14. For a big percentage of young Australians this age represents their last contact with mental education of any sort.

From this educational level, that of 14 years, hundreds of thousands will stream into clerical positions, factories, shops, trades, agriculture, and unskilled work.

Statistics show that of children leaving primary (State) schools at 14, only 1 per cent. of boys and 0.4 per cent. of girls study for professional careers. In secondary schools (grammar schools, colleges) the proportions are 6 and 2 per cent.

The rest of the youthful Australians permanently quit general education at the "unformed" age of 14. Nor have the majority the slightest impulse to improve their standard of mental culture later on in life.

Which is why European nations (including Britain) are inclined to look down on the average Australian as being of a low standard of culture generally.

This opinion (which has also been voiced recently by many leading Australians) has perplexed our educational authorities. Some have proposed a general raising of the leaving school age to 16 or later.

Whether this would better our culture is a problem. Parents would rather take advantage of the extra years to secure technical education for their children in skilled trades and avocations. General education would languish as before.

Perhaps our glorious climate, and its sequel of open air sport and holiday-making the year round, is the real culprit. No one denies its physical benefits—but there seems some real risk of our developing a nation of *Al physique with C3 brains*.

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## Royal Bumps

HAVING had his bumps read by a phrenologist whom he visited incognito, the Duke of Kent will doubtless ponder the vagaries of his "reading," which suggested that if he were looking for a job he would be suited by classical or artistic work, his assertive qualities being "comparatively weak."

As the Duke is generally considered one of the stronger characters of the Royal Family, and the last person to accuse of diffidence, he may console himself with the fact that a phrenologist (face-reader) would supply a very different diagnosis.

One glance at his photograph reveals the trait of self-confidence so strongly marked that one is not surprised to learn that this is a dominant feature of his character.

## "East, West,—"

TRAVEL, for girls, says Miss Hooton, is a most important experience. It develops personality and self-reliance.

Miss Hooton speaks as the leader of a company of thirty West Australian schoolgirls which has been visiting tourist attractions in the various States of the Commonwealth.

With Miss Hooton's verdict everyone will cordially agree; but there is one drawback to Australian travel—our isolated continent and its vast distances.

In Britain, as a contrast, the traveller has foreign countries at a few hours' distance, and the educational advantage of a stay among alien cultures for a small expenditure.

Most Australians miss this experience, and its usual sequel, a better appreciation of the customs and liberties of others.

## Air Versus Roads

ONE possible result of the visit to Australia of Lord Nuffield, famous aero-engine manufacturer, is the establishment of an aero-engine factory, and a consequent impetus to the manufacture locally of aeroplanes.

Travel by airline or passenger carrying commercial planes is certainly becoming more popular here, but the facilities are limited.

In America every big business firm has its plane (or planes), employed by staff executives whenever personal attendance at distant points is needed. They are considered (like motor cars) a modern essential in business.

## Lyric of Life

### SATIATED

I think, perhaps, we have gained strength from time.  
The quiet power that merely living brings  
Knowledge and resignation with the years.  
We are no more serene and proudly young  
For joy has been disturbingly too sweet  
And pain too deep, even too deep for tears,  
But dry and blank and bitter. Even so  
We cannot know the heights or depths again,  
But strong in our immunity we pass  
Over the new emotions of our ways  
Not knowing them. We live in memory.  
The bitter sweet of all our yesterday.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

## "Eyes Forward"

IN contrast to the mainland States, Tasmania has abolished motor-horns. "Instead of inflicting and enduring raucous noises," we are told, "Tasmanian motorists and pedestrians now look where they are going."

Granted that much footling of motor-horns is irritating and unnecessary, there is one faculty the Tasmanian needs to develop if he or she is to live in a world of silent swooping vehicles—the art of seeing round corners.

No doubt this will come in time, and one will be able to identify a Tasmanian on sight when he visits a mainland city—like a lobster, by the long stalks carrying the extensible eyes.



THIS LADY took part in a Melbourne historical pageant as Queen Victoria. She saw nothing incongruous in smoking a cigarette. What would Queen Victoria have thought of it? See story, Col. 4.

## Our Shrinking Planet

AS a proof that the world grows smaller as its population grows air-minded, witness the honeymoon jaunt of Mr. Collin Kelman and his wife—who flew their plane to Australia (their home-country) from London as a holiday trip.

No air race or advertising stunt this, but a leisurely trip, as plane speeds go.

The time is coming when the suburban householder will wheel his autogyro from the garage, and, taking-off from the front lawn, fly the family for a week-end at Java, Tasmania, or New Guinea.

On a time measure, our planet was once several years in circumference. It may soon shrink to a few weeks round.

## Pop Goes the Puritan

A FEW people in Geneva have taken exception to the carved figure of a dusky native belle on the Belgian headquarters of the League of Nations building. League members of other nations say the girl from the Congo should have more clothes.

This footling and petty attitude on matters of little or no importance adds to the criticism of the League as a force for world peace. It couldn't protect uncivilised natives in Abyssinia from poison gas. Perhaps if it civilises the Congo girl by putting a gas mask on her the Puritans will be satisfied, and get back to their real job—of fostering world peace.

# Queen Victoria Looks at 1937

The picture on this page appeared a few days ago in the daily newspapers. The lady took part in a Melbourne pageant as Queen Victoria and found nothing incongruous in smoking a cigarette.

What would Queen Victoria think about this and other aspects of life to-day? The article below will tell you.

These opinions by Queen Victoria, linked up with events of to-day, are from her diaries, letters, and recorded conversation.

The phraseology is unchanged, and the only alterations are minor ones for the sake of brevity.

In reproducing this article *The Australian Women's Weekly* feels that readers will gain a more vivid impression of Queen Victoria than they have previously been able to.

AN old lady wearing a widow's cap sat at a table covered with a tassell-fringed cloth. In a gilded chair. She was small and stout, and in a voluminous dress of shining satin and black lace.

A tremendous cameo bracelet encircled a plump white arm. Big oil lamp on the table; open album before her. Behind her, vaguely, the vastness of a great apartment.

I knew that heavy, authoritative face—light and rather prominent eyes: I had seen them a thousand times on coin and stamp, and in portrait. It did not need the respectful address of someone I could not see to tell me that it was Queen Victoria.

"I fear that I've gathered very little news, Ma'am," said the mellow voice. "You will know all about this defence panic?"

"We have again been taught a great lesson, but it is never valued," she replied.

"The Army and Navy should never be allowed to fall to such a low level that one is suddenly and hastily compelled to undertake great expenditure."

"True economy consists in always being ready. The conduct of the Government in this business is perfectly miserable. I feel much aggrieved and annoyed."

She thought of the misdeeds of past Ministers and added, "I was never listened to, or my advice followed. All I foretold invariably happened, and what I urged was done too late."

"Rush to arms is going to cost a pretty penny, Ma'am. There'll be fresh taxation. Bound to be!"

She tapped her fingers irritably on the album. I could hear it.

"I sincerely hope the increase in taxation will not fall upon the working-classes." She paused and spoke with a certain grim authority. "I am much distressed by all I have heard and read lately of the deplorable condition of the homes of the poor in our great towns."

"I cannot but think that there are questions of less importance than this which are under discussion, and might wait till one involving the very existence of thousands—nay, millions—has been fully considered by the Government."

"I see, by the way, that the Labor people are repudiating that fellow who said that the defeat of England in a war with Germany would not be a bad thing for the working-classes."

## Royal Anger

SHE was royally and furiously angry.

"I am utterly disgusted with his stumpy oratory—so unworthy of his position!" she declared. Her mind swung back to the pleasant land she remembered in her youth. "Alas! poor Germany, I am wretched about her. It is too wicked to do what they have done."

"Reaction and a return to all that tyranny and oppression is the cry and the principle! Papers and books being seized and prohibited!"

"They are bent on a return to the oldest times of government!"

Please turn to Page 14.





# ASTONISHING Astrology BY LOWER



## Hold Everything, He's Reading the Stars

By L. W. LOWER—Australia's Foremost Humorist  
Illustrated by WEP

This is where I start telling you about your future. I've been holding off for a long time, being a bit soft-hearted, but you can't ignore your future.

The future is something that is likely to happen any minute. The future is going on all the time just one inch in front. Very gruesome. Don't dwell on it too much.

If you were born in this month you are a Capricornian under the sign of Cancer the Goat.

You should beware of making a goat of yourself during this month. The other months don't count.

Don't take any bad money and be careful crossing the roads. If some strange gentleman stops you on the road and says, "Hullo, Girl! Want a lift?" the correct answer is "NO!" Be very definite about it.

Of course, you can say "Yes!" quite enthusiastically, but it is not usually done by the best Capricornians.

Peering into my zodiac I find that people who are born under the sign of Aries are in for a tough trot anywhere between March and April.

Don't on any account walk under a ladder. In extreme cases take a taxi and go round it. Search diligently for ladders not to walk under.

Keep a piece of wood to touch and cross the fingers when seeing two white horses. Not the whisky. The animals.

Aries people may be able to stagger through March and April, but I doubt it.

Then there's Taurus, the Bull. A very propitious time for real estate agents and used car salesmen. They should go flat out during April and May.

### Cancer the Crab

PEOPLE born in June and July come under the sign of Cancer the Wombat. . . hold everything. That's wrong. I thought so. It's Cancer the Crab; and, by the way, Gemini is not the Fish, it's Twins.

Must be a valve blown in my zodiac. Ever had a valve blown in your zodiac? Terrible it is. You get stabbing pains in the back and your eyes get all bleary and every few minutes you have an attack of the jitters—and you all know what jitters can do to you.

But you keep dragging me back to astrology just when I want to have a nice, quiet chat.

All right. July and August come under the sign of Leo the Lion. According to the president of the Astrological Research Society the poor cows born under this sign are in for it.

I differ. Take heart because July and August are going to be swell months for the Leos. Anybody born under the sign who buys a ticket in a lottery on the twenty-third of August will win a prize.

I'm the only prognosticator in Australia who is game to come out into the open and say a thing like that.

By the way, did you notice that word prognosticator? Isn't it good? I just dash them off. I'll think up another one shortly.

Virgo augurs very well for people who got themselves born somewhere between Aug. and Sept.

You ask me what is Aug. and Sept., and are naturally puzzled. It is a code we astrologers use between ourselves, and means August and September.

I shouldn't have told you, but the watchword on this paper is SERVICE. You now have the inside dope.

### Fair Go for All

BUT HA! We now come to Libra, the Lizard, under which sign your Uncle Lonnie first dawned on a delighted world.

Oh, yeah? What I'm going to do between September and October is going to be front page news. I can see it in my crystal.

Then there's Scorpio the Scrofulous. (Do you notice that I'm giving you all a fair go and not leaving anyone out?) Oct. to Nov. these people.

They should avoid, as far as possible, being bitten by a scorpion while the train is standing at a station, and not walk on grass borders—and the penalty for pulling the emergency cord is ten pounds by order.

I'm sorry. I just saw it in the crystal and it came out naturally.

And now we come to Sagittarius, the Water Waggon. This, I think, is closely related to Aquarius, the Aquarium. Anybody who had the bad luck to be born under either of these signs had better be very careful that they don't get bitten by goldfish.

It is a good idea to wear a moth-ball next to your heart between November and February. (That's a commercial boost. I suppose I'll get a free case of moth-balls for that.)

Now what have we left? Pisces, the Piker. Get born about February or March, because this looks pretty good. You're in the money.

Unlike Libra the Lizard, trouble is not just round the corner.

It's staring you straight in the face so you can give it a good smack on the chin and walk over its prostrate body. Conglomeration! (I told you I'd think up another one. It's a swear word you can use in front of ladies. Should be given away as a free supplement, but I'm not understood in this office.)

Where was I? I'll have to finish this in pencil because my typewriter has passed out for some unaccountable reason.

That's the worst of being an old Libra boy. Trouble is always just around the corner. Anyhow, so far as I can make out, and according to the President of the Astrological Research Society, you're all in for it. The best thing for you to do is to go and have a double-header brandy.

Knock, knock! Yes, go on Gemini. Gemini who? Put some Gemini's bread. Hooray!

Astrologer Lower, who tells your future from the stars. The future is something that is going to happen any minute, he says.



## Schumann's for Health, Happiness, Vitality!

The unhappy, sickly-looking woman (or man) is never popular. She loses her friends and misses the joys of life. Simple ailments of the liver and kidneys are often the cause of indifferent health. The simplest and most effective remedy in the world—a remedy which is trifling in cost—is ready-to-hand at any chemist or store. A regular daily dose of SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS naturally and gently eliminates from the system those poisonous wastes which affect the liver and kidneys, sap energy and vitality, and so cause pallid complexions, depression, loss of appetite, and reduced vitality. SCHUMANN'S SALTS should be taken regularly, and you will secure new health, new vigour, and new happiness.

RIGHT NATURE'S FAULTS WITH SCHUMANN'S SALTS!



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## BE POPULAR! It is easy to learn how.



Make yourself welcome anywhere, anytime. Learn to play all the latest popular songs in real snappy conception with clever "breaks" and endings. Why be a wallflower? Be a social success. Play for dancing and singing. Whether you are an Absolute Beginner, Medium Player or an Advanced Classical Pianist YOU can learn by means of my Personal Postal Course. Learn syncopation and put yourself right in the limelight. Others have done it—so can YOU! Fill in the coupon below and post at once.

### YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!

TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W, NATIONAL BLDG., 330 PITT ST., SYDNEY. I have a piano at my disposal, and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice. So please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page Book "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special envelope—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Print in Block Letters)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Remember "KEYBOARD KAPERS" from 208, 21E, 23M, 24E, 30O, 40C, 40R, 43R, 45A, and 5AM?

## HE WAS ALL AT SEA, THEN.. ROMANCE, AHoy!



"Most bad breath", say leading dental authorities, "comes from improperly cleaned teeth!"

THERE is one sure way of getting at this cause! Use Colgate's Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam gets into all these crevices... loosens and washes away the odour-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. At the same time a gentle grit-free ingredient safely, thoroughly polishes the teeth. So, if you want cleaner, brighter teeth... and a sweeter, purer breath, use Colgate's regularly. Why don't you get a tube today?



LARGE SIZE  
1/3  
GIANT SIZE  
TWICE THE  
QUANTITY  
2/-

IF YOU PREFER POWDER—Colgate's Prophylactic Dental Powder gives the same results. Its oxygen content prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhea.

## NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

### Romance Through the Eyes of the Best Seller

Two romantic novels, different in theme but linked together by excellent treatment and fine characterisation, are to be found among the recent fiction.

**PAMELA FRANKAU** in "Villa Anodyne" replaces the gales and sleet of England by gales of sunny laughter amongst the sunshine of the Riviera.

Mortimer Gunn, the owner of the villa, goes to India to write an Empire epic, leaving a caretaker in charge. On his travels he meets thousands of Indian sahibs and in the exuberance of the moment gives them a key and invites them to his villa. This would have been all right except that Mr. and Mrs. Peter Scribble wish to take the villa in a perfectly normal manner.

Using this farcical situation as a basis, Miss Frankau piles comedy on comedy, and situation on situation, until the hilarious close of a very entertaining story.

That competent story-teller, Ursula Bloom, is writing romance

with the bloom off these days. Her novel, "Laughter in Cheyne Walk," is a story about a collection of rather infuriating Londoners. The McGraths are so clever in an intellectual way that they are prone to treat life as a three-act drama. Lesley, the youngest, has more sense. She falls in love with a young bank clerk and is quite content to face life on £3 a week with love in a basement flat.

The story is tangled and rather clouded in treatment, but here and there there are patches of the real Ursula Bloom—a sharp, incisive dialogue, and masterly handling of climax. It is not a pleasant book, but as a study of unpleasant people it is very competently written.

"Villa Anodyne," Pamela Frankau, John Lane, 7/6. "Laughter in Cheyne Walk," Ursula Bloom, Collins, 7/6.

## Queen Victoria Looks On 1937

Continued from Page 12

SHE shook her head so that the long white streamers of her widow's cap shivered.

"I hate politics," she said a little fiercely. "I grow daily to dislike them more and more!"

"Some daring fellow in the Commons the other day suggested that a tax should be put on ladies' face powder!" said the other, choosing a lighter topic.

Her Majesty was frankly amused. There was a twinkle in her eye as she asked very gravely: "Where is chivalry and delicacy of feeling to be found in these days among many of the Members of Parliament?"

"Women don't ask for quite the same chivalrous treatment to-day as they used," pleaded Unctuous Voice, and urged into a disquisition on the Spanish Revolution, concluding:

"And armed bands of women are actually fighting with rifle and bayonet in the trenches."

### Feeble Sex

SHE disapproved, and disapproved strongly.

"My poor feeble sex," she said bitterly, "is forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. They ought to get a good whipping."

"It is a subject which makes me so furious that I cannot contain myself. God created men and women different—then let them remain each in their own position."

"It is mad and utterly demoralising to place woman in the same position as man."

The unseen man swam into safer regions of to-day's news.

"The Court of Claims is now sitting to deal with matters affecting the Coronation of your great-grandson, Ma'am!"

The old eyes closed. She looked back—to nearly a hundred years!—to the Abbey scene when the Crown of England had been placed upon her girlish head. She spoke in broken sentences:

"The proudest day of my life... The Archbishop put the Ring on the wrong finger, and the consequence was that I had the greatest difficulty to take it off again—which I did at last with great pain."

"The Crown hurt me a good deal. I felt a little tired on my feet."

The voice changed a little. "It is dreadful to see how we are going down-hill," she said. "Society is too bad now. Some stop should be put to it... Races have become so bad of late, and the connection with them has ruined so many young men, and broken the hearts thereby of so many fond and kind parents."

She did not approve late hours in the home—for the sake of the servants. "It was my original intention to see that the smoking-room at Balmoral was always closed at 12, as well as that 11 o'clock

## Yours for 2/- DEPOSIT

For semi-sports wear, this simple frock in Art Silk Slub is unusually attractive. Sent on FREE APPROVAL. Frock has soft self collar of contrasting colour with pointed peaks, opens at front and is trimmed with two smart butterfly bows. Sleeves are short and finished with turned back cut-away cuffs of contrasting colour. The pleated centre-section at front of skirt gives extra fullness for complete freedom of movement. Wide belt to match collar and cuffs and finished with dent buckle to tone completes the frock. SIZES: S.S.W., S.W., O.S.

COLOURS: Pink, Blue, Green, Striped. Simply send Postal Note for 2/- with deposit with 8d. for postage, together with this advertisement and with name and address clearly written on separate sheet. One of these frocks will then be sent you. State whether Mrs. or Miss. Balance of payments in easy instalments of 4/- fortnightly till full amount is paid. Full price, only 38/11. (O.S., 2/6 extra). If not satisfied, return frock, unused, within 7 days, and your deposit will be refunded. Send now, stating SIZE and COLOUR required, 16—



### FELIX ARDEN

Dept. 24, A.C.A. Building, York and King Streets, Sydney.  
Please Note—No Post Office addresses accepted.

## Clear Your Spotty Skin

### KEEP DOWN UNHEALTHY FAT

Good looks can never be really attractive and inviting if your food tract is constipated. Accumulations of poisonous matter contaminate the blood stream, spoil the skin with spots and pimples, dull the eyes, form unhealthy fat tissue and make you feel despondent and depressed.

Never be careless or neglectful of constipation and congested liver. Health and attractiveness are too precious to be so endangered. Take Pinkettes, which are scientifically compounded of ingredients, recognised as the best for the treatment of constipation and torpid liver. These pills encourage the bowels to exercise properly and disperse the digestive wastes regularly. See what a wonderful difference Pinkettes will make to your eyes, skin, breath, looks, and how unhealthy fat and despondency vanish. At chemists and stores 1/3 bottle.

## WHEN YOU WISH TO GET SLIM

Even a few pounds "over-weight" will make you slow and tired, spoil the effect of your smartest frocks and handicap you in every way. Don't let fatness ruin your pleasures and prospects. Get rid of it right away—by taking Beecham's Pills.

Thousands of fashionable women follow this easy, inexpensive method, because it is so gentle and health-giving—never drastic and risky like strict dieting and ordinary drug treatments. Beecham's Pills are harmless, easy to take and non-irritating. They "dissolve" your fat and clear your complexion by purifying your blood. Try them. You'll feel more fit in every way.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS are "Worth a Guinea a Box"

SPECIAL NOTICE TO MOTHERS—**PHOSPHATINE FOOD** is now available at **REDUCED PRICES**





# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"You should have seen my birthday cake—it was glorious—seventeen candles—one for each year."  
"Seventeen candles, eh? What did you do—burn them at both ends?"



WIFE: Darling, this afternoon I found the dress I've always wanted.  
THE BRUTE: I'm glad of that! I certainly couldn't afford to buy it for you!



"Where's your daughter, Mrs. Jones?"  
"Well, to tell you the truth, she was so useless in the house that I sent her out to domestic service."



WIFE: Isn't it a duck?  
HUSBAND: I'll tell you when I see its bill.

## YOUR HARD-WORKED FEET Need Regular Care With Zam-Buk

WHATEVER your daily task; whether you're a nurse, a shop assistant, work in a busy factory, or are occupied at home with domestic duties—think of the strain you put on your feet. If you neglect your feet, no wonder they swell, ache and feel tired, and you're weary and irritable.

Here is an easy nightly treatment that brings untold relief and maintains your feet in health and comfort. After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly allayed. Hard growths, corns and bunions are softened, blisters are healed; joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy, and you can again walk and wear shoes in comfort.

1/6 or 2/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores

**Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night**



"Being on my feet many hours a day on hospital duty made them ache and burn terribly. After one application of Zam-Buk my feet were quite easy and comfortable. During rest time nurses use Zam-Buk for foot treatment."

—Nurse F.R.

"My feet were hot, chafed and tender through being on them as much at work. Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief and gave me sound, healthy feet."—Mrs. J.C.

## Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THE world-traveller was boasting in the public bar that there was nothing he had not seen.

"Excuse me," asked a quiet listener politely, "But have you ever had D.T.s?"

"No," snapped the traveller.  
"Then you've seen nothing," replied the little man quietly.

AN old lady was noted for her kindness.

"Why!" exclaimed one of her friends, annoyed at hearing her defend some ne'er-do-well. "I believe you'd have a good word for Satan himself!"

"Well," came the bland reply. "He's a very industrious person!"

THE owner was struggling vainly with his broken-down car.

"Excuse me," said a passer-by, "but perhaps I can help you. There are several things I know about your make of car."

"Please keep them to yourself," remarked the harassed owner, glancing quickly at the occupants of the car. "There are ladies present."

SWEET young thing (to bored explorer): How dreadful it must have been, stranded with no water. What-ever did you do when you got thirsty?  
Adventurer: We just thought of a nice drink and made our mouths water.

"Is it true your wife disappeared a week ago?"

"Certainly."

"Didn't you advertise her as missing?"

"No. I don't miss her."



## TRAVEL to WEST AUSTRALIA by SEA



Full  
Particulars  
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The sea trip to West Australia and back occupies twenty days. If the passenger returns by the same ship. Passengers, however, have the option of returning by any other of the Tattersall liners. Modern liners sail from Sydney every Saturday, calling regularly at Melbourne and Adelaide, and often at Albany.

First Class Return from . . . . . £27 10 0  
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**TRAVEL INTERSTATE BY SEA**



## TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with this new, more indelible lip colour that isn't pasty and that actually softens the lips!



Here's the very spirit of South Sea adventure... TATTOO for your lips instead of pasty lipstick! You put it on... let it set... then wipe it off... leaving nothing on your lips but lustrous, shimmering, transparent colour. No pastiness at all. And the shades! Five of them, each with a thrilling South Sea note, ready to add to your lips all the glamour of a South Sea moon. And instead of drying your lips TATTOO actually keeps them moist, soft and smooth; simply won't let them chap. Try all five shades at the Tattoo Colour Selector... in your favorite store.

COSMETIC, EXOTIC, HAWAIIAN, PASTEL, HAWAIIAN

Send 1/- for Introductory size, stating shade desired, to Australian Agents: Downard & Co., 125 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C. I.

## TATTOO

South Sea Colour for Lips

### ADVICE FROM BABY HEALTH CENTRE

JUST LOOK AT HIS SKIN, SISTER! IT'S MAKING HIM SO CROSS!



Babies' skin is ultra-sensitive and needs gentle, soothing soap—Rexona. The specially medicated lather gives wonderful protection against rashes, chafing and prickly heat. Rexona babies are happy, healthy, beautiful babies, with skin like petals and hair like fine silk.

### REXONA TREATMENT FOR CRADLE CAP

Wash with Rexona Soap and apply Rexona Ointment, the Rapid Healer. Dr. C. A. Martin, of Norton Road, Winton, Franklin, N.Z. writes:—

My baby had Cradle Cap very badly so I used Rexona. I cured it completely in very short time.

**Rexona**  
Soap, 9d. Tablet. Ointment, 1/6 Tin.  
100.32 (City and Suburbs)

**DON'T NEGLECT A CUT**  
**DALZO**  
BRITISH STICKING PLASTER  
FOR FIRST AID—ALL CHEMISTS

# OVER the WATER

SHE made a gesture of impatience.

"There is no time for gallant speeches. My fate, and that of many others, hangs on a thread. In sooth, Captain No Name, are ye willing to risk your life for me?"

"My life," he answered soberly, "has been risked for so little a thing as a thankless Queen for whom I care naught. But, for what it be worth, me dear, and as ye may ha' seen for yourself, it is yours!"

She smiled unqualified approval of such flattering avowal.

"Then you will; and when you come back, my preux chevalier, we will perhaps speak at more leisure of the worth of your life to me. For I—I also—"

But to the captain's undisguised chagrin, she broke off and continued in a most provoking businesslike tone:

"Then I had best tell you. Letters were written to me when I was playing at the King's Theatre, by a certain nobleman. He was young and infatuated, and put in them more than he meant, or I desired. In fact, they are indiscreet to a scandalous degree."

"As it happens, a marriage has recently been arranged for him with a foreign princess; a union of international importance and equivalent to a treaty. Unfortunately his political enemies ha' heard of these love letters, and would use them to prove him a profligate, and no fit consort for the young princess."

"Since her father is against the marriage, he would seize on any excuse to annul it, and these letters would be more than enough."

"Thus, before this distracted young man may go forward with his wedding arrangements the letters must be in his hands that he may be positive they are destroyed. In his position, and with so much at stake, he dare not risk them rising like threatening ghosts in the future. Do you follow?"

CAPTAIN LUDOVIC nodded. Inwardly he was thinking that a great deal of fuss was being made over nothing:

"O'Hogan, from whom you took the letters after he had robbed me of them on the North Road, was no common highwayman, but an agent for the party which would stop this marriage at all costs."

"There are many such spies working against me in the dark, and for that reason I cannot take the letters to France lest I am again stopped on the road."

"So you wish me to carry them?" deduced the captain.

"If you would run the risk."

He laughed.

"I would not consider a dozen O'Hogans a risk."

"Do not despise them," she earnestly cautioned. "They will stop at nothing."

"Egad, and I can famous for stopping for nothing," bragged Captain Ludovic.

She regarded him anxiously, and decided he was treating the matter too lightly.

"If those letters are taken from you, Captain Nemo, I shall go through Traitors' Gate."

That had its designed effect of startling him.

"Give me them," he said quietly, "and have no further fear."

Mistress Kitty walked across the room to the fireplace, and with a pair of tongs lifted a brick from the back of the blazing fire. This she set on the hearth.

"They are inside that hollow brick," she informed him, "and when it cools I will give them to you."

"An ingenious hiding-place."

"It needs to be," she answered, "for my rooms have been searched three times already in my absence. Now give heed and make no mistake."

"On the coast road between Dover and Folkestone is an inn called the Jolly Sailors. You must ride to that inn, contrive to get the landlord, Ned Pritchard, alone, and say to him: 'Twill soon be day!'"

"He will answer: 'It hath been a long night!' to which you will reply: 'The sun will warm us!'"

"Being so assured of your identity, he will, at a safe time, signal a craft which waits off-shore and you will be taken to Boulogne. The gentleman to whom you are to deliver the letters is staying in that town at the hotel of the Trois Freres, in the Rue de la Mar-

guerite, under the name of Monsieur Francis Georges."

Coverdale smiled as he buckled his sword belt and walked to the door.

"Be easy!" he said confidently. "And look to see me soon, when I shall hope to hear your promised confession as to the worth of a worthless life."

From her casement window she watched him leave the house in the direction of Holborn.

"Is it worth it?" she murmured to herself. "Dear Lord, is anything worth the plotting and the lying—and the life of such a man?"

Then, for some reason, Mistress Kitty flung herself face down-wards on the couch, sobbing bitterly.

Late that same afternoon the highwayman drew rein outside a small inn, perched perilously on

the edge of a sea-washed cliff.

Coverdale dismounted and hammered on the weather-beaten door. After a few minutes a big man with a black beard, and wearing a dirty apron over a blue fisherman's jersey, came out and eyed the traveller with thinly-veiled hostility.

"Aye, sir?" he demanded gruffly.

"Get your ostler to stable and feed my nag, landlord. I'll be your guest for an hour or two."

The innkeeper appeared relieved, and it flashed across Coverdale's mind that he had been afraid he wished to stay the night. This isolated tavern, the dreary cliff top, and moaning sea below made as ideal a setting for smuggling as Coverdale had seen. In such a business visitors would be unwelcome.

Continued from Page 4

"What be your name, host?" he asked lightly.

"Pritchard, sir."

The captain dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Twill soon be day!" he said. Pritchard's eyes became bright and penetrating.

"It hath been a long night!" he answered.

"The sun will warm us!" Coverdale finished.

"Go ye inside, sir, and into the first room on t' left. Here comes the ostler to take yer hoss."

The captain was sitting by the fire when Pritchard came in to whisper:

"Be cautious what ye say, y'r honor. There's a gentleman in t' room behin' as I don't altogether like the looks of. Came yesterday, he did, an' for why such a swell should want to stay here the good Lord only knows—though I'm not saying a man couldn't guess."

Please turn to Page 31

## WHICH OF THESE IS YOU ?

Are you bright, cheerful, full of radiant health and beauty? Or are you depressed, run-down and nervy—your face lined with worry and care? Step out of that despondent state, aided by a course of Clements Tonic. It's so easy to regain all that you have lost—Nature will help you if you help her. In Clements Tonic is compounded, in the correct proportions, all that is necessary to build up the blood and digestive systems, to soothe nerves, to strengthen your resistance against the deadly attacks of insomnia, headaches and loss of appetite. Other women have suffered as you are suffering—let them tell you what Clements Tonic did for them.



### Doctor Advises Clements

Rosewater, S.A.

"Some years ago I was terribly anaemic and run down and could not eat or sleep for months. My doctor advised me to try Clements Tonic, which I did, and I followed directions carefully, and after taking it I felt as if I had a new hold on life. But a few months ago I began to get nervy and felt a bit run down and I also was suffering from indigestion, so I got a large bottle of your wonderful tonic and now am able to sleep and eat well again. I am also giving it to other members of the family and they all think it good. I recommend Clements Tonic wherever possible because I think it is the best that money can buy."

(Mrs.) M. D. Mc.

### Was Nervous Wreck

Invercargill, N.Z.

"After a serious motor accident I was a proper nervous wreck and was afraid to cross a street by myself. I started on Clements again and I feel absolutely self-confident now, and when at any time I feel depressed I take a few doses and feel on top of the world. I always recommend it to people whom I know it would benefit and they all say the same. It's great. I recommended it to a racing motor-cyclist who had had a bad spill and when he came to the place on the track where he fell he said he was absolutely no good. Now he is as good as he ever was—regained his nerve, which I consider is a splendid advertisement for your tonic. I know of a doctor here who says it is the best tonic he knows for anyone suffering from nerves."

(Miss) J. T.

(Original letters on file for inspection.)

Prices in Capital cities in the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

# CLEMENTS TONIC

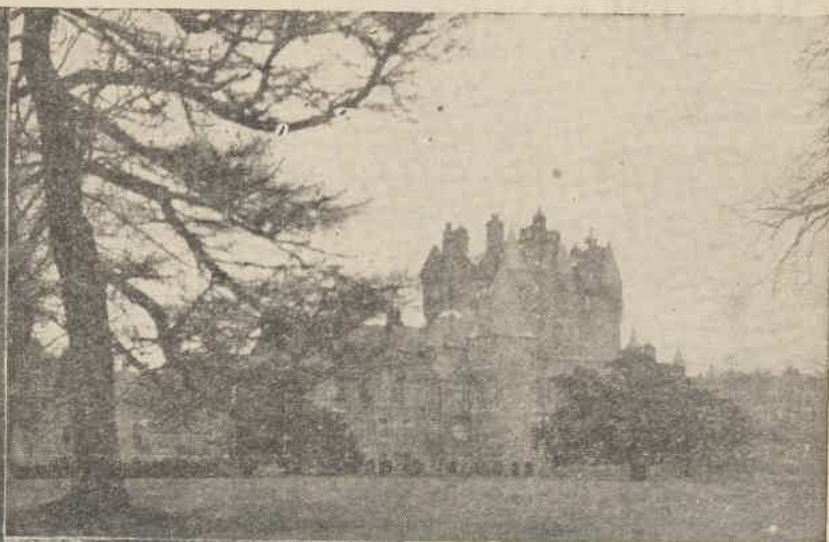
There is no substitute.

8/366

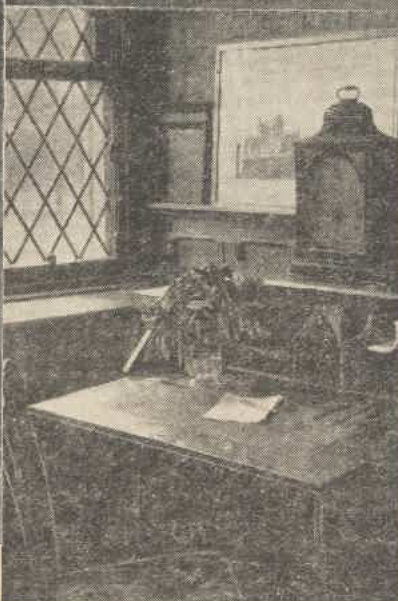




# Our Queen and Her First Castle



SHROUDED BY THE TREES of its estate, picturesque Glamis Castle, childhood home of the Queen, still thrusts its pointed turrets into the grey Scottish sky, as it has done for ten centuries.



THE WRITING-DESK, above, was used by the Queen in her school days.



RIGHT: The beautiful embroidery on this bed was worked by the Queen's mother, the Countess of Strathmore. The present King slept in this bed on his first visit to the castle.



OVER THIS SMALL, SIMPLE GATEWAY to the castle of Glamis are the arms of the Earl of Strathmore. In the entrance hall are relics of Bonnie Prince Charlie.



HERE AND THERE are dark, curious passages and corners in Glamis Castle, such as this. At such places the children have often seen shadows flitting by. Is it only imagination, or are there really strange secrets in this grey old building?



THE DRAWING-ROOM in Glamis Castle. It is furnished in exquisite taste with fine old pieces and beautiful Italian brocade, and has an atmosphere of warmth and intimacy. It has a magnificent vaulted ceiling, and the walls of the room are eight feet thick. In olden days it was used as the banquet hall.



# INDIGESTION

## —How to Treat it Correctly

When acid stomach first becomes apparent by attacks of heartburn or flatulence it is fairly easily dealt with, and a few doses of De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly puts the sufferer right. But to neglect these symptoms, as so many people do, is to run the risk of incurring the graver dangers and distressing agony of gastritis, dyspepsia and perhaps ulceration of the stomach or duodenum.

Every sufferer from indigestion wants three things—and wants them quickly.

- ★ **Firstly**, he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fullness, heartburn, palpitation or flatulence.
- ★ **Secondly**, he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.
- ★ **Thirdly**, he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

- ★ **On entering the stomach** De Witt's Antacid Powder **firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.
- ★ **Secondly**, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.
- ★ **Thirdly**, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder means another day of suffering for you.

# DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

In Handsome Container, price 2/6

De WITT'S  
ANTACID POWDER  
is recommended for:  
Indigestion  
Palpitation  
Flatulence  
Ulcerated Stomach  
Gastritis  
Dyspepsia  
Sour Acid Stomach  
Burning Pains  
Flushing

"No, my dear. Letter-writing had come definitely to an end. That was all."

"Something took its place?"

And Croyle laughed and agreed. "But not immediately. I am bound to say that I did expect something."

"A message?" Sylvia asked, and she, following unconsciously in his humor, spoke as if Joan was living next door in a London street and might be expected to send round a note at any moment.

"It didn't come," Croyle answered. "You are right, however. I expected it enough to feel that I must say no to your invitation, Sylvia; I had to hold myself ready."

"For what?"

"Honestly I don't know. For everything—for nothing. It was nothing, you see, and since it was nothing, I thought that I had better write to you and ask whether it was too late for me to come to your party after all."

"Why didn't you?" Sylvia asked.

"I began to," said Croyle. "In fact, I was actually writing when it occurred to me that the time had come for me to revisit all the places which were associated with Joan in my mind. I had fought shy of them. I had said that I couldn't come to you. Nothing that I had expected had materialized. I was free. So I telegraphed to an hotel in the New Forest, to which I used to go from Friday to Monday whilst Joan was lying ill. You remember the nursing-home? It was a big square house built, I think, upon the highest point in the Forest. The main road to Southampton passed it and was joined below the house by the side road from

# SIXTEEN Bells

Continued from Page 5

Brookhurst. You dipped down from this fortress of a house through Burling and came to my hotel—a long, red house on the road with a big garden and orchard behind it. I telegraphed for the suite of rooms I used to have, looking out on to the garden, and when I had secured them I went down by train on the last day of the year.

"To-day!" Sylvia cried.

"Yes, to-day," answered Michael. Then how was it that he was back so soon? Sylvia was puzzled, but she kept her perplexities to herself. The moving figures on the clock were writing off the minutes and would not wait for questions.

"Do you know," Michael continued, "that I sat close by the window I used to avoid, and that I waited impatiently for the slippers of the dark road by the Duke of Cornwall public-house at the corner? There's a miserable little triangle of bare grass and sand between the railway and the road which is a golf-course where the members still go proudly out in red jackets. I looked out for the flashes of red, oddly excited. I laughed when I saw two of them between the spare bushes, and then the Duke's white inn flew by and vanished—but not before I had seen a Rolls Royce skimming along the tarmac and an A.A. man with his hand to the peak of his cap in a military salute."

Sylvia leaned forward. Her imagination was provoked by the picture of a man in the train and the great car upon the road—and perhaps—a girl sitting a little forward in the car, alight from her dark, starry eyes to her red lips with amusement and delight.

"A tryst, then!" she whispered; and Michael Croyle sat back, he in his turn surprised.

"That never occurred to me," he cried. "I never dreamed of it."

He sat in silence for a little

to go out of the room. The rest of us had to agree upon some object in the room upon which we were to concentrate our thoughts. Then the person outside the room was to be called back into it and find out by asking questions, or watching the direction of our eyes, what it was we were thinking about."

"Wasn't that all rather commonplace?" Sylvia asked. She had been expecting something more timely and dramatic than this very conventional and tedious evening.

"It was very commonplace," Croyle agreed. "That's what makes the whole affair to me so true and natural. There was nothing odd or significant in any of the preliminaries. Everything, even to the last lovely incident, came in a simple sequence of everyday things. There was, therefore, no doubting it. There was no drama. The evening flowed, just flowed, to its end, like a quiet river to the sea."

"THE evening?" Sylvia stammered. "This evening? To-night?"

"Yes, to-night," Michael answered, wondering apparently what puzzled her.

"To-night, yes. I see, my dear. You poor derelicts were playing animal, vegetable, mineral in the drawing-room of your hotel."

"Of course, the young wife, Cynthia Stile, was chosen to go out of the room. She was a tallish, slim girl, with hair the color of corn and grey eyes, and she was dressed in a blue frock, which set off her white throat and shoulders perfectly. Mark Stile, the husband, laughed confidently. 'I don't think Cynthia will be long,' he said, and we set ourselves to agreeing upon some object in the room. We chose in the end a rose in a bunch of flowers which stood in a glass vase upon a mat on the grand piano; and we made up our minds not to look at it definitely, not to look away from it definitely, but just to keep it in mind. Then the General, who was appointed master of ceremonies, rose and went to the door of my sitting-room. He opened it.

"Mrs Stile. We are ready." "But she didn't appear. We waited, thinking that she had snatched the occasion to run off to her room, repair the vermilion of her lips and powder her nose. We weren't impatient. No; we rather liked her for it. That's the truth. Something strange and new was growing in the room."

"I needed one of the travelling ladies to break a silence which was intolerable and seemed unbreakable. I suppose that she was of a firmer mould than the rest of us."

"I wish Cynthia would come," she said fretfully. Yes, we already, even on so slight an acquaintance, thought of her as Cynthia. But her voice was not quite under control.

"I'll fetch her," Mark Stile said, and he hurried to the door. Just for the fraction of a second he hesitated and the handle of the door rattled in his grasp. Then he turned it. As the door opened, we saw through the opening that the room was in darkness. Mark Stile slipped in.

"Cynthia!" he called in a panic. Then the alarm was drowned in laughter. "Oh!" he added, and he shut the door behind him.

"His burst of laughter set us all at ease. The old General growled and twisted his moustache, and said good-humoredly: 'The young monkey. She's up to some mischief.'"

"We were delighted that she was. Cynthia Stile was going to play some pleasant and unexpected trick upon us. We waited for it patiently. Yes, we could wait at our ease now. She had enlisted her husband."

"They are a long time, aren't they?" someone asked. They had been a long time. And all our unstable fears began to crowd and giber at us again. But we wouldn't have their company. They began to watch the door. They were afraid. I could feel their fear, throbbing about me, attacking me."

Please turn to Page 6, Movie Section

7 people in 10 have "Shrinking" gums at 35!

Gums may start to shrink back (recede) as early as 20. By 35 most mouths show 3 to 4 "recession" spots at gum line. These spots are highly sensitive when brushed.

Three common mistakes hasten "shrinking," according to modern dentists. Three things to do if you want to retard a premature "ageing process."

As gums grow old they naturally recede. But, in the average mouth, gums recede before their time, say leading dentists. Your first warning is that certain teeth are sensitive to brushing.

### Make this Test!

Suck in cool air really quickly, or run finger nail or dry tooth brush around gum line. Do you feel any sensitive spots? These are probably due to "shrinking" gums.

To improper brushing methods, too harsh, abrasive dentifrices and to ineffective cleansing are laid much of the prematurely receding gums of modern times. Thus, to retard unnatural "shrinking" of the gums, follow these three simple rules.

### 1 BRUSH PROPERLY

—do not brush sideways, don't use a saw-like motion. Brush away from the gums, upwards on the lower

teeth and downwards from above. Let your dentist show you.

### 2 USE A "PROTECTIVE" TOOTH PASTE

—when gums recede, the part exposed (cementum) is much softer than enamel. Thus, your cleansing material must be softer than "cementum." Of the leading brands only Pepsodent is softer than this more delicate portion of the tooth. Its cleansing material is from 2 to 10 times as soft as that commonly used in dentifrices.

Film must be removed from teeth, for film contains the germs associated with decay.

### 3 YOU MUST REMOVE FILM

Film also combines with lime salts to form tartar, the sharp edges of which may irritate the gums, cause bleeding and make gums recede much faster.

To remove film safely and effectively use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent.

# PEPSODENT

THE SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE

THE 2- SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL



NOW IN A  
NEW 10% LARGER TUBE  
MORE TOOTH PASTE  
FOR YOUR MONEY



# Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:—  
**MANDRAKE:** Amazing magician, who, with his servant,  
**LOTHAR:** Has just succeeded in capturing  
**SAKI:** Who had stolen the Star Sapphire from  
**SIR OSWALD:** Sporting Englishman, and kidnapped  
**JANE:** Sir Oswald's lovely daughter. Having captured Saki,  
 rescued Jane, and returned the sapphire, Mandrake  
 is faced with a further problem—Jane's infatuation  
 for himself. She will have none of  
**RONALD:** Her devoted fiance, so Mandrake decides on a  
 plan. That evening as she prepares for bed a mys-  
 terious hooded figure appears at her window. NOW  
 READ ON.





"ARRIVED in these waters, we are captured by the Golden Falcon, English privateer, commanded by that terrible ogre, Captain Scarlett. Our ship was looted, yes. What would you? We are transferred to this ship, myself a prisoner, you. If I may say so, a guest. C'est la guerre."

Cynthia bit her lip. "So you excuse him! Do not forget how, when we were taken, he and his ruffians seized everything. Do you not remember how Captain Renard and his crew were set adrift in small boats, and their ship sunk?"

Rene nodded composedly. "I forget nothing. I do not forget that nothing of yours, ma chérie, was touched, nor do I overlook the fact that Renard and his crew were within a day's sail of land. No, my dear Cynthia, as your husband elect, you must allow me."

Cynthia turned on him swiftly, and this time even his raised hand could not stop the flow of words.

"Husband elect! Rene, if you

joke about that, or even mention it when there is no need for it, I'll, I'll

Monsieur le comte de Beauvillage permitted himself to smile.

"Enough, enough," he cried in mock terror. "Very well, then, we shall dispense with the husband elect."

But Miss Lorimer was not placated.

"You know very well," she exclaimed, "that we agreed that you should pose as my fiancé, simply at a loss for the right phrase, she stopped helplessly. Rene nodded gravely.

"SIMPLY as a desperate expedient to prevent my being cast adrift with the others, and yourself, as an Englishwoman, brought alone and unprotected on to this

ship ruled by the ferocious and ruffianly Captain Scarlett. And, parbleu, it worked. Does it not appear strange that such a scoundrel as this Francis Scarlett should forbear to separate a beautiful young girl from her lover? No, no, ma petite, that is not the action of a pirate, a man without the instincts of a gentleman."

For once, Mistress Cynthia Lorimer was unable to reply. Her cousin regarded her quizzically, and turned away from the window.

"And now," he murmured, "I fear I must take my leave of you for a time. But, I beg of you, endeavor to regard a little more tolerantly this gentleman whose guests we are forced to be." Picking up his plumed hat, he added, casually but with a keen, humorous look that was lost on the girl, still staring out on the lagoon.

"That is, of course, unless, ignoring your betrothal to me, the fellow has been annoying you with his attentions."

This was too much. Cynthia swung round, her cheeks flaming, eyes ablaze.

"Rene!" she stammered, nearly crying with rage. "How dare you? How dare you? He has never put a finger on me, never approached me even. Why, your precious Captain Francis Scarlett has addressed scarcely a word to me."

At the cabin door de Beauvillage paused gracefully. He looked back, a sardonic smile twisting his sensitive mouth, the heavy-lidded eyes gleaming with good-humored wisdom.

"Ah," said he. "And now, ma petite, I begin to understand why you are so furious with him."

Continued from Page 10

MOODILY occupied with his own reflections, Captain Francis Scarlett, of The Golden Falcon, leaned against the stern rail, his eyes fixed unseeingly on the phosphorescent wake left by his ship as, with a fair breeze behind her, she drove due west for the island of St. Denis. The two big poop lanterns were alight, and by their ruddy glow Master Simeon Boothby, ship's navigator, covertly studied his commander.

A fine figure of a man was Francis Scarlett. Meticulously dressed in black small-clothes, wide-skirted coat of black satin fringed with silver, a handsome baldric from which hung a silver-hilted sword, thigh boots of soft leather—even lounging against the rail he had about him an atmosphere of preparedness and lithe strength.

Just now, however, from Captain Scarlett's expression, it appeared that matters were not moving with their accustomed smoothness.

Presently he straightened up, shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and delivered himself of a weighty remark that showed his thoughts to have been engaged on a subject even more disturbing.

"Simeon," quoth he, "women are the very devil."

With vivid recollections of two viragos—one in Portsmouth, the other in Jamestown—each of whom claimed the title of Mistress Boothby, Simeon agreed wholeheartedly: women were indeed the devil.

Captain Scarlett appeared not to have heard the endorsement of his remark. For a few moments following his own utterance, he

## Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vantier.

WEDNESDAY, January 20:  
11.45 a.m., "London Calling."  
3.45 p.m., "The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, January 21:  
11.45 a.m., Mexican Adventure.  
2.45 p.m., "Afternoon Tea Selections."

FRIDAY, January 22: 11.45 a.m., "So They Say." 2.45 p.m., "Musical Moods."

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23:  
6.15 p.m., "The Music Box."  
9.30 p.m., presents Leslie Stuart Compositions.

SUNDAY, January 24: 6.10 p.m., featuring Boston Symphony Orchestra. Sevillana Serenaders' New Mayfair Orchestra.

MONDAY, January 25: 11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight." 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, January 26:  
11.45, "Things that Happen."  
2.45 p.m., "Swingtime."

stood staring down into the waist of the ship, where, under the rude light of swinging battle-lanterns, groups of bronze figures lounged dicing, arguing and sleeping. From somewhere forward sounded the wavering notes of a guitar played by an unskilful hand. Said Simeon Boothby:

"I call to mind a wench, a proper little..."

His captain swung round. "Yes, yes, Sim. And I recall aright, there be many wenches you could call to mind. But none of 'em aboard The Golden Falcon."

"Ah!" said Master Boothby sapiently, understanding coming to him at last.

Francis Scarlett grinned at him, but the grin had nought of humor in it. It was a bitter, self-mocking grimace, and Simeon did not like it.

"I see," said Scarlett, "that you understand."

He took a few quick paces about the deck, his sword-hilt flashing as it caught the light of the stern lanterns, his saturnine face forbidding in their ruddy glow.

Please turn to Page 26

## Famous Old English Inns



### The "Fighting Cocks" St. Albans, Hertfordshire.

A curious little 15th century inn on the old coaching road to the Midlands, which claims to be the oldest established licensed house in England.

### Host Holbrook, says:

"In the Old World village of Stourport, Worcestershire, England, just where the River Stour empties itself into the Severn, the House of Holbrook was founded 140 years ago.

"Its tradition is associated with that of the famous old inns of England, which have afforded refreshment and shelter to local folk, travellers by carriage and stage coach, and continue to charm and refresh sightseers of to-day, who may in an hour traverse a 'day's journey'.

"To-day, as in the past, my Worcestershire Sauce is brewed from the finest ingredients and matured in wood until fragrant and appetising.

"It is excellent with every dish—cheese, meat, fowl or fish."

The World's Appetiser!

# HOLBROOKS

WORCESTERSHIRE

# SAUCE





### CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



### YOUR BIG CHANCE!

If you would see your own original work in print, and earn a little pocket-money at the same time, write to this page, either on some new topic that interests you or in answer to one already published.

### WOMEN ILLOGICAL?

THREE times recently — over the air, during a film dialogue, and in personal conversation — I have heard women, as a whole, described by men as "sentimental and unreasonable." This unqualified statement — apparently the universal male opinion — seems to me to be no more true of women than it would be if applied to the opposite sex. The actual statement in itself is not "reasonable."

Men have not the whole monopoly of logic. These very "So They Say" columns are proof of women's powers of reasoning the pros and cons. Individual opinions are set out clearly and concisely. On the other hand, men are very often queer paradoxes of reason and unreason — shrewd business executives who are sentimental or unreasonable as fathers or husbands, for example.

£1 for this letter to Evelyn Falconer, 33 Kareela Road, Cremorne, N.S.W.

### OUR DAUGHTERS

I OFTEN wonder at the number of women who cannot cope with their daughters between the ages of 14 and 16 years, and talk about their being at "a difficult stage in their lives."

I think the mothers are to blame. It would be better if they demanded more help from their growing daughters, teaching them self-reliance, that "life is real, life is earnest," and that time passes pleasantly when minds and fingers are busy.

Mrs. Herbert Bissell, 435 Penhurst St., Roseville, N.S.W.

### FOR YOUNG WRITERS

THERE are many young people to-day who possess the urge to write, but have no very clear idea how to go about it. Try keeping a diary for twelve months—study everything, ignore nothing. This will clarify your ideas, and, looking back, one gets many an inspiration.

Miss Iris Raftery, Glenelg, 1 Lipcomb's Avenue, Lower Sandy Bay, Tas.

### HARD TO PLEASE

I WAS very interested in a par on the "Points of View" page (2/1/37) which said that "Waitresses find men much easier to serve than women."

Waitresses are not the only

### Resolution For the New Year!

IS the formula for success "to act as if it were impossible to fail"? I believe it is, anyway, although perhaps it's no easy achievement to keep up that "smiling through" feeling when it would seem more fitting to be frowning.

I don't believe in courting failure just because you think it must come.

Any comments, readers, please?

Mrs. E. E. G. Jewels, 52 Hensman St., South Perth, W.A.

people who find women harder to please than men. Ask any nurse her opinion.

Most women patients seem to be all "wants," just when one is tired out or endeavoring to get off duty on time. Men, on the other hand, usually show greater consideration, and are anxious to make things a little easier for those attending them.

Mrs. H. N. Pope, Avonlea, Donald, Vic.

### Men More Alive to Beauty Than Women?

IN your issue of January 2 a reader asserted that man reigns supreme in the world of music and poetry, as well as of science, and that, therefore, he must be more sensitive to beauty than women.

It is undeniable that in most fields man does reign supreme. Women are unstable, having no tenacity of purpose, and their energy is

### Why These Cliques?

HAVE you noticed the cliques that are formed at a dance, bridge, or any place of amusement?

At a dance, for instance, you'll see each little crowd keeping to itself, its members not thinking to dance with others.

If you, an outsider, try to be friendly, you are "cold shouldered," and so forced to withdraw. You are instantly made to feel an intruder.

It is all very disheartening. Miss H. J. Miller, Poochera, West Coast, S.A.

divided. The obvious result is lack of high accomplishment.

But does that mean woman is less sensitive to beauty? It means rather the reverse, in my opinion. Her very sensitiveness quickens her appreciation of beauty.

Miss Evelyn Shaw, Oxford Chambers, Bourke St., Melbourne C1.

### Lack Confidence

NO. E. Johns, man is not more sensitive to beauty, but has more confidence than woman in producing it.

Woman has not had equal opportunities with man. Have professional women, musicians, writers, and poets, even now, the support given their male counterparts?

Many women have written under masculine pen-names to escape the hostility shown to their sex. Georges Sand and George Eliot are examples. N. Fawley, 2, Wimba Ave., Kew, Vic.

### Women Responsible

ALTHOUGH capable of excelling in the worlds of science and art, the majority of women choose marriage and motherhood for their careers. Then their interests are naturally restricted to the home.

This is not so with a man. Whether married or single, he is still free to follow his vocation, and is lovingly encouraged to do so by his wife or mother.

Phyllis Smith, 94 Croydon St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

### Woman the Inspiration

REPLYING to E. Johns: John Ruskin said it is only with a woman's aid that man may achieve anything. Without her he is lost.

With this I agree, and with such a full-time job, what time have we for creating ourselves? Man and woman are complementary. Man is the creator, discoverer, defender; woman the inspiration, homemaker, standard-bearer. How many great men have had some woman for their inspiration!

H. Goldsworthy, 261 Union Street, Moonee Ponds, Vic.

### Can't Generalise

WE cannot judge women's appreciation of beauty by the work they produce—or don't produce.

One can admire beauty—good music, a good portrait, fine poetry—without having the power to produce it.

Moreover, this is a case where you cannot generalise, dividing men and women into separate classes. You will find just as many women as a concert, art exhibition, appreciating good poetry and prose as you will find men.

K. Rutherford, Waratah Street, Seaciff, S.A.

### Cynical Attitude of Moderns To Marriage!

I AGREE, R. Johnson (2/1/37), that parents are often to blame for young people talking of marriage in a cynical and sneering manner.

It is distressing to see the way some parents act towards each other—bickering and quarrelling. Miss E. Wiseman, Burumbutlock, N.S.W.

### Just a Pose

DO we really hear young people talking of marriage in a disrespectful manner these days, R. Johnson?

I suppose I have heard a few "smart young things" talking so, but they really don't mean it. And to counterbalance these few, there are a host of young men and women who revere marriage in thought and speech. There is scarcely a man or woman who does not wish to marry, and, when they enter upon the state, they do so with every appearance of confidence and bliss.

W. Howard, Main Street, Ulverstone, Tas.

### Acting Naturally

PERHAPS parents are to blame for the attitude of young people towards marriage, but who shall blame them? They are only acting naturally.

You cannot, for example, expect a man, tired from work, always to



Bad example for the young!

be thoughtful towards his wife. Nor a woman, tired from housework, likewise.

Mrs. Simpson, Alfred Street, Charleville, Qld.

### Too Much Freedom

IN reply to R. H. H. Johnson on "Married State." In the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly in which your letter appeared, there was a short item by an English minister on marriage. In his item he provided a perfect answer to your letter. He said: "Many modern girls become disorientated with married life, simply because they have had so much freedom in their youth."

"Before marriage girls have almost every evening and weekend free. They go to parties, dances, and cinema shows. When they marry there is bound to be a reaction."

Miss M. C. Floyd, 14 Clevedon Road, Hurstville, N.S.W.

### Parents At Fault

YES, we might well blame parents for the cynical attitude young people of to-day have towards marriage.

How often do we see a man walking with his wife on the inside of the footpath, or allowing his wife to carry heavy parcels, even a heavy baby, while he slouches along beside her?

Miss I. Blanche, 18 Landers Rd., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

### Novels to Blame

NO, we cannot blame parents for this attitude in our young people—except those parents who write books. For it is present-day "snappy" novels that are causing youth to "think wrongly" on marriage.

Books telling of divorce, of gay life in big cities, of happy bachelor girls with careers, all influence the susceptible young mind to think that marriage is a worthless thing—which it is not.

Mrs. P. Hughes, Collins St., Kalgoorlie, W.A.

### Encouraging Our Youth to Appreciate Art

I QUITE agree with Miss Phillips that young people in Australia should be encouraged in art appreciation (2/1/37).

But I am not in favor of such being taught in the primary schools as at present. It means flitting the time for "decorative" subjects which could be much more profitably spent in gaining a thorough grounding in essentials.

Given the fundamentals of a good education, every person is then in a position to profit by instruction, or from the many good and cheap text-books now procurable on practically every subject.

Mrs. Ray Randall, Woorwong, Girraween Grove, Ashgrove W3, Brisbane.

### Culture Wanted

I WHOLEHEARTEDLY agree with Miss Phillips. What do we learn of culture in primary or even secondary schools?

What we have of culture is given to us in our own homes, but nothing is done in the public schools.

Appreciation of the best music, paintings, books, and plays could surely be incorporated in the school curriculum without in any way pushing out the "three R's."

Mrs. M. Wallis, 7 Westley Street, Hawthorn E3, Vic.

### Is Being Done

I THINK children are given a reasonable amount of encouragement in the schools towards appreciation of the beautiful. They are led along the correct paths by reading beautiful poetry, prose, and having occasional discussions on music. This naturally develops the appreciation of good things, in paintings and art in general.

Maria Waters, The Terrace, Pt. Pirie, S.A.

### PARTY ETIQUETTE

NOWADAYS when people give parties they seem to forget that all the guests should be made known to each other. One often sees at these affairs a guest sitting rather disconsolately alone.

Is it not the hostess' place to introduce people to each other and see that everyone has a good time? Or is it the modern rule just to invite a crowd and leave them to introduce themselves?

Mrs. E. Muir, 55 Nolan St., Frankston, Vic.

### PLAYING IN STREETS

NOW that the children are on holidays from school, one would think that they would take the opportunity of playing in the really beautiful parks and gardens that are to be found in nearly all the progressive suburbs.

But no; they seem to prefer playing in the middle of the streets and sidewalks, or even worse, down the back lanes and dirty alleyways, alongside the dustbins and heaps of road sweepings, swept up by the council men. Why can't mothers train their children to play in the parks?

Mrs. Coombes, 116 Puckle St., Moonee Ponds W4, Melbourne.

### ADVENTURE STILL

AN elderly man was overheard to say recently that "The youth of to-day could not have the exciting times of a century ago. He could not sail the seven seas and discover new lands. Were they not all discovered?"

Maybe they are, but what of the world of science? Are there not great fields of discovery to be explored there still?

Youth to-day can have glorious adventures, and the race is to the swift of mind and the physically alert.

Mrs. R. McClelland, Mt. Korong Rd., Eaglehawk, Vic.

## Quickest Healer for all Festering Sores and Itching Eruptions

If you suffer from a disfiguring, distressing skin eruption, medical science cannot offer you a surer, quicker remedy than this simple Cuticura treatment which is the result of long research by a physician specializing in the treatment of skin diseases.

### FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS:

Wash the affected part night and morning with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery. The comfort and benefit even from the first application will amaze and delight you.

FOR ALL SKIN TROUBLES PRICKLY HEAT PIMPLES BOILS, ABSCESSSES LEG ULCERS BURNS, SCALDS



Cuticura TALCUM, specially medicated with balsamic essential oils. Absorbs perspiration, soothes and cools hot inflamed skin, relieves prickly heat.





**CURTAINS**  
Let Fairy Dyes give new life and beauty to curtains, household furnishings and clothes. Fairy Dyes are simple to use and ALWAYS successful.

**Fairy Dyes**  
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

**PING**



THE KING OF INSECT SPRAYS

A NIGHTINGALE PRODUCT

## SMALL-PAYMENT Policies for Low-Wage FAMILIES

Insurance For Women

### How a Husband Can Protect His Wife and Children

*This article deals with insurance as it affects the wife of a man on a low salary or wage.*

A husband who is earning a low salary or wage finds it hard to keep a home going, and, at first thought, is unlikely to favor additional expenditure for any purpose whatever.

But if he finds it difficult, how desperate will be his wife's plight in the event of his death? A number of insurance schemes are offered to meet his special requirements.

FOR a small weekly premium a man may insure his life so that his wife will receive an agreed sum at his death or double that sum if his death is due to accident before a certain age.

Under such a policy, for a weekly premium of sixpence a parent aged twenty-four may insure his life for £57. His wife will receive this amount at his death or it will be paid to him when he reaches the age of eighty years.

In the event of his death by accident before the age of sixty-five years, his wife will

receive at once the sum of £114. Alternatively, a husband may insure so that his wife will receive a fixed sum at the end of an agreed number of years or at his death before that time.

This policy also provides for the payment of double the amount on death by accident. For example, a man of twenty-five years may insure



THE NEW GERMAN NAVAL ENSIGN, specially designed for use on British warships when in German waters, incorporates the Nazi symbol. These women workers are shown putting the finishing touches to one of the new ensigns in the factory of a well-known flag-making firm in London.

to receive £100 at sixty years of age for a payment of 1/3 per week.

If he dies as the result of accident before that time, his wife will receive £200. In this form of insurance also the wife frequently takes out a policy on the life of her husband.

The amount payable as a result of death by accident is not affected by any sum which may be received under the Workers Compensation Act.

These may be termed Essential Insurances. There still remain a number of forms of both Life and Endowment Insurance, which are available chiefly to those who are drawing higher salaries or who have private incomes. A number of these can be only briefly explained here.

### Joint Policies

A MAN who is in a position to decide the age at which he will retire may arrange his life insurance so that no premiums have to be paid after that age.

A husband and wife or two partners may take out a joint policy

*This is the third of a series of articles designed to give the average Australian woman a clear explanation of insurance and show her how she can make provision for herself and her children.*

covering the first of their two lives. Under this arrangement the survivor receives the full amount of the insurance.

A husband may cover his wife so that in the event of his death within a fixed period of years she will have an agreed quarterly income for the remainder of those years, and will then receive in addition the full amount of the insurance.

In the event of his death after the period she will receive the full insurance.

A man may insure for an amount payable at his death before a selected age, or double the amount payable on his attaining the selected age.

He may arrange for an annuity payable quarterly for a specified period after he has reached a selected age.

Generally speaking, life policies aim at the protection of wife, children and dependents in the event of the husband's death, while endowment policies provide assistance in meeting responsibilities, such as children's education or the payment of a mortgage.

### CHOOSE THIS ASPIRIN FOR SAFETY.

Great benefit of taking the Original Aspirin.

You can always relieve that ache or pain harmlessly with Bayer Aspirin tablets. Even those deep-seated pains that make a man's very bones ache. Even the distressing pains so many women suffer. They will yield to these tablets! Genuine Bayer Aspirin has many important uses. Read the proven directions in every package of genuine Bayer Aspirin, and don't endure any needless pains from headache, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism.

Keep a bottle of these tablets in the house; carry the handy pocket box if subject to unexpected headaches, sudden colds. Quick relief, without any harmful effects. Bayer Aspirin does not depress the heart nor upset the stomach.

All chemists sell boxes of 12 Bayer Aspirin tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin. So insist on Bayer when you buy. Bayer means Better.

**No DANDRUFF NOW**



### "YOU WANT TO KNOW

what I wash my hair with? I keep to Wright's Coal Tar Soap. It makes my hair beautifully glossy, and it does prevent dandruff."

Undoubtedly, Wright's is the SAFE soap for cleansing the scalp and hair. Its antiseptic properties are a dependable safeguard against dandruff; its fragrant lather stimulates and refreshes the scalp.

10½d. per cake at all Chemists and Stores.



**WRIGHT'S**  
coal tar  
SOAP

**"COME ON ITS PULVEX DAY..."**



Pets like Pulvex Powder: it kills off all fleas and vermin and prevents their return. Pulvex puts once a week and keeps them vermin-free. Non-poisonous, non-irritant, odorless. All chemists and stores, 1/2 tin, double size 2/- Postage 3d. and 4d.

Wholesale: William Cooper & Nephews (Australia) Limited, Sydney

**PULVEX**  
KILLS FLEAS OFF...KEEPS THEM OFF



*All day long she thanks GAS for cheap, ready Hot Water*



8.30 a.m. Got Ben off to work betimes. Ready hot water for shaving, and hot water at the kitchen sink to make all the difference!

9 a.m. Washed the dishes in a jiffy under the hot water tap at the sink.

9.30 a.m. Bathed Baby in a jiffy. (Thank goodness for a constant supply of hot water, from the automatic gas hot water system!)



And so on to 10 p.m. Heigho for a goodly bath, and no waiting for the water to get hot. (Thank goodness again and again for an automatic gas hot water system!)

And so to bed.



**AUTOMATIC GAS HOT WATER SYSTEMS**  
INSTALLED ON EASY TERMS  
BY YOUR GAS COMPANY  
(CALL IN, OR 'PHONE FOR FULL PARTICULARS)







US. 17/9. White buck one-hole tie. London tan calf trim. Pumps. In half-sizes, 2 to 7. At 15/-

US. 39/6. Westbrook court. White buck, trimmed tan, black calf. 2 1/2-6 in white, tan, 3, 4, 5, 6 1/2 in black. At 25/-

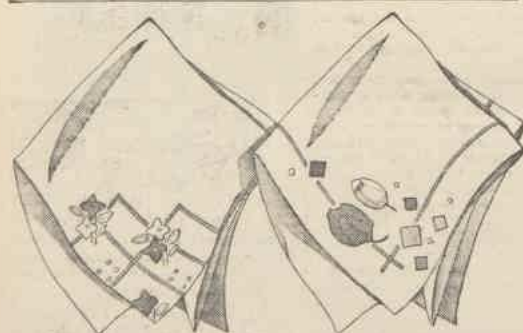
US. 39/6. Gussott court. White buck, brown or blue calf trimmings. American fittings. American sizes 4-9. 25/-

US. 45/- White buck one-hole tie. In half-sizes, 4-8 1/2. 25/-

## SALE of white buck two-tone courts, ties.

White buck courts and ties, some trimmed with tan or black calf, others, blue or brown calf. Many designs and all sizes—but not in every model! Use lay-by!

Shoes—Third Floor. No 'phone or mail orders.



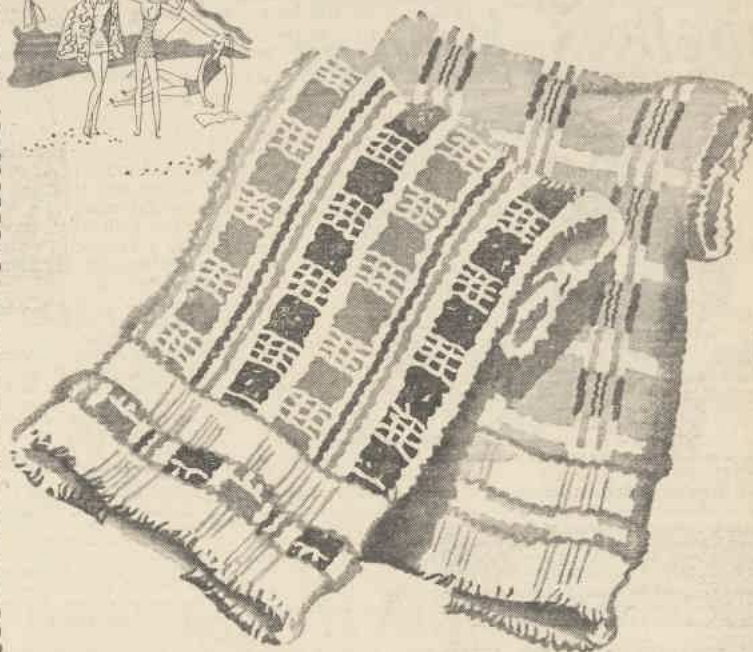
## Linen hankies go

Usual. 2/11. Sheer Belfast linens, some with coloured corners. Hand-rolled hems with hand-appliqued corners. All 11 ins. square. Or hand-embroidered and drawn-thread in four corners. Lay-by now! The price is, each only 1/11

On the Air-conditioned Ground Floor

COOL, COOL AIR-CONDITIONED

# FARMER'S



## SEA-SIDE TOWELS

Hardy Surf Champions.

Scuttle your present colours in favour of nicely nautical designs in cool, summery colours. Browns, greens, or blues in well-mixed two-tones. Size 24x48—big enough to use as a wrap-around, when breezes sweep the ocean front, or to protect you from sunburn. Some priced at 3/-, and others are selling for as little as

2/6

Surf Towels on the Great First Floor

## Margaret Stirling, from the overseas salons of Charnaux

will be at Farmer's all this week to fit you personally. Ring for an appointment

Charnaux fabric is the most advanced contribution of science to the art of corsetry. The electrically-deposited Anotex of which it is made, has a strength and suppleness unobtainable in any other material.

Instead of greatly weakening the abdominal muscles by doing their work for them, the Charnaux belt alone incites the muscles to normal activity. The perforations are arranged in "bands of force" to give the proper upward support along the lines of muscular action. The massage promoted by the natural body movement dissolves spare flesh and reduces fatigue.

Corset Salon—Fourth Floor





# TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To make your teeth  
**NATURALLY  
WHITE**

**-he says KOLYNOS**



Regular use of Kolynos—which is best used on a DRY brush—will quickly show you how sparkling-white your teeth can be when they are thoroughly and completely cleaned.

Dentists throughout the World recommend Kolynos because of its proved antiseptic and cleansing action.

Important ingredients exceptional to Kolynos actually kill the germs of dental decay in a few seconds, whilst other essential ingredients remove unsightly stain and dissolve tartar, entering every tiny crevice and washing away all particles of food debris, keeping the mouth in a healthy condition.

Discover for yourself the joy of clean naturally white teeth and a healthy mouth. Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is most economical in use. Try it. Get a tube to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

**ONE TUBE LASTS TWICE AS LONG**

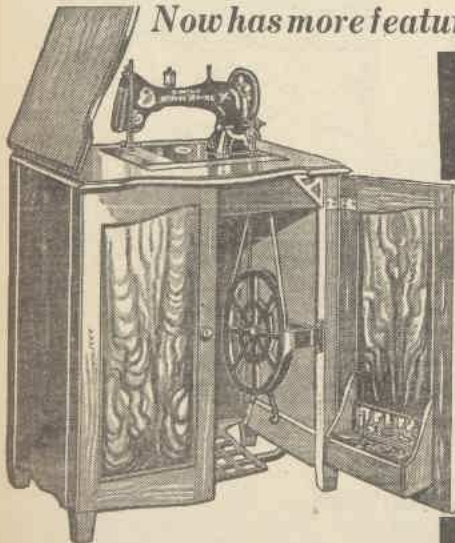
*Half-an-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush  
cleans Teeth PERFECTLY!*

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**

The new 1937 model

## Bebarfald BlueBird

Now has more features than costlier machines!



**Bebarfalds**  
Opp. Town Hall, George St., Sydney

Please forward me full particulars of the Lifetime Guaranteed Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machines you are selling for £19/19/-. Free to first 20 inquirers, copy of "The Ideal Wife."

NAME .....  
Address ..... W.W. 23.1

- Sews backwards and forwards
- Automatic Tension Release
- Correct Starting Device
- Free Exclusive Sewing Light
- Lifetime Guarantee
- Complete set of ATTACHMENTS free
- Patent Bebarfald Bureau Cabinets
- Automatic Bobbin Winder
- Automatic Shuttle Ejector

£24/10/-  
MODELS **£19/19/-**  
(Now)

during Bebarfalds' Sale

You can obtain one of these new improved machines for £19/19/- during Bebarfalds' Sale. Other cabinet models specially reduced to £15/18/6. Ten only. Your old machine accepted as part payment. Write for particulars.

**£1** deposit obtains delivery!

The balance can be paid in convenient weekly or monthly instalments. Special terms for interstate customers. Agents throughout Australia and duplicate parts guaranteed for the purchaser's lifetime.

Post coupon now for full particulars of the new improved Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine. Free to first 20 inquirers: Copy of the new book, "The Ideal Wife." Deals in full with all home problems and tells how a wife may become her husband's ideal.

## RADIO as Training for DRAMATISTS

Success of William Power

"I would rather be a good lawyer than a bad writer," says William Power, clever young author of "Tales Told to Peter and Pam," now being broadcast from 2GB.

Critics, however, predict that whatever future Mr. Power had as a lawyer he has an even brighter future as a writer.

UNTIL recently William Power was practising as a solicitor. His first novel, half of which was written at the University when he was 19, and the rest later, was published a couple of years ago under the title of "Men Need Armor."

"This new novelist has imagination, a strong, fluent style, and a talent for story-telling," said one of Sydney's leading newspapers.

The Australian Women's Weekly ranked it as one of the most important Australian novels yet written. "It is a romantic story, revealing very fine imaginative writing."

### An Experiment

NEVERTHELESS, like many young authors, Mr. Power regards his first novel as nothing more than an artistic experiment. He believes that in most cases a young man is not likely to do his best work until he is at least thirty.

In the meantime, he welcomes radio as an excellent training ground.

"In radio," he explains, "one has not a select audience, such as one writes for when doing a novel. One's work must have the widest possible appeal."

"Radio teaches the art of writing speedily, and of saying what one has to say in the shortest possible time. It makes one realistic, practical and concrete."

"Before a playwright can present



WILLIAM POWER, Australian playwright, whose radio plays have attracted much favorable comment.

a scene to listeners by means of words and sound effects alone, the pictures in his mind must be clearly defined."

Writing radio plays for children in which children themselves play is even more difficult.

The difficulties are twofold: first to find child actors who are sufficiently competent, and, second, to present stories which, while entertaining the children, do not bore adults.

Fortunately, in Peter and Wendy Gibb, the B.S.A. Players have two juvenile artists of outstanding merit. That solves the first difficulty. The second difficulty, finding stories which are suitable, is one for the writer himself to solve.

William Power has a natural flair for original story-telling, and when he has to deal with such famous tales as "Puss in Boots," he tells them in such a manner that not even Puss would recognise himself or his boots.

### Popular Serial

THIS clever writer declares that his favorite living novelist is James Joyce, and his favorite contemporary playwright is Sean O'Casey, which shows a predilection for Irish authors that may be partly due to a big strain of Irish in himself.

To-day, Mr. Power is author of one of the most successful radio serials for children yet heard in Australia, although this serial forms but a small part of his writing for radio.

"Radio drama," says William Power, "has been attacked in the past as being a crude form of art. The films at first met with a similar reception."

"Now they are regarded as being a highly significant form of art, and Hollywood is one of the most important art centres of the English-speaking world."

### Beauchamp Prize

WHILE at the University, Mr. Power twice won the Beauchamp Prize for the best essay of the year. Perhaps the learned professors who judged his essays on "Character Creation in Literature" and "Literary Criticism Investigation and Discovery in their Modern Relationships," saw promise of a brilliant critic rather than a radio playwright.

One of his literary essays, dealing with Bernard Shaw, had the distinction of being translated into Spanish, "though," says Mr. Power, "this had nothing to do with the present troubles."

Now...  
in light  
and dark



**CORNWELL'S**  
PURE MALT  
VINEGAR

LIGHT IN PINT BOTTLES  
DARK IN QUART BOTTLES



Mother! Let your kiddies eat their milk in the form of Hansen's Junkets... they'll love it, and it's health-giving, too! Ready in a jiffy—Hansen's never fails to set. It's real Junket if it's Hansen's... sold in Tablet form for Plain Junkets; now also in Liquid form for making rich, colored Fruit Junkets.

**HANSEN'S**  
ESSENCE FOR MAKING  
FRUIT JUNKETS



# What Women Are Doing

## Want £3000

THE chief objective of the Mothers and Babies' Health Association in Adelaide for 1937, according to the secretary, Miss Kathleen Hilfers, is to start a training school for its nurses, and a campaign to raise a further £3000 will be inaugurated at an early date. The Association already has £2000 in hand for the purpose from the King's Jubilee Fund.

Such schools are already training nurses for M.B.H.A. work in other States, but South Australia has not had the Government help these States have enjoyed.

## Given Several Successful Concerts Abroad

MISS JESSIE KING, of Toowoomba, who has in recent years been abroad furthering her musical studies, has recently met with great success.



Miss King

She was very pleased last year to be chosen to sing at the Sheffield Festival. The other soloist was Miss Muriel Brunsell.

She has given successful concerts in Vienna, Holland and London, and now her mezzo-soprano voice is often heard over the air.

Miss King is the fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. King, of Toowoomba, whose charming old home, Craigend, about ten miles from Toowoomba, was open house to many friends from all parts of Queensland and New South Wales. She is one of eight attractive and clever sisters.

## Brightening the Lives of Returned Soldiers

MRS. G. P. MULCAHY, president of the Central Women's Auxiliary, Victoria, is an enthusiastic worker for the returned soldiers.

She is well known for her organising ability, and for the past four years at Christmas time she has helped pack and arrange for the distribution of over a thousand parcels to soldiers in various hospitals throughout the State.

At intervals throughout the year she organises entertainments for the soldiers, and also the mental patients out at Bundoora, Mont Park. She is unsparing in her efforts, visits all distressed cases, and has been instrumental in assisting them in many ways.

The women's auxiliaries work in conjunction with the Returned Soldiers' League, and the aim of the central auxiliary at present is the affiliation of all country auxiliaries early this year.

## Elected President of Liberal Women's Association

MRS. HELEN ALDERMAN, newly-elected president of the Liberal Women's Educational Association in South Australia, will begin her new duties in March.

As leader of the Parliamentary group of the association, Mrs. Alderman has done excellent work for the last three years, and besides this her experience as president of the Kensington Gardens Women's branch of the Liberal and Country League will be valuable. She has been connected with the Young Liberals since its inception, each year becoming more interested in the various branches of the work.

Mrs. Alderman succeeds Mrs. Gordon Rogers, who retired after the maximum period for presidency—three years.



Mrs. Alderman—itemiser.

## To Revisit Adelaide

INSTEAD of going into the hills of India for her holidays this year, Dr. Beryl Bowering, who is attached to the Jaganj Mission, Murshidabad, Bengal, has decided to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bowering, in Adelaide. She will have only about three weeks in July at home.

It will be the first trip Dr. Bowering has had home since she joined the mission in 1929. The work she is doing at Jaganj is enormous. There is a population of 350 millions in India, and of these 100 million have no medical facilities whatever.

Dr. Bowering lives at the huge women's hospital, and is consulted by numerous Indian women and children daily, for which the mission makes a charge of two annas for the diagnosis and medicine—the equivalent of 3d.

## Welcome Leave

MRS. M. WILCHER, chief of the Adelaide Women Police, began two months' leave from duties on January 11, after an exhausting Centenary year. She arranged to go into hospital for a minor operation during the first part of her leave, and then to Melbourne on a visit to her son, Mr. Lewis Wilcher, who is Dean of Trinity College, and her daughter-in-law.

## Many Attend Carnival For Deaf Mutes

WOMEN visitors from as far north as Mareeba, Queensland, and Leonora, North Kalgoorlie, were among the 150 visitors from all States to the All Australian carnival for representatives from deaf and dumb missions, held in South Australia.

Receptions, socials, religious service, and sports were arranged for them by the South Australian Deaf and Dumb Mission organisers. An excellent exhibition of needlework by deaf and dumb women from all States was held, and the tennis trophy was won by the Queensland woman, Miss Trixie Saltom, who had travelled from Mareeba. These carnivals are held every two years, the last at the time of the Melbourne Centenary.

## New Secretary for Australasian Women's Assn.

MISS DOT GEERING has been appointed general secretary of the Australasian Women's Association. She is in succession to Mrs. Taylor who has just retired after twenty years' service. Miss Geering was a member of the Footscray branch of the Association for seven years, and has an extensive knowledge of clerical work.

Some idea of the immensity of her new job can be gained from the knowledge that the association has forty-two branches and a membership of over five thousand.



Miss Geering

## Social Service And Almonery

MISS EILEEN DAVIDSON, who returned to Australia by the Orford after having studied and done social service work abroad for over four years, will take up an appointment as almoner with the Lewisham General Hospital of Sydney in February.

A graduate of the University of West Australia, Miss Davidson went to America and took a two years' diploma course at the National School of Social Service in Washington, and her Master of Arts degree at the Catholic University in Washington.

She worked in clinics in Baltimore, St. Louis and New York among problem children and dependent children. In England she did the Associated Institute of Hospital Almoners' course at St. Thomas' Hospital. She has had a wonderful foundation for her work, and a wide and practical experience.

## To Take Part in Science Congress

FOUR women graduates of Adelaide University will be in the large number of women scientists from all over Australia and New Zealand who are attending the Science Conference in New Zealand.

They are Miss Patricia Mawson, daughter of Sir Douglas Mawson, professor at the University and of Antarctic exploration fame, Miss Constance Eardley, the daughter of the Registrar of the University, and herself curator of the herbarium in the botany department, and Misses Margaret Mackay and Joyce Brooke, both science graduates. The conference in Auckland started on January 12.

## Clever Young Violinist Of Brisbane

MERCIA "ARJOY" of Brisbane, just 18 this year, gained her A.T.C.L. for the violin. She has been a pupil of All Hallows' Convent for the past 11 years, and has been a prominent member of the school orchestra. Exceptionally clever at drawing, she hopes to combine this gift with her violin playing, and further her studies in commercial art.



Miss Hardy Regent.

Piano playing is another of Mercia's accomplishments.

## Missionaries Spend Long Leave Together

MRS. HUSTON EDGAR, of the Chinese Inland Mission, and her daughter, Sister Edgar, of the Presbyterian Mission in Korea, are spending their long leave together in Adelaide.

This is the first time that mother and daughter have seen one another for three years, as their work has claimed them in different corners of the East. Mrs. Edgar has been doing mission work in the Chinese province of Sze-chuan, on the border of Tibet, for thirty-four years, and her daughter is in charge of a native hospital in Korea.

Sister Edgar is the only white woman in the hospital, and is assisted by native nurses, both men and women. Both missionaries hope to be in Adelaide for twelve months.

## She Has Returned To Adelaide To Teach

MISS DOROTHEA POOLE, after getting her M.A. degree at the University of Adelaide, has travelled much, but has been appointed headmistress at Girton School for Girls, Adelaide, so will settle down in her home town again.

She won the John Howard Clarke and the St. Albans scholarships at the Adelaide University, then went on to Newnham College, Cambridge, to study for the Medieval and Modern Languages Tripos, returned to Adelaide to Tormor House School, then went back to London to take a teachers' diploma from Bedford College.

She takes over her new duties at the beginning of this school year.

## Enterprising Girls Create Costuming Job in London

THREE girls who are becoming almost as well known as the stars to patrons of the play in London, yet who never so much as appear before the public on the stage, are the Misses Motley. They are all young and enterprising and have, out of nothing, created a wonderful business in frocking stars for stage appearances. They have close connections with most of the big stage producers in England.

## Brilliant Young Woman Lawyer

ONE of Adelaide's most promising young lawyers is Miss Jean Gilmore, of Glenunga. She was admitted to the Bar in December, 1935, after a brilliant University course, during which she gained a coveted Stow Prize.

Besides her studies Miss Gilmore has found time to take part in the social life of the University, and has been President of the Women Students' Union, from which position she is about to retire, unless re-elected in March.

## Actress Will Teach Australian Girls Department

MISS ELLA DANECOURT, the English actress who was in Australia about eighteen months ago and who appeared in many enthusiastically-received plays, has not entirely lost touch with Australia since she returned to England, for besides her stage work (she has indefatigable energy), she has taken a studio in London to teach stage department, and also department for girls, particularly Australians, who will be in England for the Coronation, and who will be presented at Court.

## Twenty-one Years' Service With Health Dept.

AFTER twenty-one years in the State Health Department of Queensland, Sister E. Cruise, of Brisbane, retired at the end of 1934. She thoroughly enjoyed her term of office there, but feels that she has earned a rest. She was the senior staff nurse for a number of years. Sister Cruise was the recipient of a wallet of notes on the eve of her departure. Sister Cruise intends to leave quite soon on a visit to Rabaul, where her son, Mr. Jack Cruise, is a Government chemist.

## Studied Literature and Speech in England

MISS E. T. BLAIR, M.A., of Adelaide, has just returned from a most interesting trip abroad. Although she was away only twelve months, Miss Blair toured the whole of England and the greater part of Europe, visiting all the galleries, museums, and places of academic importance.

As Miss Blair's interest lies particularly in literature she studied London and the different counties, each with special reference to the authors and poets who had lived there. Thus in the capital alone she found Shakespeare's London, Dickens' London, and Pops' London, each different but equally interesting.

She also made a study of speech in England, which she found to differ greatly, even in two neighboring counties.

How does she keep so SLIM

SHE'S happy, healthy, deliciously slim. The very picture of health, she enjoys every minute of her life, and she maintains her figure without dieting or special exercises.

Slenderness is hers because she follows the golden rule of taking Bile Beans nightly. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system and eliminate daily all surplus fat residue. They purify the blood and clear your complexion.

So why not reduce your figure to normal and keep slim and youthful by taking Bile Beans at bedtime.

SLIM WHILE YOU SLEEP BY TAKING

# BILE BEANS

"My unwanted fat was on the bust, waist and hips, but Bile Beans taken regularly every night, have reduced me by seventeen pounds in three months. My health is greatly improved, and I can now wear my dresses to much better advantage than before."—Miss M. M. H.

"Even when my clients have got rid of their surplus fat I always advise a continuance with Bile Beans. I tell them that Bile Beans taken regularly are the safest and surest means of preserving a youthful figure, and keeping them healthier, too."—Nurse F. E. R.



# That 'Painted' look is out of fashion - says Paris



Heavy face powders, which only give a 'made-up' look, are completely out of date. Among smart women in Paris today, 'air-floated' powder is all the rage. A powder so fine—spreads so smoothly—that it covers the skin with an invisible film of beauty.

The 'air-floated' process is the amazing new way in which Poudre Tokalon is made. Whirled by powerful currents of air at hurricane speed! The powder is ten times finer and lighter than ever before thought possible. Gives a most fascinating girlish complexion which is perfectly natural looking. And

**FREE:** By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing five shades of the new Poudre Tokalon so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon for both day and night use. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Farnett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 3679 S.S. (Dept. 239, G. Sydney, N.S.W.)

because it is 'air-floated', Poudre Tokalon cannot contain gritty particles to clog the pores. Clings tighter—longer—than any powder before known. All day long in wind and rain; during a long evening's dancing in the hottest room; it keeps your complexion fresh, lovely and free from shine. Poudre Tokalon—the 'air-floated' powder—is something new and entirely different. See for yourself the lovely 'matt finish' complexion it can give you. If you are not delighted with results, money refunded. 1/6 and 2/6 a box at all Chemists and Stores.

**Y**OU heard, of course, what happened to Long Griffiths and Anthony White while you were ashore this afternoon?"

Simeon nodded. "I was gossiping at mess to-night that you had sprung at them. Clapped their thick heads together and had 'em hung forward to recover."

"And the reason—that, doubtless, was gossiping, too?"

The navigator shuffled his feet uneasily.

"Nothing was known, but 'twas said . . ."

Francis Scarlett interrupted him impatiently:

"Aye, aye, 'twas said . . . Well, then, the affair mounted to this. Sitting here while you were ashore disposing of our plunder, I hear voices down below, on the main deck. 'Tis Griffiths and White, who, not knowing me to be near, are exchanging grievances. Says Griffiths: 'Five months out of Jamestown, and never a wench to comfort us. Not that we haven't seen a plenty, but 'No women aboard' says his high and mightiness, and no women it is for the likes of you and me."

"Then up pipes Anthony White. 'Yes,' says he, 'none for the likes of you and me, but for himself 'tis different. He has his green-eyed doxy, and plague take the French dancing master 'tis said she is betrothed to. Think you our brave captain, our noble captain . . . He got no further. Ere they knew who was on them, I had dropped down, seized their rogues' necks, and clapped their heads together."

Master Boothby nodded approvingly.

"And 'twas excellently done," said he. "Those two rogues will not let their tongues wag for many a day."

But Scarlett was still frowning. "And if their tongues be stopped," he demanded, "think you there are not others to wag? No, Sim, what those two louts said, the whole ship's company is thinking, and 'twill not do. Once the rogues feel that I am enjoying what I

Continued from Page 20

deny to them, all discipline, all respect, is gone."

Simeon Boothby regarded him curiously.

"But," he asked, "how do you propose to still the gossip? Swounds, you cannot set the lady adrift just to quiet the minds of some few score seamen. You cannot land her anywhere."

Scarlett made a gesture of impatience.

"I know, I know. But," he went on grimly, "one thing I can do."

Master Boothby leaned forward, his face alive with curiosity.

"And that?"

"Silence all gossip by getting the young lady safely married."

"What!" From the way in which this exclamation was uttered it was plain that Simeon Boothby was completely surprised.

Scarlett nodded, his face set.

"Just as I said. Make Mistress Cynthia Lorimer into Madame la comtesse de Beauvillage. All minds will then be at rest."

"Including yours?" Simeon asked daringly.

"And why not, sir?"

So intimidating was the way in which Francis Scarlett asked this question, so lowering his face, with its jutting jaw, predatory nose, and drawn-together brows, that the navigator quaked at the thought of what his temerity might have led him into.

"Of course, captain, of course. I only thought . . ."

But Francis Scarlett's rage passed as quickly as it had risen.

"No more, Sim. But marry them I will. We attack St. Denis tomorrow night, on this wind holds good. The plans I have already made stand, with one addition: we not only carry off what loot the port may hold, but also a priest, if I have to go through every house myself to find one."

At this intelligence Master Boothby's expression became even more sober than usual.

"You are determined?" he asked.

"Quite."

And with this Captain Francis

Scarlett turned on his heel and once more took up position at the rail, his eyes bent unseeingly on the dark waters of the Caribbean. Master Simeon Boothby watched him for a few seconds and then shook his head.

"And to think that such a man as he should be so upset by a green-eyed chit of a girl. He, who has had the choice of the finest wenches in the Indies! Again Master Boothby wagged his head. "And," he added, "he thinks he will forget her by wedding her off. What fools men be!"

But he was careful to utter these philosophical reflections in a tone that would not reach the tall figure leaning on the rail.

**T**HE following afternoon Mistress Cynthia Lorimer, sitting in the stern-cabin of The Golden Falcon, engaged in needlework, heard a tap at the door. Thinking that it was her cousin Rene, come to pay his usual call, she called "enter" without looking up from her embroidery. The door opened and closed.

"Good even, Mistress," said a deep voice.

At the sound of it Cynthia dropped her work, and looked with a well-controlled gasp.

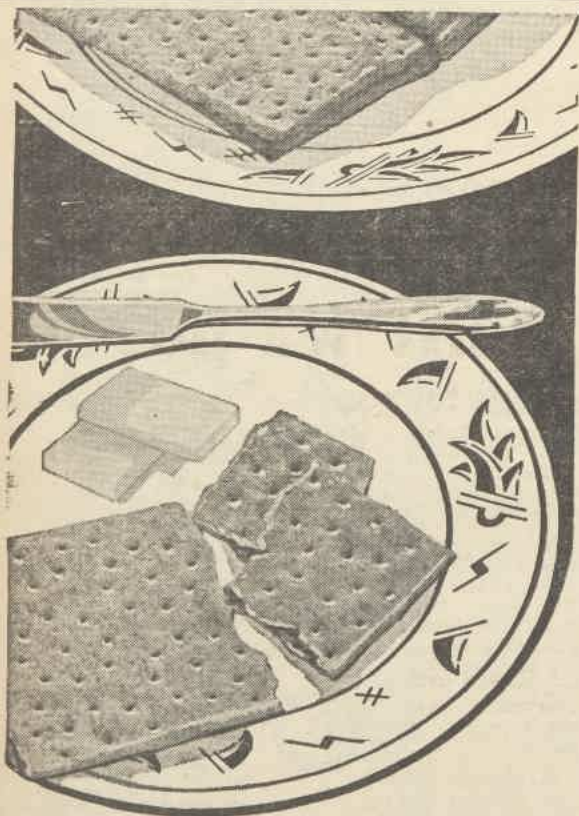
"You!" she said.

Captain Francis Scarlett bowed low.

"It is indeed I," said he. "Have I your permission to seat myself? There are matters on which I must speak to you."

Taking her consent for granted, he crossed the room, a very brave sight in his wine-red coat and breeches, high boots, and golden sash from which protruded the silver-mounted butts of two long pistols. His rapier hung from its silver baldric; the plume of his hat made another bright splash of color. Mistress Lorimer felt her pulses quicken in spite of herself, but this only led her to adopt a more aloof mien, and still further to harden the lovely face she turned on him.

Please turn to Page 27



**★ IT'S AS MUCH A BRITISH INSTITUTION AS THE DERBY!**  
Peek Frean Vita-Weat Crispbread is always included in the lavish picnic hampers that go to the races at Epsom. The English sportsman chooses Vita-Weat because it's healthful. His wife chooses it because it's slenderizing. Both of them choose it because of its delicious flavour!

for Breakfast . . .  
**DELICIOUS!**  
for the Figure . . .  
**MARVELLOUS!**

**T**OO much breakfast is bad for your figure; no breakfast at all is bad for your health. But Peek Frean Vita-Weat Crispbread is excellent for both.

The crisp, delicious, wafer-thin squares contain all the goodness of ripe wheat, with the fattening starch content **completely modified**. Make Vita-Weat your daily bread. Serve it for breakfast to-morrow.



PEEK FREAN  
**Vita-Weat**  
CRISP BREAD



# SCARLETT and GREEN

Continued from Page 26

"I CAN hardly think," said she coldly, "that there can be any matters on which you and I could talk."

"Your pardon, mistress," Scarlett replied, dropping easily into a high-backed chair, "but there are matters of import." At present The Golden Falcon is lying off the French Isle of St. Denis. To-night, God willing, we attack the port of that name."

Only a very close observer would have noticed the shadow that passed over the lady's face at this intelligence. She recovered herself immediately.

"Well, sir?" she demanded.

Francis Scarlett crossed his legs gracefully.

"Well, madame," said he, "it stands this way. When I leave the ship, I shall leave you and Monsieur de Beauvivre in the charge of my navigator, one Simeon Boothby, a trustworthy fellow."

"I understand," Miss Lorimer's tone was very scornful. "You being about your ruffianly foray, we are to be kept under surveillance by one of your trusted villains."

Captain Scarlett smiled.

"Have it that way as you will," he said. "But I would impress upon you that Simeon will be your guardian, and by that I do not mean gaoler." His voice took on an ironic note. "You forget, Miss Lorimer, that, as you yourself have pointed out to me on the few occasions on which we have exchanged remarks, this is a pirate ship."

Alive to the mockery at the back of the words, Cynthia reddened, her eyes flashed.

## The charm you love

"You're very wicked."

"I? Wicked?"

"Yes. You've been trying to make love to me."

"Well," she smiled, "so I have, too."

"Why do men do what they do? Mostly because of a pretty skin. Charmosan face powder is engaged in the pleasant work of making poor common looks look pretty, aging skins look young."

"Does it succeed? Does it? Look around you. It imparts charm and youth. What more does the heart want?"

## Charmosan face powder from Paris

Big box 2/6. All shades and tints. Charmosan face powder stays on for hours and hours. Gold everywhere.

P.S.—Give your face its "good night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream every night. Removes "make-up," dust, etc. from skin and pores in a way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and not again, cleanses beautifully and leaves skin supple and smooth. This regular nightly massage also keeps away wrinkles, crows feet, pimples, blackheads, and open pores. Boudoir Jar, 2/6. Tubes 1/- Gold everywhere.

## Fades out Freckles while you sleep!

Now is the Time to Get Rid of these Ugly, Rusty Brown Spots.

Girls disgraced by rusty brown freckles need no longer feel self-conscious when critical eyes turn on these facial blemishes—as Kithia (double-strength) is guaranteed to completely fade them out.

Simply get an ounce of Kithia from any chemist, and a few nights' use of this extraordinary cream will convince you how simple it now is to safely and surely fade out the worst freckles, completely clear the skin, and uncover a transparent, radiant-coloured, youthful-looking, creamy complexion.

Believe me more than an ounce needed, but be sure to ask for the double-strength Kithia, as this is obtainable under guarantee of money back if the very first jar doesn't entirely satisfy.

"You are impertinent, sir," she said. "Monsieur le comte de Beauvivre, my fiancé, is well able to protect me, should his sword be restored to him."

Francis Scarlett inclined his head, the better to hide the amused look that, despite himself, shone for a moment in his eyes. Then:

"Monsieur le comte will have his sword," he assured her. Continuing more briskly. "Nevertheless, Simeon Boothby will remain behind. Moreover, when we leave the ship, a boat, provisioned and with sails, will be left. In the improbable event of your most humble servant being detained ashore, ah, indefinitely, Master Boothby has been instructed to see that you and Monsieur de Beauvivre leave this ship in it. You see, without a strong hand over them, mine, to wit, my men, especially if defeated, might forget their manners."

Lightly as the words were spoken they produced in the lady to whom they were addressed an immediate effect. She leant forward, hands clasped.

"But, sir," she exclaimed, "you would have us set adrift?"

"With sails and provisions," said Scarlett. "And, at the worst, you could even land on St. Denis. This is a French possession, but in view of your intended marriage to the Count I do not imagine your nationality would weigh heavily against you."

"Oh!" said Miss Lorimer.

Captain Scarlett rose, and swept her a bow.

"But that, as I have said, is contingent on my not returning to the ship."

Suddenly Cynthia understood the significance of his words. He would lead the attack; these arrangements were being made to be carried out in the event of his being killed or severely wounded. Quite illogically, her heart contracted; this warthy swashbuckler was a buccaner, a ruffian; his death should be nothing but an occasion for rejoicing. Nevertheless, it was something that pained her to think of. Her hand went to her heart.

"There will be fighting, danger!" she asked, and then blushed for her own stupidity.

SCARLETT favored her with his saturnine smile.

"Inevitably," he replied. "But I beg of you not to build too strongly on that. I am extraordinarily lucky in those little encounters. Your servant, mistress."

And, with that, he was gone, the cabin door closing softly behind him. Left alone, Cynthia sat immobile for a moment, and then stooped for her embroidery. But her fingers refused to perform the delicate work; her mind could not be forced to concentrate on it. There was to be an attack, that night. She had seen enough, when The Golden Falcon had taken the Jeanne d'Arc—the ship on which she had sailed from France—to have some idea of what an attack meant. And this rogue Scarlett would be in the thick of the melee, she knew that. She told herself that her fears, her tumultuously beating heart, were occasioned only by the thought of the situation in which she would find herself should he fall, but this was not very satisfactory; she could not banish from her mind the picture of a tall, reckless figure in wine-red coat and plumed hat lying lifeless in some fight-ravaged street of the port of St. Denis.

As for Captain Scarlett, himself, that once devil-may-care adventurer made his way to the poop deck musing over the interview he had just concluded. "A fiery, ill-tempered little devil," was the sum of his meditations, "but, Lord, how I would like to tame her and silence those rebellious lips with kisses." But at this stage of his thoughts, as always, the pleasant, languid figure of Count Rene de Beauvivre intruded, with the result that Captain Scarlett arrived on deck in a fine temper that boded ill for any unfortunate who should be unlucky enough to provoke him.

Please turn to Page 28

# Spent £600 hopelessly! Quickly relieved with the famous New Era Herbal Treatment

Widely Known in West Australia  
NOW AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT ALL AUSTRALIA!  
Giving New Hope to All Sufferers!



There are Special Tablets for the following ailments:—  
Tablets for Bladder Trouble. Tablets for Chronic Indigestion.  
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Tablets for Dissolving So-Called Growths in all parts of the body.

**Of Greatest Importance to Expectant Mothers**  
They should know that a course of our special herbal tablets are beneficial in making childbirth natural and comfortable, and also avoid any after-effects, due to weakness of the kidneys or other organs, and disperse excess fluids that so often accumulate. Three months' course before the event is necessary to ensure a healthy mother and a healthy child.

The figures given below are a comparison of the cost of treatment to Mr. A. J. Wilson. In the first instance medical attention by Doctors, and in the second by the New Era Herbal Tablets, Ltd.

|                                                                                                                                                                      |           |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Operation: Strangulation                                                                                                                                             | £45 0 0   |
| Appendix                                                                                                                                                             | 20 0 0    |
| Solecism                                                                                                                                                             | 6 0 0     |
| Tooth                                                                                                                                                                | 10 10 0   |
| Isaetion                                                                                                                                                             | 8 0 0     |
| Isaetion (Twice)                                                                                                                                                     | 10 10 0   |
| Isaetion                                                                                                                                                             | 15 15 0   |
| Hospital: P.P.R. and S. John's                                                                                                                                       | 200 0 0   |
| Doctors' Attention                                                                                                                                                   | 150 0 0   |
| Spinal Operations                                                                                                                                                    | £67 15 0  |
| Approximate costs over twelve years of operations and treatment, not including cost of medicines—AND NO CURE EFFECTED                                                | £601 15 0 |
| AFTER BEING DISCHARGED FROM Perth Public Hospital as incurable after twelve years' treatment, CURED BY NEW ERA HERBAL TABLETS IN A FEW MONTHS at a cost of less than | £10 0 0   |
| (Signed) A. J. WILSON.                                                                                                                                               |           |

WHEREVER YOU MAY BE — WRITE TO US AT ONCE, OR CALL NOW!

POST NOW your name and address, with stamped return envelope, mentioning your complaint and age, and receive details of our special methods of treatment by post. There is no obligation whatever. WRITE TO-DAY. Mention this paper.

## Where shall we go? Some suggestions for your holidays

HERE are some suggestions designed to suit all purses, and provide the utmost in pleasure for the minimum in money. The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, will plan any of these trips for you from your home town if desired, and save you all the trouble of details. The prices mentioned below are from Sydney.

### Far Eastern Tour

FOR those thinking of a more elaborate holiday there is the special escorted tour of the Far East, beginning on April 3. Miss Bertha Clark, who is at present in Sydney, will have charge of this tour, and will take her party through the most famous cities and resorts of Japan at its best period. After Japan, China will be visited, with Peking, Shanghai, Hangchow, Hankow, and Hongkong revealing its wonders for you. No better tour of the East has yet been offered, and if the romance and mysticism of the East appeals to you it would be well worth your while to send for detailed particulars.

### The Gulf Cruise

ONE of the most popular cruises now is the R.A. Gulf trip. This is something special. Leaving Sydney by Interstate liner, Melbourne by Golden Hind, and Adelaide by transfer, is made to hotel. Then comes the Gulf cruise in that quick-and-snap vessel, the Monia. We see Port Lincoln's lovely harbor, pop in at Port Pirie, Port Hughes, Port Augusta, and sometimes Port Darwin, back to Port Lincoln for a few hours, and so to Port Adelaide for a few more days at our hotel. When Sydney is reached we have been away 21 days, and the whole cost has been, with first class travelling, only £12/10/-.

### Adelaide by Car and Sea

A VERY interesting holiday is to leave Sydney by boat for Melbourne, where a few days are spent at a good hotel, where car will call for a four-day trip to Adelaide—a fascinating run through Victoria, the lovely, quaint Port Fairy, ancient Portland, Apollo Bay, Mt. Gambier, and its famous hot-springs Mole Lake. After a whole week in Adelaide, the return is made by sea. The inclusive cost of this unusual trip is from £12/15/-.

### Lord Howe the Magical

EVERYONE loves Lord Howe Island. There is something mystical in its atmosphere. Romance and adventure are there and young folk and the passengers are equally enthusiastic about its beauties. But you must plan well ahead for Lord Howe as boat accommodation is always eagerly sought. In the summer months a holiday giving you 14 days on the island can be arranged for £18/15/- and one giving you five days on the island for £11/5/-. These prices include boat fares, the journey being approximately two days each way.

In the winter months, when Lord Howe is still entirely lovely, and you may bathe in July, the rates are considerably less from July to September, fares and accommodation costing from £13/10/- with 14 days on the island to £9/17/- with five days on Lord Howe.

## WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

Telephone, M4446.

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL

(Original on file at our office.)  
6 Gumer Street,  
MAYLANDS, W.A.  
March 20, 1936.

To C. W. Deane, Esq.,  
New Era Herbal Tablets, Ltd.,  
PERTH.

The following is the history of myself since I have been ill, together with Specialists and Doctors' opinions, their methods and cures, and the vast amount of exploratory work they performed over a period of 12 years—and all for no result to me—

"I took it for the first time early in 1924. I had low blood, and when I had strangulation of lower intestines, and operated on me for that complaint. I was no better for it and gradually got worse. They then put me down to a gastric appendix, and told me if I had the appendix removed I would be well again. This operation took place in 1928, again with no benefit to me. Then in 1927 I was told my trouble was caused through my teeth, and to get them out. I did so, but again with negative results. Of course during this time I had nine (9) X-rays, all of which were supposed to have located my trouble."

"In 1928 I was told I had renal tubercular, and was sent to Sanatorium for nine (9) months, 1929 again to Sanatorium for 12 months, 1931 two operations for renal tubercular, and became a gastric invalid and lost use of my legs and back; sixteen (16) months ago I was put in Perth Public Hospital, early in 1935. I was to have some German treatment to cure me. This was needless inserted into the spinal canal and fluid taken. There were four (4) operations to do, 1st, 18 needles, time 1 hour, 2nd, 21 needles, time 1 hour 20 minutes, 3rd, 14 needles, and 4th, 11 needles. All the good I derived was continuous pain ever after, and then morphine to stop it every six (6) hours—and that was my condition when I came to you for treatment. I was discharged unable to do anything for myself, and was told I was incurable, and dismissed (19) of Perth's leading doctors were baffled, and admitted it."

"I have now had your treatment for six months. I am walking, two stone heavier, up to normal weight again, and this has taken place without pain, injection or operations or drugs."

"In conclusion, I may state that I had thirty-one (31) X-rays also. Kindly note this in any way you think fit, as this may show some sufferers not to place too much faith in doctors' statements."

"I have had two examinations by three (3) specialists in last month to see my condition now, and enquire as to who effected the cure and treatment I received."

"In conclusion, I hope this will be of interest and benefit to all sufferers—I am, yours, etc.,  
(Signed) A. J. WILSON."

## Obtainable ONLY Direct from NEW ERA HERBAL TABLETS LTD.

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FIRST FLOOR, 71A STRAND ARCADE, PITT STREET, SYDNEY.  
South and West Australian Enquiries write Head Office and Laboratory:  
1825-1826A RAY STREET, PERTH.  
Claude Deane, Managing Director.  
Victorian and Tasmanian Enquiries write Melbourne Branch:  
188A WATTLE VALLEY ROAD, HARTWELL, L.C., MELBOURNE, VIC.  
Phone: W400.  
S. Deane, Branch Manager.  
PLEASE WRITE TO NEAREST BRANCH

### Lorne is Lovely

AN ideal holiday is that which provides the sea to Melbourne, thence by car along the famous Ocean Road to lovely Lorne. A full week is spent here at a first-class guest house, or amid the famous sea-distance walks, the many waterfalls, and rivers. Car back to Melbourne, and a couple of days at a good hotel, where car will call for you for return to Sydney, which will take three days, traveling via Albany and Canberra. At latter place sightseeing is provided. This comprehensive holiday may be had from £16 and it occupies in all thirteen days.

### Day Dream Island

THIS lovely spot in the Barrier Reef may be taken in with a three weeks' holiday. Big interstates there take you to Day Dream, where you are transferred to the lile. Here night and a half days are spent amid the coral, with everything provided in the way of trip and equipment under the compass, as Day Dream, and full accommodation. This holiday costs from £20/15/-, inclusive.

### Tasmania At Its Best

NOW is the time to take that long-promised trip to Tasmania, and it is all worked out for you to the last detail so that all you have to do is to enjoy yourself. All sorts of trips can be arranged by the Bureau, but the one that appeals most is priced at £13/10/-, giving you thirteen days with first-class boat fare, all accommodation, and more thrilling nature tours, including, of course, the historic Port Arthur and Macquarie Neck, of convict fame. The wise holiday-maker plans early for Tassie.

ST. JAMES BUILDING  
ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY  
Next St. James Theatre.



# Add Bovril Consistently

The A.B.C. of  
Good Cookery



Bovril greatly improves the flavour of soups, stews, sauces, curries and other savoury dishes. It also helps you to obtain full nourishment from all other food.

## SCARLETT and GREEN

Continued from Page 27

THE night had seemed endless. Sitting in the great stern cabin, Rene lounging near her, as comfortably as the carred, straight-backed chair would allow him, Cynthia had felt each minute to be an hour, each hour a day. Some time after darkness had fallen, Master Simeon Boothby had appeared with Captain Scarlett's orders to douse all lights.

From that time onward, Miss Lorimer and her cousin had been sitting, lampless and candleless, by the open stern windows, while The Golden Falcon, not a light showing, had rounded the headland behind which lay the port of St. Denis. She had heard the anchor being dropped, eased down so that no rattle of chain would alarm those on shore, and then some time later had heard the dim sound of muffled oars, and seen the black shapes that were blots crammed with men creeping towards the land.

That had been seons ago.

Between them and now had come the first shot from the town, the swelling howl of exultation from the privatesmen as they left their boats, further sporadic firing developing into the sustained roar of battle. There had been the ruddy glow that, small at first, had waxed and lit up the town as some building, perchance fired by Scarlett's men, perchance lit by a lamp upset as its occupants rushed for safety, flared up fanned by the breeze from the east. From this point Miss Lorimer ceased to look out at St. Denis; retiring from the windows she groped her way to a chair from which that fierce blaze would not be discernible. But she could not escape the dull clamor of the fight, which floated out over the water.

It was impossible for her even to guess how long the conflict had been going on. Rene, when questioned, had at first given unsatisfactory answers, and then not replied at all, either sleeping or feigning sleep. Simeon Boothby had

twice made an appearance, to reassure himself that his charges were safe, but to her requests for news about the fight he gave non-committal answers: "The French wouldn't have a chance, taken by surprise as they were"; "Captain Scarlett could be depended on"; "They'd hear soon, one way or t'other." The information was highly unsatisfactory.

And all the time the ruffian Scarlett might be lying stabbed or shot somewhere in that blazing inferno, leaving her to face who knew what dangers and horrors. Cynthia tried hard to concentrate on her own situation, but somehow it did not seem so very important at the moment. Indeed, it was only by stern self-discipline that she managed to think of it at all: a firm-jawed, hook-nosed face with grey, steady eyes and framed by a curling black wig haunted her. At the thought of those eyes closed forever she felt that she would scream. But that, she hastened to tell herself, as she forced the picture from her mind, that was only because of her own unfortunate situation. At moments she half-convicted herself of this.

With a start she realised that day must be breaking; the cabin was becoming less dark, objects were dimly discernible. She could see faintly Rene sprawled gracefully in his chair, the dim outline of the brass cannonade; the stern windows, when she turned to look, were now grey oblongs. Yes, the night was over.

At the moment of realising this, she realised, as well, that the din of battle had died down. An occasional shot still rang out, screams and yells still floated eerily over the water, but the crash of volleys no longer sounded; the attack must either have succeeded or failed. For a second, she thought of rushing out, or sending Rene, to discover from the man Boothby what had transpired, but, remembering that the cabin door was locked, she had, perforce, to abandon the idea and possess herself in patience. Monsieur le comte de Beaunivage slept on.

DAY was advancing rapidly now. Momentarily the cabin grew lighter; through the stern windows the girl saw the sky flush rose at the first touch of the rising sun. But there was still no news of the fight; Simeon Boothby failed to make an appearance, and, although from the absence of activity on deck it would seem that St. Denis had been taken, victory might have been achieved without the ruffian Scarlett having lived to taste it.

Miss Cynthia Lorimer's handkerchief had suffered much that night, but in this thought it tore beneath the strain put on it by her nervous fingers. He—that swashbuckler, that swarthy villain—might be dead, and she not aware of it. She was going over this thought for the hundredth time when there came the sound of a heavy key in the lock of the door and then a discreet tap.

Controlling her impulse to fly and open it herself, Cynthia stood firm. Boothby at last, and by now he would have news. Her fingers plucked nervously at her ruined handkerchief.

"Enter," she said.

The door opened. Captain Francis Scarlett in person stepped in.

He looked as she had never seen him look: grim and haggard, powder-grimed and his wine-red coat soiled, but still with a certain air of debonair elegance. She saw all this in a flash, even as, pale with the unexpectedness of his appearance, she clutched at a chair back for support.

"So it's you," she said faintly.

Interpreting her greeting and the tone of it, in his own fashion, he smiled ironically.

"In person, Miss Lorimer," he said. "Much as it distresses me to have to disappoint you, I am alive. I even have the ill-grace to make the announcement thankfully, since I still entertain some affection for this unworthy skin of mine."

As the familiar mockery of his voice fell on her ear, Miss Lorimer stiffened, the color returned to her cheeks, her eyes flashed.

"You disappoint me, sir," she said haughtily.

"I have no doubt of it," Scarlett said dryly.

Please turn to Page 36

## Loses 18 Pounds of 'Ugly Fat' In 2 Short Weeks



The Fat Girl Loses Out. She Looks Older.  
The Wise Girl Loses Fat and Looks Younger.

**Reduces Bust 4 Inches**  
**Reduces Hips 3½ Inches**  
**Wears Dresses 4 Sizes Smaller**



Mrs. Frank Cole

**New Safe, Pleasant, Reducing Treatment**  
**Takes Off a Pound a Day—on a Full Stomach!**  
**Quick Loss of Weight Guaranteed— . . . . .**

"I am so grateful for what BonKora has done for me that I want to about it from the house. I have already lost 18 pounds in 2 weeks, taking only 2 bottles. Have reduced from 186 pounds to 168. I have lost 4 inches in bust and 3½ inches in hips. I used to wear 42 dresses; now I wear 38. My indigestion and headaches are gone too. I feel fine, never tired any more. My friends ask me what I have done for myself. I tell them I owe it all to BonKora."

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Mrs. Frank Cole

**How Many Pounds Would You Like to Lose Next Week?**

8 pounds? 7 pounds? More? How many pounds would you like to lose altogether? 5 pounds? 20 pounds? 30 pounds? More? Then use BonKora, the new safe, pleasant Reducing Treatment.

Don't despair if other methods have failed. Some people write that they had tried baths, exercises, diets, medicines—all in vain. They thought they had some kind of fat that couldn't be reduced. Then the BonKora Treatment took off a pound a day; 10 to 20 pounds in 3 weeks. One woman lost 41 pounds in 8 weeks. Another lost 37 pounds.

Some who were fat only in spots, saw these ugly bunches of fat go while retaining their desired lines elsewhere. Others, fat all over, reduced everywhere. Got rid of heavy thighs, bulky shoulders, busts, waists, and flubs.

Every ingredient of BonKora definitely contributes to good health. BonKora tones the system whilst reducing fat in the quickest and most natural way. It does not cause wrinkles or folds as your weight reduces. Users say it makes them look years younger. Start the BonKora treatment to-day and see how your health improves as your figure becomes slim and graceful. BonKora does not contain Thyroid.



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# Intimate Jottings

Peggy Heill

## Did You Know—

That the Bob Grieg who figures so largely on many present-day films is a nephew of the late W. B. Dalley and therefore a cousin of the "milk bar countess"? He and his wife (also an Australian) live in a splendid apartment in the Chateau Marmont building, Hollywood, where they keep open house for many Sydney friends.

## Blondes and Brunettes

NEXT month Phyllis Bell is coming to Sydney again—she has not been here since she officiated as bridesmaid at the wedding of her cousin, Patsy Dangar. Her mother, Mrs. Roy Bell, is already at 52 Macleay St., Ltd.

At the moment fair-haired Phyllis is surfing and fishing at Southport, acquiring almost as good a coat of tan as brunette Allison Bundock, who is also there.

"Jane Malvina Merivale"—how do you like the sound of that? Malvina is the name of the babe's very proud grandmother, Mrs. A. L. Levy, and George and Nella Merivale just happen to like the name of Jane!

## In Winning Vein

A SHORT and remunerative visit to Sydney for the summer meetings at Randwick and Warwick Farm was topped off for Mrs. Norman Nivison by a farewell bridge party at the Delohery home at Potts Point.

She went back to Walcha to prepare for her Brisbane guests, the Ned Tullys, who stay with her every year, and synchronise their visits with the local races. Mrs. Nivison never fails to put them on to a winner or two.

## Sweets to the Sweet

A LITTLE sooner than was first planned, Jean Barton goes to Fiji by the Niagara this week for her wedding with Leo Kallmeyer. Jean is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Barton, of Pymble, and her mother goes with her "to give the bride away."

A sugar estate, Cogeloa, Labasa, is to be her future home—sounds sweet, doesn't it?

Heath, Double Bay, is very quiet just now, as the only unmarried member of the family, Betty Watt, is having a change of air at the McFadyens' farm at Castle Hill. Her niece, Pam Scrivener, is with her.

## "Let's Be Gay!"

AFTER the Wilkinson-Money wedding, the guests seemed determined not to let their good spirits evaporate, and a large section of them kept up the good work for another six hours or so at Romano's.

The best man, Dr. Peter Braddon, entertained the four bridesmaids, also Harley Money, Dr. Sussman, Royce Shannon, Geoff Storey and Ross Nott, thus providing a couple of extra dancing partners, who soon swooped down on Ralph McFadyen's threesome of himself, his wife, and Helen Williams, and on Graham Pratten's foursome of himself, his wife, Enid Hull and Sheila Pratten.

As time marched on the dozens of small parties coalesced completely with much attendant whoopee—a really good aftermath!

## Here's an Idea for You!

IT'S difficult to think up something new in the way of a party, but Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, famous as a cosmopolitan hostess and acclaimed as one of the ten best-dressed women in the Empire, has some original ideas on the subject.

At her latest "do" in London she invited her guests to "come as somebody else," and she herself, disguised as a cloakroom attendant, was not recognised for quite a while by the friends who handed her their wraps.

## No Place Like Home

THE sound remark, "What's the good of all that space if you don't use it?" carried the day, and the A. J. Cobcrofts, who had dithered with the idea of holding their party (with the minimum of trouble) at the Macquarie Club, are issuing over two hundred invitations to a cocktail party in their own home on the old Wallaroi estate, Edgecliff—the date, January 26.

## Town and Country

MURIEL ATHERTON, after rusticationing for several weeks with her sister, Mrs. John Osborne, is back at her Onslow Gardens flat.

Her eldest sister, Mollie (Mrs. W. McCulloch) is coming from her station home in the Riverina district to spend a holiday with her, and, incidentally, have a few peeps at the Monte Carlo Ballet.



Having enjoyed every minute of her trip to Java and Singapore, Mrs. George Cohen returned by the Nieuw Zeeland, and is staying temporarily at 52 Macleay St., Ltd.

## Interesting Wedding

GUESTS invited to the wedding of Gwendoline Mary Hartigan with Eric Ford are furnishing up their cars for the drive to the Sacred Heart Church, Mosman, and afterwards to the reception at the Manly Golf Club on the evening of February 4.

The bridegroom-to-be gained fame as an international Rugby football player, and the mere mention of Joan Hartigan's name immediately recalls tennis triumphs. Joan will be her sister's chief bridesmaid.

## Color, Curve, and Comfort

SILCHESTER interiors are almost uniformly charming owing to the good taste of the various tenants. The latest addition, the Allstair Alexanders, bids fair to outshine them all.

Gretchen is too wise to cramp her style to the confines of any one period, and comfort will be the keynote.

It's a safe bet that you won't encounter anything of "Early Victorian" or even "late surgical" vintage when you attend their housewarming.



NATHALIE BRANTZKA, the beautiful Russian who dances some of the principal roles in the Monte Carlo Russian Ballet at the Theatre Royal. She is the wife of the stage manager, Jean Hoyer, who is also one of the principal dancers.

## Deft-fingered Gentry

MR. R. L. SWAN'S new car, that is fitted with every up-to-date gadget, was "resting" in the garage at Bellevue Gardens during its owner's temporary absence from home, when a thief deftly removed its radio equipment. He even used the complete kit of tools that was in the car ready to his hand!

It was such a slick bit of pilfering, and everything else was left in such perfect order that nobody noted the loss for some days.

Mr. Swan's daughter, Sheila Vincent, is staying with him. She came to town for Noppy Wilkinson's wedding, and to see her father before the visit to Melbourne for which he leaves on January 23.

That popular Melbourne couple, Dr and Mrs. Cyril Tonkin, are having a six weeks' jaunt in Sydney and are staying at the Australia, though much of their time is spent at Palm Beach, whence they to-and-fro in their own car almost daily.

## "Pretty As a Picture"

PADDY TEBBUTT and Joy Barrington are two of the pretty girls of Sydney to land small parts in Cinesound's next production.

Paddy appears in a surfing scene, and Joy is the "Sorry you're troubled" girl at a telephone switchboard.

Thoroughly enjoying her visit to Bundanoon, Lady Richards contemplates spending the rest of the summer there.

## "Pleased to Meet You"

MRS. ERNEST WATT was one of the particularly smart group of women lunching with Mrs. Godfrey at 52 Macleay St., Ltd., to-day. Mrs. Douglas Levy and Lady McKelvey were fellow-guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Watt look forward eagerly to their projected trip to England, and to meeting their daughter, Pamela, and her husband, who have recently had a removal from the West Coast of Africa to a more salubrious "possy" in Scotland.

The last time the Watts were in London, Pam was there, convalescing from an illness acquired in Africa, but her husband, whom her father has never yet seen, couldn't manage to wangle a holiday then.

## Have You Seen—

Mrs. A. Perry, of Double Bay, airing that very smart walking suit of plainly-cut black linen that is buttoned with tiny ivory numerals (counting from 1 to 9) from the throat to the waistline, where a huge number 10 forms the belt buckle? Maybe it's some sort of code; anyway, it's very arresting and unusual.





WHAT SNOWY NAPPIES! YOU KEEP BABY SO DAINTY.

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AND LEADING HOSPITALS RECOMMEND AND USE PERSIL.

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# SCARLETT and GREEN

Continued from Page 28

MISS LORIMER'S small foot was tapping the deck in a way which indicated her rising feelings.

"And to what," she demanded, "do I owe the doubtful pleasure of this visit? I have small doubt 'twas not to reassure me of your safety."

Captain Francis Scarlett bowed mock-deferentially: "You have a keen perception, Madame. Indeed, there is a purpose in this early call of mine. It concerns both you and your fiancé, Monsieur le comte de Beauvillage."

Neither of them, concerned as they were with the duel they were carrying on, had noticed that Rene, awake, had been following with quiet amusement their exchanges. But now he entered the conversation.

"Ma foi," quoth he, "but that has a certain serious ring to it, mon capitaine. Can it be that you are going to cast us adrift, or, perchance, maroon us?"

Scarlett looked at him grimly. "No," said he. "Neither of those two things. But I am going to have you wed. You will be ready by noon. The priest is aboard to conduct the ceremony, and I wish to put him ashore ere we sail to-night."

And, having cast this bombshell,



"TIMES are really had when a man's business gets as poor as his golf."

without another glance at the two at whose feet it had burst, he turned to depart. It was the lord of Beauvillage who stopped his exit.

"Mon Dieu!" gasped that usually unsurprisable nobleman. "But, mon capitaine..."

Halted, in spite of himself, by something in Rene's tone, Scarlett faced them again. As he did so, Miss Lorimer, forgetting completely all that she had been taught, from babyhood up, regarding genteel and ladylike behaviour, hurled herself at him like a raging wildcat.

"How dare you arrange my marriage!" she stormed. "How dare you, how dare you, how dare you?" Her fists beat a tattoo on Francis Scarlett's breast, and that intrepid warrior found himself retreating in bewildered fashion before her onslaught. "Do you imagine you can dispose of me as you dispose of the rogues and galleys-birds who follow you? You will be ready by noon," the man says. I refuse, you hear me? Refuse!"

Her voice broke; tears of rage stood in her eyes. In her impotent fury she redoubled her frenzied pounding of small fists until Scarlett, bewildered by the reception given his command, seized her wrists and held her quiet.

Then, turning to Rene, he said quietly:

"Monsieur le comte, I shall leave this lady in your care. You are affianced. Very good. Then, by the Lord, you'll marry at noon, or I'll know the reason why."

But, by this, Rene de Beauvillage had regained his usual well-bred composure. He bowed.

"Monsieur le capitaine," said he. "I am a man of peace, one of a philosophical turn of mind. And much as I blush to admit it in the presence of the lady herself, rather than condemn myself to a life of

excitement with her—pleasant though that would undoubtedly be to a gentleman of a temperament different to my own—rather than face this, monsieur, I should prefer you should know the reason why. Could we adjourn to your cabin?"

Languidly, he stepped to the door and gestured to Scarlett to precede him. As the latter obeyed, Rene turned to Miss Lorimer.

"Cousin," he said, and there was unwonted kindness in his voice. "Will you not rest awhile? I shall explain all to Captain Scarlett. And I give you my word that everything will be well." He paused, going through the door, and added with an emphasis that seemed to convey some deeper meaning, "Everything."

The door closed behind them. Miss Cynthia Lorimer threw herself on to the long upholstered locker which ran beneath the stern windows, and cried as she had not cried for years.

Your pedantic chronicler, the chronicler who must record every word between the subjects of his story, every sigh, every tear, and every kiss, would, at this stage of this veracious narrative, still have as much again to tell. Pages could be written on the discussion that took place between Monsieur de Beauvillage and Captain Scarlett in the latter's cabin, and pages more on the events arising out of that conversation.

But one incident alone, for your true chronicler and your truly understanding reader, serves to tell as much as all those pages which could be written.

Some two hours after the gentlemen had retired together, Captain Scarlett's door opened, and he appeared. There was no trace of weariness on his face now, rather it was fresh and eager as if news of great and joyful import had just reached him. Opening his lips to call, he checked himself, and glanced back into the cabin.

"You are quite certain of what you have told me?" he said. "You are cousins, there has never been any question of love or marriage?" "Mon capitaine," came the voice of Rene, "you have my word of honor as a gentleman and a peer of France."

"Good!" said Captain Francis Scarlett, and then, bellowing: "Simeon! Simeon Boothby!"

THERE was that in his tone which brought Master Boothby on the run. Panting with the speed at which he had obeyed his commander's summons, he now stood questioning.

"Sir?" said he. "Simeon," quoth Scarlett with a gravity which belied the look in his eyes. "There will be no wedding at noon. You understand?"

Master Boothby gaped. Then: "Yes, Captain. No wedding," he stammered.

"Good; you can go." But as the worthy navigator turned to depart, Captain Francis Scarlett was visited by another idea.

"Simeon," he cried, "one moment." Then, addressing the count once more: "And that other matter," he said, "you think that perhaps she does not...?"

"I am certain, mon ami, that she does not." "And," pursued Scarlett, "that she might even look with favor on...?"

"Mon capitaine, I would wager my lands on it."

"Monsieur le comte," said Captain Scarlett in heartfelt tones, "I am greatly indebted to you. Simeon!" Master Boothby sprang to attention. "Simeon, although there will be no marriage to-day, you will persuade his reverence to favor us with his company for a time."

"The priest, Captain?" gasped Simeon. "But how, why...?"

Captain Francis Scarlett dealt his faithful lieutenant a blow on the shoulder that nearly sent him reeling.

"Because," he roared, "I have a feeling that this wedding has been postponed, that we shall need the father ere very long."

As it transpired, he was right. In exactly ten days to the very hour.

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# OVER the WATER

Continued from Page 16

"THE hunger ha' been laying off an' on for nigh a week, sir. I'll signal her after dark, and she'll send a boat immediate."

"Good, an' I' the meanwhile, landlord, I ha' ridden hard from London an' have a stomach empty as a Dutchman's musket."

"To be sure, sir, to be sure." The innkeeper bustled away.

Not until eleven o'clock did Pritchard deem it safe to signal to the waiting lugger.

Then, going to the back of the house and close to the cliff edge, Pritchard with a lantern and cloak sent three long flashes and two short ones across the dark sea.

The signal was answered almost immediately from the black expanse below, and the landlord turned.

"The boat'll be on the beach by the time we've climbed down, sir; so if you're ready we'll start."

"I'm ready," replied the captain, "and—"

Leaving the sentence unfinished, he whirled swiftly, and ripped out his rapier as a sardonic voice came from the darkness.

"Not so much haste, me friends. I would have a word to say about your peculiar midnight amusements."

"Get back to bed afore ye are carried there with a hole through ye," advised Coverdale with savage purpose.

The stranger laughed. "An ye can drive a hole through Stephen Bulkeley, me crowing cock, ye'll be the best bantam in the world!"

The highwayman knew that name, as did everyone in London. Bulkeley was the gentleman bully of St. James's, hero—or villain—of innumerable duels, and generally considered the best pistol shot and swordsman in Europe.

"I perceive by your silence you ha' heard o' me," he jeered, "so, to save making your mistress a

patiently. "Are you going to be sensible, or must I take the packet from your corpse?"

"As the challenged party," drawled Coverdale, "and giving ye credit for possessing some remnant o' gentility, I choose swords."

It was a crazy duel, and irregular in every respect—fought on a cliff edge, over uneven grass and treacherous stones, and by the feeble yellow glow of a flickering lantern.

Since people are prone to take a bully at his own bragging valuation, Stephen Bulkeley was

dreaded. It was one of his boasts that after a couple of passes he could distinguish the nationality of school of the sword he was opposing and foil it according to its own method.

**B**UT against this man he was perplexed. The captain was fighting with the stiff arm of the Italian school, the lightness of foot of the French, deliberation of the Spanish, and could use the edge of his cut-and-thrust rapier in a manner which suggested a master of the sabre.

In the first assault the professional duellist gave ground and, forced on the defensive, made a desperate lunge at the leg. Coverdale danced aside, closed inside the point, and stepped in and out

with lightning speed. The watching Pritchard had not seen his arm move, but when he stepped back his blade was red to the hilt.

Bulkeley fell forward on the grass, and after a brief examination the captain rose, wiping his hands.

At noon next day Coverdale was being ushered into a large room on the first floor of the Trois Freres in Boulogne, where, sitting round a table, were three foppishly dressed men.

"Which of you three gentlemen is Monsieur Francis Georges?" asked Captain Ludovic with a conventional bow.

The centre one, a thin and salow-faced youth of about eighteen, yawned and replied haughtily:

"That is the name I use here." The highwayman stared in amazement. This effeminate and pimply youth the lover of Mistress Kitty? 'Twas unbelievable. 'Twas so unbelievable that he was suspicious.

"Then if you are Monsieur Georges, you can prove it to me, sir?"

"Eh, demme? Now what d'you think o' that for impertinence. Colonel Burrows?" exclaimed the young man in haughty annoyance.

Colonel Burrows, a purple-faced and watery-eyed warrior, with "led-captain" written all over him, barked pompously:

"What mean you, sirrah?"

Please turn to Page 32



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widow, me brave, kindly hand over the packet ye were taking to France.

"It may interest ye to know that we have a picked man watching every smuggling hovel from Deal to Brighton, and 'twas my luck to be allotted the winner."

Through the reflection that Mistress Kitty's letters must be of vast importance to warrant such close watch along the coast, and again he wondered as to the identity of the personage who had written them.

Bulkeley came nearer. "Haste ye, or take the steel!" he snarled.

With a swift movement Pritchard raised the lantern to reveal a tall, dark man, barely six paces away, holding a naked sword in his right hand and a long-barrelled pistol in his left.

"Well?" he demanded im-



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# OVER the WATER

Continued from Page 31

"SIMPLY this," explained Coverdale. "At some slight risk I have brought the packet of love letters which is causing Monsieur Georges so much anxiety."

"Love letters!" spluttered Georges.

Coverdale smiled coldly.

"Since you know nothing of the letters, sir, it is obvious you are lying when you claim to be Monsieur Georges."

The fire-eating colonel leaped forward, half-drawing his sword.

"You will answer to me for that, sir, here and now!"

"With pleasure, though 'twas not you I dubbed liar," pointed out the captain.

"Do you not know—" began the colonel, and stopped as the third man at the table, a middle-aged dandy with a quiet manner and very shrewd eyes, broke in:

"Easy, Colonel, easy. 'Tis plain that either this gentleman or ourselves be under a misapprehension. Now, sir, what, if you please, is this tale of love letters?"

"If he does not know then he is not the man I seek," said Coverdale, nodding to indicate the pimply youth.

"What's the fellow driving at, Edgeworth?" asked Georges petulantly.

"'Sdeath!" cried Edgeworth in enlightenment. "Can it be, sir, that you have brought from England a packet addressed to Francis Georges and sealed with a blue fleur-de-lys?"

"Why, yes," admitted the puzzled highwayman.

But Georges was quivering with agitation, seemed dumbstruck by some nervous emotion, and it was Edgeworth who replied:

"How you come to be bearing that packet I cannot conceive, Captain—er—Nemo, but 'tis plain you are in ignorance of what you carry, and to whom you are speaking. This, sir, he turned to bow low to the youth, "is the Chevalier de St. George."

"Shod an' wounded!" breathed Coverdale dazedly.

"Known here for prudence sake as Francis Georges," continued Edgeworth, "but in reality King James the Third of England."

HE made another low obeisance, and Colonel Burrows dropped on to one fat knee and loudly exclaimed: "God save the King!"

Coverdale remained stiff, his hand still on his sword. In a flood of realisation he perceived what he had done.

He had been carrying, not love letters to an unfortunate nobleman, but despatches to James Francis Edward Stuart, the Pretender.

Lastly, and with the most bitter anger, he saw how he had been fooled by Mistress Kitty. She was no helpless and weak woman caught by intrigue in the trap of a dead love, but a cleverly calculating Jacobite agent.

With an effort, he controlled the words on his lips, and gave attention to what the suave courier Edgeworth was saying.

"A week ago we heard that Wetherby, the courier who was to have brought the packet, had been caught and sent to the Tower. The packet, we knew, was in London, having come by different hands from Newcastle, York, and Stamford.

"And now you, a stranger, walk in and talk of love letters, which is the greatest puzzle of all. Perchance, sir, you will now give us the packet and enlighten us as to how you got it?"

Coverdale took the thick envelope from inside his coat, and held it in thoughtful manner on the palm of his hand.

"First, what is it?" he asked.

Edgeworth and Burrows looked at James Stuart, who answered peevishly:

"What does it matter? 'Twould seem ye are well disposed to our cause to have brought it, and the thanks of your king should be enough."

Imperiously he held out his hand.

"An you please, sir, I am anxious to read it."

Coverdale twisted his mous-

tache, smiled grimly, and gazed musingly into the fire which burned in the huge open grate.

He had always considered the Stuarts contemptible fellows—false friends, craven foes, unscrupulous schemers, weak, fickle, and stupidly intolerant.

Now, having seen one, he felt profound pity for those who would risk their lives to try to place such a broken reed on the throne of England. Why, even fat, silly, but well-meaning Anne was more of a man than this girlish weakling.

The captain was ever impulsive, and, at the moment, in foul temper at being tricked for the benefit of this plotting Franco-Scot.

Edgeworth sensed the anger of the tall, dangerous-looking stranger, and whispered something to the Pretender.

"Ah! think you so?" lisped that worthy, and again addressed Coverdale.

"The despatch you carry, sir, is a list of the gentlemen of the northern counties of England who have pledged themselves to rally round my standard when I march south from Scotland."

"Then such fools should be saved from their folly," opined

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"And poor misguided fools, like those whose names were on that list, suffer for you!"

The Pretender's face was white with rage.

"Cut him down, Burrows! And you, Edgeworth—at him!"

"Try also yourself," sneered the captain. "Dennie, an you insist I will skewer all three of you like so many beetles!"

And the "king," and the courier, and the led-captain knew he would. They looked at the fierce hawk-like face, the tall, agile figure, the long cut-and-thrust sword—and watched him walk leisurely to the door.

★ ★ ★

In the pretty chintz-hung sitting-room of the house of the Red Lion, Captain Ludovic stood scowling down on Mistress Kitty. Very demure, even frightened, did she appear as he reanted:

"Not a snap o' the fingers would you ha' cared for my arrest or death so long as the pretty 'King over the Water' received his precious papers. Had I known what that packet contained I'd ne'er ha' recovered it for you in the first place, nor taken it to France if the second."

"That is why I did not tell you," she frankly admitted.

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## Dissolve away SUPERFLUOUS HAIR...



... at the ROOTS

The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse hair ends which grow back thicker and faster.



This new toilet cream dissolves the keratin in the hair and its roots. Removes hair *below* the skin surface. Leaves no stubble—no coarse regrowth.



An amazing new discovery by a celebrated chemist. The hair simply falls away! No odour; no mess or bother. Simply apply the cream on the skin—wash off with water—every trace of hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth, as if that ugly growth had never existed. The razor method is old-fashioned and dangerous. Nasty smelling pastes and powders completely out of date. The up-to-date scientific way is New Veet (new and improved formula). Get a tube to-day and end your superfluous hair troubles for ever. New Veet. 2/6 and 4/- (double size).

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"My complaint had resisted the treatment of several chemists and doctors for several years, but after about a month



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This beautiful Bedroom Suite with contrasting Veneers of Figured Walnut is another extraordinary example of our Warehouse Values. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe; 3ft. 6in. Drop-centre. Kneehole, Dressing Table and Double Longboy are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. Act promptly and you can secure at the introductory Cash Price. (Bedstead and stool extra). **£17/17/-** (OR ON EASY TERMS).

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**OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT**



This most attractive Lounge Suite is upholstered in best quality Jacquard Velour, and has five super-sprung loose cushions. Design and construction will give maximum comfort and service. Usual Retail Value is £19/19/-, but This Week's Cash Price is **£14/19/6** Or on Easy Terms:—

**14/3/6**

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8.30 p.m. Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. "NOTABLE BRITISH TRIALS" 7.30 Every morning and 7.30 p.m. Saturdays—"DARBY AND JOAN."

**5/2/-**

## BREAKFAST ROOM CABINET

Here is a new 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted with drawers, cupboards, etc., with artistic leadlight doors. It is faithfully constructed and no home should be without one. The Reduced Cash Price This Week is (Or on Easy Terms) **79/6**

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Measurements and Estimates are FREE. All Blinds Made UP FREE OF CHARGE. Prices specially reduced. Obtain your New Blinds WHILE THIS FREE OFFER LASTS.



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|------------------|-------------|-------------------|--------------|--------------------|---------------------------|
| 9ft. x 7ft. 6in. | 9ft. x 9ft. | 10ft. 6in. x 9ft. | 12ft. x 9ft. | 12ft. x 10ft. 6in. | 13 ft. 6in. x 10 ft. 6in. |
| £4/10/-          | £5/10/-     | £6/5/-            | £7/5/-       | £9/19/6            | £11/10/-                  |
| 9ft. x 7ft. 6in. | 9ft. x 9ft. | 10ft. 6in. x 9ft. | 12ft. x 9ft. | 12ft. x 10ft. 6in. | 13 ft. 6in. x 10 ft. 6in. |
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| WILTON     |      |          | AXMINSTER  |      |          |
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| Width      | Yd.  | per yard | Width      | Yd.  | per yard |
| 22 1/2 in. | 8/11 | Now 6/9  | 22 1/2 in. | 11/6 | Now 10/6 |
| 27 in.     | 9/11 | Now 7/9  | 27 in.     | 13/6 | Now 11/6 |
| 36 in.     | 13/6 | Now 10/6 | 36 in.     | 19/6 | Now 10/6 |



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BRITISH LINOLEUM SQUARES  
Size 9ft. x 7ft. 6in. 9ft. x 9ft. 10ft. 6in. x 9ft. 12ft. x 9ft.  
Special Price 42/6 50/- 57/6 65/-  
BRITISH INLAID LINOLEUM (3 YARDS WIDE) FROM **8/6** PER YARD  
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ME 83—PRINTED ART SILK SLUB, a fabric that will wash. Made on shirrmaker lines with pin tucks on bodice, patch pockets, Peter Pan collar. Good full skirt with inverted pleat back and front. In floral tonings of Blue, Pink, White, Lemon, and Pawn. Sizes: SSW., SW., W., and OS.

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ME 84.—SELF-PATTERNED MOTALASSE FROCK, with yoke and five tucks in bodice, neat collar, new neckline, shaped pockets and inverted pleat back and front of skirt. Ideal fabric for Summer wear. In tones of Green, Wedgwood Blue, and Coral. Sizes: SSW., SW., and W.

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ME 85.—A style that has achieved distinction for the larger figure. Soft Floral Georgette made with contrast trimming as neckline and tie, and finish on panel bodice. Long sleeves with wristband and shirring as finish. Skirt has gored panel back and front. In floral tonings of Black, Navy, Brown, and Sage. Sizes: W., SOS., OS., XOS., and XXOS.

JANUARY SUPER-BARGAIN **15/-**

ME 86.—SNAPPY TWO-PIECE SUIT, made of Floral Sandara Crepe. Contrast belt, pocket handkerchief and tie as finish. Neat neckline with Peter Pan Collar. Skirt showing panel pleat with knife pleats back and front. Floral tonings on light grounds, including White. Sizes: SSW., SW., and W.

JANUARY SUPER-BARGAIN **15/-**

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## BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

### Why not Races for Lady Riders Too?

By BETTY GEE

Whenever I see the gentlemen jockeys basking in the limelight on the occasion of Corinthian Plates or Amateur Cups I ask myself, "Why don't they put on a race for lady jockeys?"

I DO not suggest that the A.J.C. or any other of our clubs should arrange match races between male and female riders, but I think it is time they thought of staging regular races for women riders.

Just imagine what will happen when that time comes. All attendance records will surely go by the board, and we'll hear no more about dwindling "gates" and the legend that the racing game is in danger of extinction.

Still I must confess that we DID enjoy the Corinthian Plate at Moorefield.

### "Sensational"

WE eagerly scanned the gentlemen jockeys in the mounting yard. I thought young Mr. Higgins, the ultimate winner, looked the most boyish and most handsome of the eight riders.

And what a thrill to see in Gold Rod's colors of blue and white Mr. Alan Cooper, who paid £19,000 for Talking.

Despite scornful comments, I sent Dickie scampering over to the tote with half of my housekeeping money for Treasure Trove, Mr. Cooper's mount.

Dickie was a bit crabby about the Corinthian. What did we want to bet on a race like that for? And why worry about going over to look at the jockeys. "They're all mugs," he said.

His biting sarcasm when he saw Alan Cooper taking Treasure Trove to the front in the race nearly upset me.

As the field came into the straight Mr. Cooper was still in the lead. Dickie wasn't talking so much then.

About 100 yards from the winning post I could see danger coming from behind in the form of Miramond, ridden by the handsome young smith.

A man next to me in the grandstand rudely called out to Mr. Cooper, "Use the whip, you mug." What a way to talk to a gentleman rider!

Mr. Cooper could not shake off Miramond, and the young village blacksmith snatched a narrow win. Oh! did I lament!

Later I learned why Mr. Cooper could not get any more out of Treasure Trove.

He had been losing weight much more rapidly than Princess Juliana had in her slimming course before her wedding, his object being to reduce so that he would be able to take the ride on Mr. Watt's mare.

### Randwick Tip

I SENT Dickie to the totalisator to collect my winnings for a place. As he came back to me with the money in his hands his face was a study in cynicism. I wondered why.

"Well, there's your losses," he said. "You lost a shilling on every ten shillings invested. Mr. Cooper paid only 9/- in the 10/- tote for running second."

"Thank goodness he did not pay only 8/-," was my retort. It was all I could think of at the moment.

Menfolk ARE difficult on the racecourse at times.

I like the Challenge and Anniversary meeting at Randwick. As soon as the weights came out I asked my doubles bookmaker to get the very best price about The Marne for the Challenge, coupled with Upoko Ariki (Anniversary).

Nothing will alter my opinion that six furlongs is The Marne's pet distance.

As for the "second leg," I have a hunch that his turn is not far off. His shrewd trainer, Jack Jamieson, has been preparing him patiently for a good race—and why shouldn't the Anniversary be that race?



# BALLETOMANIA Sweeps SYDNEY

## Success of Monte Carlo Ballet

Sydney has gone balletomane in bulk. From the first performance of the Monte Carlo Russian Ballet Company up to last Saturday night, each performance has been given to a packed house; standing room is the rule even at matinees.

THERE is abundant reason for this. The company has an extensive repertoire. The programmes, combining classical ballet with more modern conceptions, and usually with a touch of humor thrown in, have been such as to provide something to satisfy every taste. Costumes and, for the most part, backgrounds are excellent.

With recollections of Pavlova still vivid, even after the passage of years, one felt a twinge of disappointment at the first performance when it became apparent that the De Basil dancers did not number among them any ballerina who could even compare with the exquisite Anna.

This company has not yet developed an outstanding premiere danseuse.

On the other hand, Sydney audiences are seeing a group of young dancers in the process of develop-

ment, a thing which, apart from the immediate pleasure to be derived from their dancing, is interesting now and will be even more interesting in retrospect, when they have either made a big place for themselves in the world of dance, or failed.

### Stir Imagination

THE outstanding figure in this season is undoubtedly Leon Woinakowsky, a splendid dancer and a fine artist. In any role, his dancing and miming stir the imagination, but the highlights of his performances to date have been in "Scheherazade" and "Petrouchka."

In the former his miming was magnificent, particularly in the death scene; his "Petrouchka" was another triumph.

Among the ballerinas, Blinova and Kirsova are outstanding. While there are small differences in technique between them, the major contrast is temperamental. Kirsova gives the impression of being more objective towards her dancing; at

ON Saturday night the fourth ballet programme commenced at the Theatre Royal. New ballets presented were "Le Beau Danube," "L'Après Midi d'un Faune," to Debussy's music, and "Prince Igor." "Les Sylphides" opened the evening.

times there is almost a suggestion of coldness.

While in neither case does one receive the impression that ballet technique has been mastered to perfection, one comes away from watching either with an inner satisfaction which only sincere work can give. At times, Kirsova captures fleetingly that ethereal, floating quality in movement which was so entrancingly apparent in Pavlova's dancing.

The ballets themselves, as is only natural, have varied in excellence of staging and performance. This company is definitely more at home in the modern style.

### Harsh Light

TO counterbalance the thinness and slight sentimentality of such items as "Les Sylphides" and "Le Lac des Cygnes," perfect staging and dancing are required.

In the former, the light was too harsh, destroying the poetry of the ballet; in both, the technique of the performers was not quite up to the demands of classical choreography.

On the other hand, "Scheherazade," "Petrouchka," "Les Presages," beautifully staged and costumed, are not so dependent on faultless execution, and gained accordingly.

Of "Les Presages" it can be said that the more often it is seen the more interesting it becomes, not only for its dancing, but for the way it demonstrates how the ballet may be adapted to the expression of the philosophic thought.



## The Thread of the Century!

There are a hundred yards of the finest sewing thread on each reel of Dewhurst's "Sylko"—smooth, even and strong—the perfect thread for every kind of sewing. And there are over 300 ALL-FAST COLORS in the range, providing a perfect match for all materials.

Sold in SIZE No. 40 by leading departmental stores.



Dewhurst's SYLKO  
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# The others aren't in it with CORN Flakes

KELLOGG'S  
BLINDFOLD  
TEST. No. 21

### Votes "Yes."

**Extra Flavour.** "I like a crisp, flaky breakfast food—but I never dreamed that any breakfast cereal could have so much extra flavour until I tasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes." Mrs. N. W. Hill, one of the guests at "Lyn Lea."



"The others aren't in it with Corn Flakes!"

—vote all Guests  
at "Lyn Lea" Guest House,  
21 Nelson Bay Road

We introduce to you Mrs. R. Williamson, of the "Lyn Lea" guest house, 21 Nelson Bay Road, and her guests. Everyone at "Lyn Lea" made Kellogg's sensational blindfold test. Each of these people tasted, whilst blindfolded, four different cereals, including Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They were asked to vote "YES" for the cereal that made the biggest appeal to their palates. It was a "Yes" vote for Corn Flakes every time. If you wonder at this result then you're welcome to make the Kellogg Blindfold Test, too. You'll find that malted corn gives Kellogg's Corn Flakes an EXTRA richness of flavour. No other breakfast food ever tastes half so good after Corn Flakes.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes, made from a special Australian white corn, are the only Corn Flakes you can get in Australia.

All guests participate when Kellogg's Blindfold Test is made in the dining-room of Mrs. Williamson's guest house at 21 Nelson Bay Rd.



### Votes "Yes." PLEASES ALL GUESTS.

"You have to manage a guest house to realise how difficult to please most people are. That's why I was so amazed when all my guests chose Kellogg's Corn Flakes in this blindfold test." Mrs. R. Williamson, Proprietress of "Lyn Lea."



### Another "Yes" Vote.

"THAT'S WHAT I CALL A FLAVOUR. I could make a meal of Corn Flakes any time." Mr. A. Wilkins of the "Lyn Lea" Guest House.





## CERTAIN TO SELL SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/10/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Read:

"Nocturne," printed by "Smith's," recently, brought me between £5 and £6.

"I have had nine stories published since I started your course."

"The first story I sent to America has been accepted."

"I received more for my stories while studying with you than I paid in fees."

"I received £5/2/6 for two stories in the 'Australian Journal'."

"The Bulletin" headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/18/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/11/8 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £5 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships.'"

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For ten years one man was a heavy drinker. Just wore, happiness, and home—his wife successfully treated him with "DRINKCO." This safe, inexpensive treatment will also save your menfolk. It can be given secretly. Booklet in sealed wrapper. Write or call for it.

HOME WELFARE PTY.  
Dept. W.W., 235 George Street,  
SYDNEY.

# TALISMAN Ring

"THEY may be searching the house now!" exclaimed Eustacie in sudden alarm. "You should not have left them! Oh dear, do you think my cousin will shoot them? If he does we must bury them quickly before anyone knows."

"No, no, miss, it ain't as bad as that yet! What they wants is to see Mr. Nye. They daren't go searching the place afore ever they tell him what they're here for. They think I've gone to look for him, but what I've got to do is to hide the young master, and lordy, lordy, how can I get upstairs without them knowing, when one of 'em's lounging round the back stairs, and 't'her sitting in the coffee-room?"

"Go immediately and find Nye!" ordered Eustacie. "He must think of a way. I will talk to these Runners, and if I can I will coax the one in the coffee-room to come into the parlor."

With this praiseworthy resolve in mind, and an uncomfortable feeling of panic in her breast, she sallied forth from the parlor and made her way to the coffee-room. Here, at a table in the middle of the room, which commanded a view of the staircase and the front door, was seated a stockily built individual in a blue coat and a wide-brimmed hat, casually glancing over the contents of a folded

journal, which he had extracted from one capacious pocket. Eustacie, surveying him from the open doorway, noticed that his figure was on the portly side, a circumstance which afforded her a certain amount of satisfaction, since it seemed improbable that a slow, middle-aged man would have much hope of catching Ludovic if that young gentleman were forced to take to his heels.

Summoning up a smile, and a look of inquiry, Eustacie said, as though startled. "Oh! Why, who are you?"

The Bow Street Officer looked up and finding that he was being addressed by a young and enchanting female, laid the journal down upon the table and rose to his feet. He touched his hat, and said that he was wishing to see the landlady.

"But yes, of course!" said Eustacie. "You have come on the mail-coach, sans doute, and you want a drink! I understand!"

BY this time the Runner had assimilated the fact that she was not English. He did not care for foreigners, but her instant grasp of his most pressing need inclined him to regard her with less disapproval than he might otherwise have done. He did not precisely admit that he wanted a drink, but he said that it was a very cold, raw day to be sure, and waited

hopefully to see what she would do about it.

"Yes," she said, "and it is, moreover, very draughty in a coach. I think you ought to have some cognac."

The Runner thought so, too. He had not wanted to come down to Sussex on what would probably turn out to be a wild-goose chase. He felt gloomily that he would not have been chosen for the task if the authorities over him had set much store by the information lodged with them, for he was not at the moment in very good odor at Bow Street. Such epithets as "blockhead" and "blunderer" had been used in connection with his last case, since when he had not been employed upon any very important business. In his more optimistic moments he dreamed rosy of the glory attaching to the capture of so desperate a character as Ludovic Laventham, but when his throat was dry and his fingers chilled he did not feel optimistic.

"When Nye comes he must at once give you some cognac," announced Eustacie. "But I do not understand what you are doing here and you have not told me who you are."

The Runner was not much acquainted with the Quality, but it did occur to him that it was a little unusual for young ladies to address strange men in public coffee-rooms. He bent a penetrating and severe eye upon her, and replied awe-inspiringly that he was an Officer of the Law.

Eustacie at once clasped her hands together, and cried: "I thought you were! Are you, perhaps, a Bow Street Runner?"

The Runner was accustomed to having his identity discovered with fear, or even loathing, but he had not till now encountered anyone who became ecstatic upon learning his dread profession.

He admitted that he was a Runner, but looked so suspiciously at Eustacie that she made haste to explain that in France they had no such people, which was the reason why she was so particularly anxious to meet one.

When she mentioned France the Runner's brow cleared. The French, what with their guillottes and one thing and another, were the worst kind of foreigners, and it was no use being surprised at them behaving queerly. They were born that way; there wasn't any sense in them; and the silly habit they had of holding that everyone was equal accounted for this young lady's speaking so friendly to a mere Bow Street Runner.

"You are one of the so famous Runners!" said Eustacie, regarding him with rapt admiration. "You must be very brave and clever!"

The Runner coughed rather self-consciously, and murmured something inarticulate. He had not previously given the matter much thought, but when the lady came to mention it he realised that he was rather a brave man.

"What is your name?" inquired Eustacie. "And why have you come here?"

"JEREMIAH STUBBS, miss," said the Runner. "I am here in the execution of my duty."

Eustacie opened her eyes to their widest extent, and asked breathlessly whether he had come to make an arrest. "How I should like to see you make an arrest!" she said.

Mr. Stubbs was not impervious to flattery. He threw out his chest a little and replied with an indulgent smile that he couldn't say for certain whether he was going to make an arrest or not.

"But who?" demanded Eustacie. "Not someone in this inn?"

"A despit criminal, missy, that's the cove I'm after," said Mr. Stubbs.

Eustacie's straining ears caught the sound of an opening door upstairs, and a light footfall. She said as loudly as she dared:

"I suppose you, who are a Bow Street Runner, have to capture a great many desperate criminals?" As she spoke she moved towards the fire, so that to address her Mr. Stubbs had to turn slightly, presenting his profile, and no longer his full face to the staircase.

"Oh well, miss," he said carelessly. "We don't take much account of that!"

Please turn to Page 38

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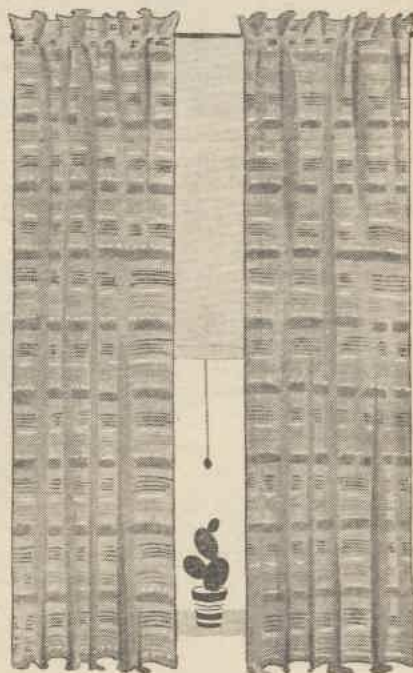
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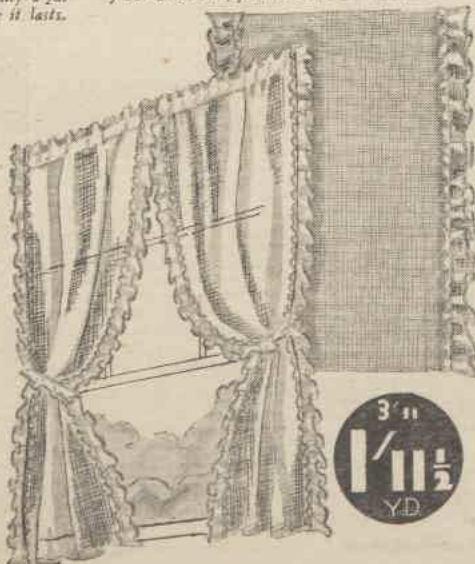
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## TALISMAN Ring

EUSTACIE caught a glimpse of Ludovic at the top of the stairs, and said quickly:

"Bow Street Runners! It must be very exciting to be a Bow Street Runner, I think!" She glanced up as she spoke and saw that Ludovic had vanished. Feeling almost sick with relief, she pressed her handkerchief to her lips and said mechanically: "Who is this criminal I wonder? A thief, perhaps?"

"Not a thief, miss," said Mr. Stubbs. "A murderer!"

The effect of this announcement was all he had hoped for. Eustacie gave a shriek and faltered:

"Here? A murderer? Arrest him at once, if you please. But at once!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Stubbs. "If I could do that everything would be easy, wouldn't it? But this here murdering cove has been evading the law for two years and more."

"But how could he evade you, who must, I know, be a clever man, for two years?"

Mr. Stubbs began to think rather well of Eustacie, French though she might be.

"That's it," he said. "You've put your finger on it, miss, as the saying is. If they'd had me on to him at the start praps he wouldn't have done so evading."

"No, I think not, indeed. You look very cold, which is not at all a thing to wonder at when one considers that there is a great draught here. I will take you into the parlor, where it is altogether cosy, and procure for you a glass of cognac."

Mr. Stubbs' eyes glistened a little, but he shook his head.

"It's very kind of you, miss, but I've a fancy to stay right where I am, d'ye see? You don't happen to be staying in this here inn, do you?"

"But certainly I am staying here!" responded Eustacie. "I am staying with Sir Hugh Thane, who is a Justice of the peace, and with Miss Thane."

"You are?" said Mr. Stubbs. "Well, now, that's a very fortunate circumstance, that is. You don't happen to have seen anything of a young cove—a mighty flash young cove—lurking?"

Eustacie looked rather bewildered.

"Or skulking?" suggested Mr. Stubbs. He drew forth from his pocket a well-worn notebook and, licking his thumb, began to turn over its pages.

Eustacie was eyeing the book with great misgiving.

By this time she was wishing that Nye would come, and wondering how to lure Mr. Stubbs away from the stairs. If only Ludovic had not injured his shoulder he might have climbed out of a window, she thought, but with one arm in a sling that was out of the question.

Mr. Stubbs, finding his place in his book, said:

"Here we are now. Has there been a young cove here, missy, with blue eyes, light hair, features aquiline, height about five feet ten inches—"

Eustacie interrupted this recital: "But yes, you describe to me Sir Hugh Thane, only he is taller, I think, and me, I should say that he had grey eyes."

"The cove this here description fits is a cove by the name of Loodervic Lavenham," said Mr. Stubbs.

Eustacie at once executed a start. "But are you mad? Ludovic Lavenham is my cousin, enfin."

Mr. Stubbs stared at her fixedly. "You say this Loodervic Lavenham's your cousin, miss?" he said, his voice pregnant with suspicion.

"Of course he is!" replied Eustacie. "He is a very wicked creature who has brought disgrace to us, and we do not speak of him even. Why have you come to look for him? He went away from England two years ago."

Mr. Stubbs enquired his chin, still keeping his eyes on Eustacie's face. "Oh!" he said slowly. "He wouldn't happen to be staying in this inn right now, I suppose?"

"Staying here?" gasped Eustacie. "In the same place with me? No, I tell you he is in disgrace—quite cast off."

"Ah!" said Mr. Stubbs. "What would you say if I was to tell you that this very Loodervic Lavenham

is lurking somewhere in these parts?"

"I do not think it," said Eustacie, with a shake of her head. "And I hope very much that it is not true, because there has been enough disgrace for us, and we do not desire that there should be any more." An idea occurred to her. She added: "I see now that you are a very brave man, and I will tell you that if my cousin is truly in Sussex you must be exceedingly careful."

Mr. Stubbs looked at her rather more fixedly than before.

"Oh, I must, must I?" he said.

"You have not been warned, then?" cried Eustacie, shocked.

"No," said Mr. Stubbs. "I ain't been warned particular."

"But it is infamous that they have not told you!" declared Eustacie.

"What was it they ought to have warned me about?"

Eustacie spread out her hands. "His pistols," she said dramatically. "Do you not know that my cousin is the man who put out sixteen candles by shooting them, and did not miss one?"

Mr. Stubbs cast an involuntary glance behind him.

"He put out sixteen candles?" he demanded.

"Yes, he never misses," said Eustacie.

Mr. Stubbs drew in his breath. "They had ought to have warned me," he said feelingly.

"Certainly, they—" Eustacie broke off, startled by a crash in the room above their heads, and the muffled sound of a shriek. Who could possibly be upstairs save Ludovic, she could not imagine, but Ludovic would hardly shriek, even if he had knocked something over in one of the bedchambers.

THEN, to her amazement, she heard a door open, and hurrying footsteps approach the head of the stairs. A high-pitched voice wailed:

"Oh, oh, what shall I do? Oh, Mr. Nye, look what I've done! And down the stairs came a gawky female in a large mob cap, and a stuff gown which Eustacie, transfixed with astonishment, instantly recognised as Miss Thane's. A shawl enveloped the apparition's shoulders, and she held one corner of it up to her eyes with her left hand. In her right hand she carried the fragments of a flagon that had once contained Miss Thane's French perfume. "Oh, Mr. Nye," she whimpered, "Missus will kill me if she finds out—oh!" The last word took the form of a scream as the newcomer caught sight of Eustacie. "Oh, miss, I beg pardon!" she gasped. "I thought you was gone out. I've—I've had an accident, miss. Oh, I'm that sorry, miss, I'm sure."

Eustacie made a strangled sound in her throat, and rose nobly to the occasion. Running forward, she seized the gawky female's right wrist, and cried in a quivering voice:

"Wretched, wicked creature! You have broken my scent bottle. Ah, it is too much, enfin!"

The jagged fragments of glass were relinquished into her keeping, and with them, slid into the palm of her hand, a great ruby ring.

A torrent of impassioned French smote the Runner's bemused ears. He stared, quite aghast, at Eustacie, who had changed in a flash from a pleasant-spoken young female into a raging virago. She snatched the jagged fragments of glass from the abigail's hand, broke into English for one moment to implore Mr. Stubbs to look at what the wicked, clumsy creature had done, threw the fragments into the grate, shook the abigail, and in French said rapidly: "He means to search the house. Have you taken your clothes out of your room? Answer yes or no!"

"Oh, yes, miss, indeed. I took them to Sir Hugh's room, like you told me!"

In the middle of this spirited scene Nye came into the coffee-room with Clem at his heels, and stopped upon the threshold, transfixed by astonishment. For a moment he did not connect Ludovic with the great, gawky girl, noisily weeping into her shawl; but before he had time to speak Eustacie whirled round to face him and poured forth a string of complaints about her supposed abigail.

Please turn to Page 39

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# TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 38

NE, who had caught the glint of pale gold hair peeping from under the gawky female's mob-cap, now observed that her left arm seemed in some odd fashion to be wound up in the voluminous shawl. The puzzled look vanished from his face; he came farther into the room and joined with Eustacie in reproaching Lucy.

"It is an outrage! To my room!" exclaimed Eustacie. "It smug at once be scrubbed, and I will tell you that it is Lucy herself who shall scrub it, for it is not at all Clem's fault! Up, you!"

The Runner, seeing the girl driven towards the staircase, heaved a sigh of relief. Mistress and maid vanished from sight.

Above in Miss Thane's bedchamber, Eustacie, from whom stifled giggles had escaped all the way up the stairs, sank down upon the bed and, with her handkerchief pressed to her mouth, gave way to inextinguishable laughter. Ludovic, twisting the shawl more securely round his arm, said:

"Of all the spiffies! I wouldn't be a maid of yours for any money! Now what's the matter?"

"You look so ridiculous!" gasped Eustacie, rocking herself to and fro.

Some twenty minutes later, Miss Thane, accompanied by her brother, came back to the Red Lion, and was at once met by Eustacie, who drew her upstairs to her room, her story tripping off her tongue.

"Runners in the house, and I not here to see them?" exclaimed Miss Thane, suitably impressed. "I declare I am the most ill-used creature alive! How I should have liked to have helped to hoodwink them!"

The rest of the day was enlivened by alarms and discussions. The Runners had, as Nye suspected, withdrawn merely to the alehouse a mile down the road, and both of them revisited the Red Lion at separate times, entering it in the most unobtrusive, not to say stealthy, manner possible. Twice Eustacie was startled by an inquiring face at the parlor window, and three times did Clem report that one of the officers was round the back of the house by the stables, hobnobbing with the ostler and the postboys. Even Sir Hugh became aware of an alien presence in the inn, and complained when he came down to dinner that a strange fellow had poked his head into his bedchamber while he was pulling off his boots.

"HUGH, you will have to know, so that you may be on your guard," said Miss Thane. "That was a Bow Street Runner."

"Well, he's got no right to come prying into my room," replied Sir Hugh, helping himself from a dish of beans. "Where's young Lavenham?"

"In the cellar. He—"

Sir Hugh laid down his knife and fork.

"What's he found there? Is he bringing it up?"

"No. He is in the cellar because the Runners are looking for him."

Sir Hugh frowned.

"It seems to me," he remarked, somewhat austere, "that there's something queer going on in this place. I won't have anything to do with it."

"Very proper, my dear," approved his sister. "But do contrive to remember that you know nothing of Ludovic Lavenham! I fear that these Runners may try to get information from you."

"I'm a justice of the peace," said Sir Hugh, "and I won't have any hand in cheating the Law. If they were to ask me I should tell them the truth."

whether he had met any men lurking outside the house. He had not, but the anxious question, at once aroused his suspicions, and he asked what had been going forward during his absence. When he heard that information had been laid against Ludovic in Bow Street, he did not say anything at all for some moments, thus disappointing Eustacie, who had hoped to startle him into an expression at least of surprise. When he did speak it was not in admiration of the stratagem which had hoodwinked the Runners, but in a serious voice, and with eyes on his cousin.

"If you won't go to Holland, will you at least leave Sussex, Ludovic?"

"Devil a bit! There's no danger. The Runners think they're on a wild-goose chase." He observed a tightening of Shield's lips, a certain considering look in the eyes which rested on himself, and sat up with a jerk. "Tristram, if you try to kidnap me, I swear I'll shoot you!"

Sir Tristram laughed at that, but shook his head.

"I won't promise not to kidnap you, but I will promise to get your gun first."

"It never leaves me," grinned Ludovic.

"That's what I'm afraid of," retorted Shield. "If there's an attempt made on you you'll shoot, and there'll be a charge of real murder to fight."

Eustacie said sharply: "An attempt on him? Do you mean on his life?"

Please turn to Page 40

"I'M WORRIED ABOUT WINNIE, NURSE. SHE FRETS FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT. WHAT DO YOU ADVISE?"



"Why, the poor little mite is constipated. No wonder she's fretful. That is the chief thing a mother has to guard against, Mrs. Grant. Kiddies don't understand; they're so absorbed in their games, and neglect nature's call. Then they get bilious, lose their appetite and become irritable. Show me your tongue, Winnie. Yes, it is coated—a sure sign she's out of sorts. All she needs is 'California Syrup of Figs.'—'Califig' and she'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning. You'll find it keeps the bowels regular, purifies the system, saves stomach upsets and biliousness. If children are to thrive and grow strong and keen witted, they must feed

well and digest what they eat. There's no better way than the regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' All children love it.

If I were you, I would send for a bottle and give Winnie a dose at once. Be sure you insist on 'California Syrup of Figs.' Mrs. Grant, I am surprised that some mothers are ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. It's such a pity they don't realise that 'California Syrup of Figs.' is a perfectly safe, children's laxative. I know myself how carefully and scientifically it is prepared."

'California Syrup of Figs.' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/3 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Califig' on the package.

**"California Syrup of Figs"**  
"NATURE'S OWN" LAXATIVE

# I did want my boy to be LIKE HIS FATHER



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If your child seems tired and spiritless—if he doesn't seem to enjoy doing all the boyish things you thought he'd love, don't blame him. Probably he's outgrowing his strength. Growing is a great tax on children, and they use up so much energy just running about—often it's too much for them.

Horlick's at bedtime or mid-morning will give your child all the vital, nourishing elements necessary for growth and extra energy—and it makes them lively and vigorous. Horlick's is economical, too. The milk is in it—add water only. Prices from 1/6. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/-



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... My sister, the one with the architect husband, was over to see me this week, and we were having a little talk. She's like me, you know, over disinfectants; hates things that smell—can't bear to have poisons about. . . . Well, it seems she's discovered a new antiseptic; I meant to remember the name. Anyway, she says it's very effective, delightful to use, and isn't a poison either. . . . 'Dettol,' yes, that was it—'Dettol'!"

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Your chemist has 'Dettol' in bottles—2/-.

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The majority of people over forty find their distance sight still good, but when reading the print blurs, it is difficult to thread a needle, in fact all near work is laborious. They feel the need of a stronger light and have a tendency to hold objects further from their eyes than formerly. Such conditions suggest that your eyes need assistance.

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The same old daily routine?  
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# TALISMAN Ring

"YES, I do," replied Stield. "We may not be certain that the Beau killed Plunker, but we can have no doubt that it is he who has brought the Runners down on Ludovic now. He would like the Law to remove Ludovic from his path, but if the Runners fail I think he may make the attempt himself."

"Oh, well!" said Ludovic airily. "Ten to one we shan't see any more of the Runners anyhow. I dare say they will go back to London on to-morrow's coach."

Had Mr. Stubbs followed his own inclination he would not have waited for the morning's coach, but would have boarded the night-mail, deeming a night on the road preferable to one spent at the alehouse. But his companion, a grave person with a painstaking sense of duty and an earnest desire to prove himself worthy of his office, held to the opinion that their search had not been sufficiently thorough.

"What we've done is, we've lulled them," he said, slowly nodding his head. "Properly lulled them, that's what we've done. We didn't find no trace of any desperate criminal, and they know we didn't find no trace. So what happens?"

"Well, what does happen?" said Mr. Stubbs, lowering his tankard.

"They're lulled, that's what happens."

"You said that before," remarked Mr. Stubbs with slight asperity.

"Ah, but what do we do now we've got them lulled?" demanded his companion. "We make a pounce, and takes this Ludovic Lavenham unawares."

They had by these divergent paths arrived at the same comfortable conclusion when their privacy was disturbed by the arrival of a visitor, who turned out to be none other than Gregg, Beau Lavenham's discreet valet. He came into the taproom with a prim little bow and tight-lipped smile, and ordered a brandy with hot water and lemon. Until this had been procured for him he stayed by the bar, only glancing once out of the corners of his eyes at the two Runners snugly ensconced in the ingle-nook by the fire. When his glass had been handed to him, however, he walked over to the fireplace, drew up a chair close to the high-backed settee, and bade the Runners good-evening.

THEY returned this civil greeting without showing any marked degree of cordiality. They were aware that he was the man to whom they were indebted for what information they had, but although they would be grateful for any further information that he might be able to give them they had a prejudice against informers as a race, and saw no reason to make an exception in this one's favor. Accordingly, when Gregg leaned forward in his chair, and said in a keen but subdued voice: "Well?" it was in chilly accents that Mr. Stubbs replied: "It ain't well. We've been fetched down for nothing, that's what."

"So you didn't find him!" said Gregg, frowning.

"Nor him, nor any sign of him. Which I will say didn't surprise me."

"But he was there, for all that," said Gregg, tapping his front teeth with one finger-nail. "I am sure he was there. You looked everywhere?"

"There now!" said Mr. Stubbs with scathing irony. "If you haven't put me in mind of it! Dang me, if I didn't forget to look inside of one of the coal-boxes!"

He put his empty tankard down and regarded the valet narrowly. "What's your interest in this Lodovick Lavenham? What makes you so unaccountable anxious to have him laid by the heels?"

The valet folded his lips closely, but after a moment replied: "Well, you see, Mr. Stubbs, that is my business. I have my reasons."

"The Runner eyed him with growing disfavor."

"Looked!" he pronounced. "When I go ferreting for news of a despatch criminal, that's dooty. When you does the same thing, Mr. Gregg, it looks to me uncommon like spitefulness, and spitefulness is what I don't hold with, and never shall."

"That's right," agreed Mr. Peabody.

The valet smiled again, but unpleasantly, and said in his silky way: "Why, you may say so if you choose, Mr. Stubbs. And I hope I may ask whom you saw at the Red Lion?"

"I didn't see no despatch criminal," answered Mr. Stubbs. "It's my belief there ain't no despatch criminal. Is it likely the place would house such with a justice of the peace putting up there?"

"You went into the little back bedchamber? They let you go there?"

"I went into two back bedchambers, one which is the landlord's and the other which the young French lady's maid has."

The valet's eyelids were quickly raised.

"Her maid? Did you see her maid?"

"Ay, poor wench, I saw her right enough, and I heard Miss a-scoolding of her all for breaking a bottle."

"What was she like?" demanded Gregg, leaning forward again.

Mr. Stubbs looked at him with a shade of uneasiness in his eyes.

"Why, I didn't get much sight of her face, she being crying into her shawl fit to break her heart."

"Ah, so you didn't see her face!" said Gregg. "Perhaps she was a tall girl—a very tall girl?"

Mr. Stubbs had been engaged in filling a long clay pipe, but he laid it down, and said slowly:

"Ay, she was a rare, strapping wench. She had yaller hair, by what I could see of it."

Gregg sat back in his chair and set his finger-tips together, and over them surveyed the Runners with a peculiar glint in his eyes.

"So that was it!" he said. "Well, well!"

"What do you mean, that was it?" said Mr. Stubbs.

"Only that you have seen Ludovic Lavenham; yes, and let him slip through your fingers too, I dare say."

MR. PEABODY, observing his colleague's evident discomfiture, came to the rescue.

"That's where you're wrong," he said. "What we've done is, we've lulled him—if so be it is him, which we ain't proved yet. What we have to do now is to make a pounce, and that, Mr. Gregg, is what we decided to do without any help of yours."

It was left to Mr. Peabody to sum up the situation, but this he did not do until the valet had gone. Then he said to his troubled companion:

"You know what this looks like to me, Jerry? It looks to me like as if there's someone unaccountable anxious to have this Ludovic Lavenham put away quick—ah, and quiet, too!"

Mr. Stubbs shook his head gloomily, and after a long silence, said:

"We got to do our dooty, William."

Their duty took them up the road to the Red Lion very early next morning. Their plan of surprising the household was frustrated by Nye, who had taken the precaution of setting Clem on the watch. By the time the Runners had reached the inn Ludovic had been roused, and haled, protesting, to the cellar, and his room swept bare of all trace of him. The Runners were not gratified by the least sign of surprise in Nye, who greeted them with no more than the natural annoyance of a landlord knocked up at an unreasonable hour. In the taproom Clem was prosaically engaged in scrubbing the floor; he turned a blank, inquiring face towards the Runners, and with the stolid air of one who has work to do, returned to his task.

"Well, and what might you be wanting at this hour of the morning?" asked Nye testily.

"What we want is a word with that abigail we saw yesterday," said Mr. Stubbs.

"Do you mean Mamselle's Lucy?" said Nye.

"Ah, that's the one I mean," nodded Mr. Stubbs.

"Well, if you want a word with her you'd best get on the Brighton stage. She ain't here any longer."

Mr. Stubbs gave him a very penetrating look, and said deeply:

"You're quite sure of that, are you, Mr. Nye?"

"Of course I'm sure! I told you yesterday how it would be. Miss turned her off. What do you want with her? She was a rare silly wench, and not so well-favored neither."

"You know what I want with her," said Mr. Stubbs. "You're harboring a dangerous criminal, Mr. Nye, and that wench was him!"

Continued from  
Page 39

THIS pronouncement, so far from striking terror into the landlord, seemed to afford him the maximum amount of amusement. After staring at the Runners in a bemused way for several minutes, he allowed a smile to spread slowly over his face. The smile led to a chuckle, the chuckle to a veritable paroxysm of laughter.

When Nye was able to stop laughing he begged Mr. Stubbs to tell him what had put such a notion into his head, and when Mr. Stubbs, hoping that this card at least might prove to be a trump, said that he had received information, he at first looked at him very hard, and then said:

"Information, eh? Then I'll be bound I know who gave you that same information! It was a scrawny fellow with a white face, and the nastiest pair of daylight eyes you ever saw! A fellow of the name of Gregg; that's who it was!"

Mr. Stubbs was a trifle disconcerted, and said guardedly:

"I don't say it was, and I don't say it wasn't."

"Lord love you, you needn't tell me!" said Nye, satisfied that his shot had gone home.

"He's had a spite against me since I don't know when, while as for his master, if a stranger was to stop for half a day in this place he'd go mad thinking it was Mr. Ludovic come home to stop him taking what don't belong to him. You've been properly roasted, that's what you've been."

An hour later when Sir Hugh came down to breakfast a pleasing idea dawned in Nye's brain, and as he set a dish of ham and eggs before his patron he told him that the Runners were in the house again. Sir Hugh, more interested in his breakfast than in the processes of the Law, merely replied that as long as they kept from poking their noses into his room he had no objection to their presence.

"Oh, they won't do that, sir!" said Nye, pouring him out a cup of coffee. "They're down in the cellar."

Sir Hugh was a man not easily moved, but this piece of intelligence roused him most effectively from his habitual placidity.

"An you telling me you've let that red-nosed scoundrel loose in the cellar?" he demanded.

"Well, sir, seeing as he's an officer of the Law, and with a warrant, I didn't hardly like to gainsay him," said Nye apologetically.

Words failed Sir Hugh. He rose, flinging down his napkin, and strode from the parlor towards the taproom and the cellar stairs.

(To be Continued)

## Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why surgery and cutting fail. Dr. Leachman's Vaseline, a pleasant salve, succumbs, because in 24 hours, it begins to relieve this congestion, and strengthens the affected parts so that broken blooded veins start to shrink and heal, often in 4 or 5 days! Vaseline has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of Pile Sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vaseline with this guarantee.

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# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

January 23, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

## Let the ENTRANCE to Your Home ... Tell a Story of Charm, Dignity and Originality

By Our  
Home Decorator

SO many homes are being planned and are being built these days. And so many of them owe their charming appearance to their distinctive architecture,

the main entrance especially being a focal point of interest which strikes the keynote to the style of the house.

But so many homes, too, are being built in stereotyped fashion—that good, old-fashioned style which presents a front to the street showing a bay window on one side and a front verandah on the other.

As to the front entrance—well, it is usually just another front door!

If you are planning a home—and what an all-absorbing, fascinating occupation it is—you surely want it to be wholly charming, no matter how small it may be.

Even the tiniest house can be built in an original and distinctive way without any appreciable difference in cost.

You can, if you like, keep to an extremely simple style and if you plan the main entrance on original lines you can often depend on it to give your home the necessary character.

Take, for instance, a simple ex-



AN ENTRANCE of simple dignity and quiet charm with window and window-box planted with trailing plant at one side.

—Courtesy Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

door furniture—staples, handle and lock. Put an iron lamp on the wall alongside and the effect will be simple but quite charming.

On the other hand the house may be definitely distinctive in architecture in which case the main entrance must be in keeping. Then it not only adds to the dignity of the home but serves to emphasise its character.

### Different Styles

THE illustrations on this page show three different styles in front entrances, each one being suitable to its particular home and exceptionally pleasing.

The picture in the centre of the page shows an entrance refreshingly unusual, yet in character with the house. At the same time it has a quiet dignity, together with a simple charm.

Notice the window at one side, and the window-box planted with trailing plants. The brickwork below the window matches the brickwork of the garden path. The door is of plain polished wood. It is difficult to see it in the picture, because the entrance is fitted with a fly-wire door of fine mesh decorated with three bars of chromium across the front. There is also a stair-



THIS CHARMING ENTRANCE in quaint old-world style with lantern hanging over the door is in keeping with the little steeple, the attractive timbering of the house and the irregular roof lining.

—Courtesy Warner Bros. and Vitaphone.

way on the other side which leads to the upper part of the house.

The top illustration shows an entrance with a touch of the old world about it, further added to by the quaint little steeple, the diamond-paned windows, the irregular roof lining and effective timbering.

The door itself is of wood paneling while an old-time lantern

hangs above. The entrance in the lower picture is also charming. The little low

gate of wood strikes a pleasing note as a start. There is nothing much to the actual front door except an attractive simplicity. It is an adaptation of the Spanish style mentioned earlier in this article, and is of plain wood finished with iron furniture and eye-window with a fascinating little lantern at one side. You will notice the entrance is, however, essentially in keeping with the architecture of the house.—J.K.



ANOTHER SIMPLE but distinctive entrance. The front door of unpolished wood is finished with iron door furniture and grilled eye-window with a lantern on the wall at one side.

terior with plain cream stucco or brick walls, no verandah and perfectly plain windows.

You can give it a delightful Spanish air by adding wooden shut-

ters to those plain windows and planning the front entrance with a plain door of wood unpolished or painted, complete with little grilled eye-window and finished with iron

## NO MORE SHABBY FURNITURE— RENEW WITH "QUICK" ENAMEL



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"QUICK" Enamel flows on easily, levels itself perfectly and dries quickly with a full, rich gloss that wears and washes like porcelain. Also made in Stain, Silver and Clear.

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# You must try these . . . Delicious Fruit Drinks

Serve them in tall sparkling glasses . . . garnished with sprigs of mint and slices of lemon.

What sound is more pleasing on a hot summer day than the tinkle of ice against glass, and what sight is more refreshing than tall, crystal glasses brimming with ingenious mixtures of fruit juices?

WHEN serving summer drinks, see that they are quite cold.

If ice is not available, place the jug in a bowl of water and cover with cloth, allowing end of cloth to touch the water in bowl. Stand in draught.

## HONEY PUNCH

Half cup honey, 1 cup water, juice 4 oranges, grated rind of 1 orange, juice 1/2 lemon.

Bol water, honey, and rind for 3 minutes. Strain, and when cold add the strained orange and lemon juice. Ice, and serve diluted with water and chipped ice.

## LIMEADE

Juice two limes, soda water, broken ice, sugar to taste.

Place the broken ice in a glass. Pour over the lime juice and sugar. Fill with water or soda water. Serve at once.

## LEMONADE

Two lemons, 1 quart boiling water, 2oz. loaf sugar. Wash and dry lemons well, rub the sugar on the outside of lemons

By . . .  
**RUTH FURST**



FRUIT CUP should be served from a glass bowl in which slices of fruit and lemon are floating.



LEMON COOLER—a delicious summer drink—is more delightful if served in pretty glasses with slices of lemon on the side.

till all the oil is extracted. Put the squeezed juice and sugar into a jug. Pour on the water, cover with a clean cloth, and leave till cold. Strain immediately through muslin or it will be bitter.

## LEMON COOLER

Put 1 egg, juice 1 lemon, 6 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons chipped ice into shaker or covered jug, and shake for a few minutes till ice has melted.

Strain into large glass and fill with soda water. Serve with thin slice of lemon on side of glass.

Orange or grapefruit juice could be used instead of lemon.

## ORANGE JULEP

Three-quarters pound sugar, 1 1/2 pints water, juice 6 lemons, 1 1/2 cups orange juice, 1 cup mint leaves.

Bol the sugar and water, add mint leaves, and allow to stand 10 minutes, strain; add fruit juices, and when cold bottle. One-quarter fill a tumbler with the julep, add soda water and chipped ice. Serve at once.

## LEMON SYRUP

Two pounds sugar, 1 quart boiling water, 1 teaspoon citric acid, 1 dessertspoon essence of lemon.

Put the sugar into a large basin, add acid and pour on boiling water and stir till well dissolved. When cold add the essence. Bottle and cork tightly.

## "HALF AND HALF"

One orange, 1 lemon, 10 lumps loaf sugar, 2 pints boiling water. Wash and dry fruit, rub sugar all

over the skin of lemon to extract all oil. Put sugar and juice into a jug. Pour on the water. Cover with muslin, and allow to stand till cool. Strain, chill, or serve with shaved ice in tall glasses.

## FRUIT CUP

Two oranges, 2 lemons, 3 pints water, 5 lumps loaf sugar, 2oz. sugar, 4 passionfruit, ice.

Wash oranges and lemons and rub loaf sugar over the skin to extract all the oil. Squeeze the juice from oranges and lemons, place the juices and sugar in a large jug. Pour over the

boiling water, allow to stand till cold. Add the passionfruit and place in ice-chest. Serve in glasses with chipped ice.

## CIDER CUP

One pint cider, 1/2 lemon, 1 large wineglass sherry, 6 drops pineapple essence, pinch grated nutmeg, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 bottle soda water.

Mix together cider, soda water and sherry. Stir in sugar, nutmeg, essence, lemon juice and a strip of lemon rind. Stand on ice until required.

## ORANGE FIZZ

Four oranges, 1 cup ginger ale, 2 teaspoons sugar.

Squeeze the oranges, and sweeten with sugar. Divide into 2 glasses, and add half the ginger ale to each. Serve with chipped ice.

## APPLEADE

Four apples, 2 cups boiling water, 1 tablespoon sugar, rind of 1/2 lemon.

Wash the apples. Do not peel. Cut into thin slices. Put into basin



HOW LOVELY the drinks you serve will look if you use dainty colored glassware. These are in amber crackle glass with black feet.

with sugar and rind. Pour over the boiling water. Stir till sugar is dissolved. Allow to cool, then strain. Add more sugar if necessary. Chill. Serve in small glasses.

## GINGER BEER

Three-parts of kerosene tin of cold water, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 4lb. sugar, 2 1/2 table-

spoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon tartaric acid, 1oz. yeast.

Dissolve the yeast before adding to the water, then add all other ingredients. Allow to stand from 18 to 20 hours, stirring occasionally while standing. Keep the tin covered with a wet cloth. Strain through fine muslin, bottle, and cork tightly.

Open a tin of  
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## Neither Blonde nor Brunette—



Miss Faith Corrigan, brown-eyed but fair-skinned, uses Pond's Rose Cream Powder. (Below) Mrs. M. Bonde Sousa, medium blonde hair, but creamy skin, uses Brunette.

CONSULT YOUR SKIN—  
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Brown eyes—brown hair—and a white, transparent skin. Medium blonde hair—dark eyes—and a skin with a creamy undertone. Two contradictory types! Most girls would class the first as a brunette, the second as a blonde. But a brunette powder dims the sparkle of the first girl's skin, and a blonde powder makes the second's look chalky and dead!

Study your own skin before choosing powder. Is it fair? Or dark? Is it dull? Sallow? Does it need brightening up, or toning down?

There is a Pond's Powder shade that will bring your skin whatever it lacks. Pond's found the secret of sparkle in skin by using an Optical Machine which revealed hidden beauty tints. There's bright blue in blonde skin, you know, and brilliant green in brunette—those colours give lovely skins their special charm! Pond's

What shade  
powder  
shall I use?



Over 200 girls' skins, colour-analysed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin—blended invisibly in Pond's new powder shades.

blended them into their powders, to bring real life and glow to your skin!

Perfect Texture.

Pond's Powder also has the most exquisite clinging texture—it smooths on evenly and stays as you apply it indefinitely. No clogging in patches or "caking." And its lovely perfume retains its freshness—never goes flat. Pond's Powder costs only 1/6 and 2/6 per box. Test its perfection yourself—send the coupon below for your shade. You'll be thrilled with it!

**TRIAL OFFER:** Mail coupon with two 14 stamps to cover postage, package, etc., for free sample of Pond's exquisite new Face Powder. (Check Shade wanted: Brunette (Russet) ☐ Light Cream ☐ Rose Cream (Natural) ☐ Naturelle (Light Natural) ☐ Rose Brunette ☐ Dark Brunette (Suntan) ☐

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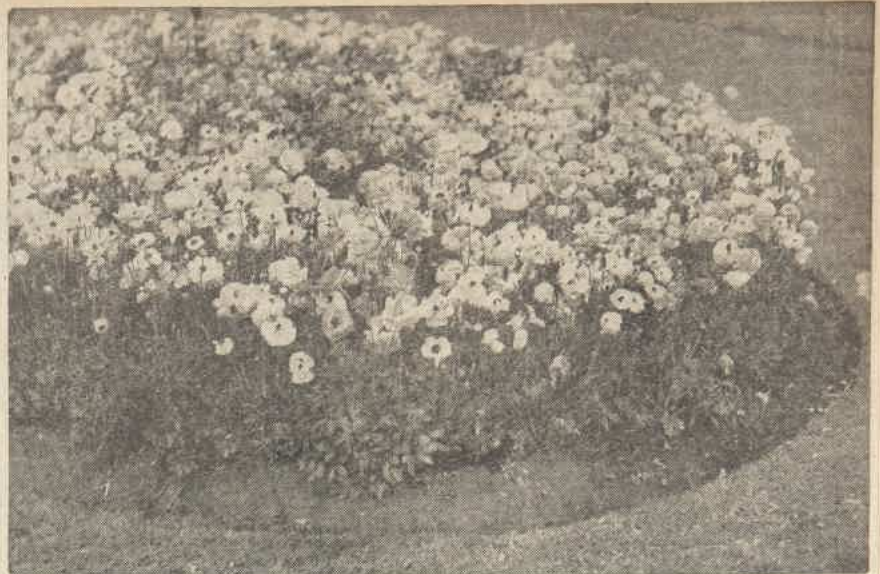
"Yah-Yah-Yah  
Yah-Yah-Yah"

("For goodness sake buck up  
with that Laxette!")

BABIES who can't talk are old enough to know that Laxettes are a "treat." When they see the Laxette tin they are all impatient till they get their half Laxette or whatever the dose for their age is. This eagerness makes it so easy

**LAXETTES**

to keep them well, for Laxettes, despite their delicious chocolate taste, are the finest "opening medicine" that children can possibly be given—unfailingly effective, yet gentle in action and having no unpleasant after-effects. Try a large tin (1/6d.), or a small sample tin (8d.), but make very sure of the genuine by asking for "a tin—a TIN—of Laxettes."



RANUNCULI grown in massed formation in small or large plots make a glorious display, their bright colors bringing gaiety to the early winter garden and their profusion of blooms providing an invaluable supply of flowers for house use.

## WITH RANUNCULI

Color the garden . . .

.... Combine them  
with Anemones and they will  
provide a cheery welcome to  
the drab months of winter.

... says the Old Gardener

No flowers contribute more color and beauty to the garden than a massed display of ranunculi and anemones.

MANY amateur gardeners are of the opinion that these flowers cannot be grown from seed, but such is definitely not the case, for they are just as easy to grow from seeds as any other plants.

The seed, however, must be sown early, and now is the right time. Ranunculi are slow to germinate, so after the seed is sown you must wait patiently before you see the results of your labors.

Anemones, although they do not take nearly as long to germinate as the ranunculi, will also benefit from early sowing.

### Semi-shaded Corner

FOR both these plants the seed beds should be well prepared—the soil dug deeply, and all weeds removed. Select a semi-shaded corner of the garden where they will be protected during the warmer weather.

Firm the seed bed with a piece of flat board, then scatter the seed over the surface and cover with

### Keeping Cut Flowers

ALL manner of cut flowers—even the recognised

short-lived varieties—will last twice as long if a small piece of charcoal is put in the bowl or vase in which they are arranged. The charcoal also keeps the water sweet and fresh.

well-decayed manure, rubbed fine or passed through a sieve. Use manure in preference to soil, for then the seed will germinate more quickly.

Keep the seed bed moist, but not too wet, and give special attention

to the weeds, which will certainly make their appearance before the plants.

Ranunculi take at least four or five weeks to germinate, and when they are large enough to handle, prick out into boxes, spacing the young plants about an inch apart each way, then at transplanting time they can be easily removed to their permanent beds. Anemones should be given the same treatment.

If raising the seeds in boxes be sure the boxes have plenty of holes in the bottom, and crock well with rubble, cinders, or such material, to ensure good drainage.

When watering the seed bed or boxes, use a can with a very fine rose, as heavy watering will wash away the tiny seeds.

In addition to raising the ranunculi from seed, they can be propagated and multiplied from the corm or bulb. So if you have bulbs from last season, plant them in a semi-shaded position, from one to two inches deep, and they will send out shoots. When these are a good inch above the ground, lift the bulb and, with a sharp knife, remove the young plants and replant in boxes until they are ready for transplantation.

### Sturdy Young Plants

VERY often you will secure four or five sturdy young plants from the one bulb. Ranunculi always give much better results when moved a second time.

If seeking a permanent position for both ranunculi and anemones in your garden, select a well-drained, sunny spot out in the open, as these gay beauties are great sun-lovers.

When preparing the beds, avoid fresh stable or farmyard manure. It is always a good idea to grow these plants where the bed has been manured for a previous display, for instance, where zinnias or snapdragons have grown; falling this, give the plants a good dressing of well-decayed manure or compost.

The soil should be of a firm nature, so if the soil in your garden is sandy, you should start to build it up immediately.

### Plan a Color Scheme

WHEN planning your garden, always have in mind a color scheme which will blend naturally and harmoniously with the home surroundings.

### RANUNCULI and ANEMONES

GROW FROM SEEDS

Here are the latest and best strains of these valuable and popular flowers. They flower beautifully the first year from seeds, and provide bulbs for future years.

Ranunculus "Magnifica Giant"—New. Flowers large, full, nicely formed. Color range amazing. Many new shades. 1/8 pt. Ranunculus "Magnifica Exhibition"—Quite as large as the Giant, with true exhibition form. Glorious colors. 1/8 pt. Ranunculus "Camellia Improved." The latest and best in this popular and exquisitely formed type. 1/8 pt. Anemone "Scarlet Emperor"—Extra large, well-formed flowers. Dazzling scarlet. 1/8 pt. Anemone "Blue Bonnet"—Large flowers like Scarlet Emperor, but a glorious blue shade. Use together for magnificent color scheme. 1/8 pt. SPECIAL OFFER: Set of 8 (value 7/-) for 6/- Post free.

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## BRUISES



Rexona Ointment takes all the pain and stiffness out of bruises. Rub it well into the bruised part. Its special properties soothe the injured skin tissues instantly, and get rid of the ugly disfigurement in a day or two. Sportsmen everywhere use Rexona Ointment to relieve painful knocks and bruises.

### PRaise FROM LEADING SPORTSMAN.

Mr. W. B. Egging, Princes Street, Bexley, writes: "I am a well-known amateur swimmer—an ex Beach Inspector of Cromwell Surf Club—and a champion Wrestler and Boxer. For the past five years I have been using Rexona Ointment. I have found it very good for easing bruises. I consider it the very best of Ointments."

**Rexona**

ointment, 1/6 tin. SOAP, 9d. per tablet. (City and Suburbs)

9.194.35



# THE BODY

By Evelyn

## BEAUTIFUL

### Invitation to DANCE

And you must look your best...with Sparkling Eyes and Soft, Clear Skin.

**D**ANCING 9 p.m.—2 a.m. R.S.V.P. . . . Exciting, isn't it? That same glorious thrill that invitations brought when you were a little girl.

To appear your most charming you must have sparkling eyes, gleaming hair, and flower-like skin—soft and translucent.

Summed up—you must be radiantly fresh and immaculate from head to foot.

Lovely essences put in your bath will give your skin a delightful fragrance. Try, too, to match this perfume with your powder and scent.

How devastating you will look with a pair of sparkling eyes fringed with dark, sweeping lashes. But after a hard day at the shop or in the office, those eyes may look heavy and dull.

#### Relax Completely

SO after cleansing your face, lie down and relax completely for ten minutes, and place two pads of cotton wool soaked in witch hazel over your eyes. You'll be delighted with the result.

A touch of eye-shadow, too, can be most alluring—purplish-blue for blondes, brown for brunettes, and green for the vivacious red-heads.

If you want to be very exotic you might experiment with a faint smear of gold or silver as well—it lends a sort of dewy softness to the eyes.

Blue mascara is the popular new Continental craze, and very enchanting it is, particularly for sun-tanned surf beauties.

#### Must Be Tidy

EYEBROWS are most important, thick or thin. Curving downwards, or soaring heavenwards, no matter what your choice they simply must be tidy with no scraggy hairs to spoil the clear outline.

Try putting just a spot of brilliantine on them and then combing into a fine, well-shaped line.

Gleaming locks, with demure little curls or immaculate waves, are the result of careful shampooing, but, above all, it is necessary to skilfully select a coiffure which

will lend personality and charm to your face.

To give that delightful burnished appearance, sprinkle just a spot of brilliantine on your hair and polish with a silk handkerchief.

If the night is warm, don't risk having a shiny skin. Before you apply your make-up splash your face thoroughly with icy-cold water and rub vigorously with the towel. Use a light powder base, and just a faint dusting of powder.

#### New Lilac Powder

DON'T despair if your complexion is ruddy, for it is easy to counteract the high color with a fascinating new lilac powder which is now being used. It is the most exquisite shade imaginable, like the palest of pink lilacs, and it will make even the heartiest complexions look alluringly delicate.

To make the ideal dancing partner, with that glorious light-as-air feeling, your feet must be healthy and comfortable.

An excellent way of refreshing the feet is to get a tub of warm water, throw in a handful of salt, then add a few drops of iodine. Soak the feet for about ten minutes, rub vigorously on a rough towel, pat them with methylated spirit, then dust over with talcum powder.

Nowadays with all the fascinating new nail lacquers, hands can taper down to the most delicate shell-pink, vivid flame, or if you



QUITE irresistible and ready to dance. Soft silken hair, sparkling eyes, rose-petal skin, and that fresh, fragrant feeling plus a lovely gown are responsible for making this young lovely look so captivating.

—Courtesy Fox Films.

are feeling particularly daring, smoky-blue and bright, cool green.

So for that next "very special occasion" just try these simple beauty treatments and you will look more attractive than you have ever done before.

## FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Watch Baby Carefully at Mealtime

Truby King System

"Baby is perfectly good all day, but cries from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Can you tell me why? I feed him exactly to time," writes a mother.

THE important thing to teach baby in the early days is the correct rhythm of sucking and swallowing, which is more or less a mechanical process, but can very readily be disturbed if the supply is free and the breast yields the milk too freely.

If the supply is so free that you cannot hold it back easily, take the breast away from baby frequently, returning it swiftly the moment he has swallowed what is in his mouth. Install a rhythm that can best be described as "one suck one swallow."

It is tedious at first, but very soon baby begins to do it for himself. He begins to really enjoy his meal. There is no period of crying from pain and discomfort. The mother herself is more serene and rested, as she should be in correct breastfeeding.

Try to arrange for a correct test-feed. This will ensure you of supervision and suggestions during that feed.

Feeding to time and quantity is not sufficient; baby must be correctly handled during the feed. Watch him carefully all the time.

As baby is being test-fed, be sure he sucks and swallows correctly. Make certain he brings up his wind midway and at the end of the feed, more frequently if necessary; particularly if he has been upset. Only in this way will you arrive at a satisfactory basis for time-feeding.

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By a Doctor

**PATIENT:** Although I am very thin I have a large appetite, and after every meal suffer from acute indigestion. What can I do to cure this, and gain weight?

**PERSONS** who are thin frequently possess a nervous temperament, using up much more energy than the average person. When the nervousness is prominent, a physician should be consulted. Should such a person desire to gain weight, exercise should be lessened and food intake increased, stressing such foods as starches, sugars and fats.

Approach your meal with anticipation, eat leisurely and without interference of hard physical or mental work or exercise. Never consider your meal a secondary affair.

To indulge in business discussions, the reading of newspapers, too much animated conversation, or too frequent dancing during a meal is unwise.

Should you suffer an attack of acute indigestion after eating, the wisest thing to do is to skip the next meal entirely or merely take some milk and crackers or a little weak tea. You may drink water in moderation, but no iced or very hot liquids.

An excellent practice for all except children and the aged is either a complete fast or a pure milk diet for a day about once a month.



## CUTEX for Lovelier Nails

The loveliest nails owe their beauty to Cutex—the most fashionable polish today.

It has a beautiful lustre, and wears longer. It is most easy to apply. The metal-shaft of the brush holds the soft hairs so firmly none can escape to spoil your polish.

With Cutex there is no peeling, no fading or discoloration.

Cutex shades meet fashion changes and the demands of the most critical taste. These are the reasons Cutex is the choice of the most fastidious.

Use Cutex Oily Polish Remover to remove old polish. Its use keeps cuticle soft and helps prevent brittle nails.



NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. TW.1  
375 Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W.  
I enclose 5d. in stamps for a trial size Cutex Manicure Set, including two shades of Polish.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_



## END PERSPIRATION DAMAGE

Stop worrying about perspiration—its odour and damage to clothes. Use Odo-Ro-No, regularly and see what a difference it makes...Daily baths or temporary deodorants cannot give the complete freedom from perspiration that Odo-Ro-No does...Odo-Ro-No was invented by a doctor. It stops perspiration in the small area of the underarm and this, authorities agree, is a healthful and sanitary practice.

**ODO-RO-NO**

Prices 1/-, 2/- and 3/6

Odo-Ro-No is made in two strengths—"Regular" for use twice a week; and "Intense" for daily use, or for people with more sensitive skin.



# THREE New SHOW D'OYLES

## In Exquisite Cutwork Designs of Flowers and Fruit

Needlework  
• • • Notions

If you live in the country or close to any town in which shows are held, why not make these three lovely d'oyles and enter them in the section always provided for this kind of work?

THE captivating designs—a rose, an iris, and grapes—carried out in cutwork are sure to catch the judge's eye if they are well worked.

The designs explain themselves—just handsome pieces of cutwork in an all-over style with an effect of lace which is fascinating.

The work is so easy to do that there should be nothing

to deter even the newest needleworker from attempting them.

Even if you do not send your needlework for exhibition, you could make this set for your own or a friend's glory box or for next year's presents. The work provides an interesting summer pastime, for tiny d'oyles can be carried in your bag to the beach.

### Ready to Work

YOU can obtain the d'oyles from our Needlework Department stamped ready for you to work on linen and cotton Cesarine, but for show work it is better to use the linen.

Stamped on linen of fine white quality, rich cream texture or in pastel tones of pink, green, yellow or blue, these d'oyles cost 1/- each, obtainable only from the offices of this paper. In Cesarine in shades of pink, green, yellow or blue, the price is only 9d. from our offices.

**BUTTONHOLING:** This is used almost all over the work, with just a little veining, satin spots and lines. It forms the cutwork just by being worked, so that all the open effect is automatically achieved by merely using this stitch.

**THE ROSE:** This is a lovely graceful spray leaning against a trellis of cross bars. Work the flower first by running a stitch all round the petals, with extra running where double lines occur. Then buttonhole all round, and finish the centre with satin-stitching or an open eyelet.

Now work the top part of the bud in the same manner to match. Then run a thread round all the leaves

and bits of stem, and buttonhole very neatly and shortly. Add the veins in stem-stitch or satin cording.

The cross bars are formed by buttonholing all round the inner line of the squares, the little bit of linen being clipped out later. Add the picots if you wish. They are not shown in the stamping, so take a pencil and put them in before you start the work, as it is easy to forget them.

Finish off the outer rim of the d'oyles with buttonholing over two running threads, and that completes the piece. Press well and cut.

**THE IRIS:** Work the flower and points of the buds first by buttonholing over one thread, extra threads in double lines. Then work the leaves finely and firmly, add

the veins where they show, and buttonhole the curved line at the foot of the group.

Finish the cross bars as in the rose, and then the outer rim; press and cut.

### One Padding Thread

**THE GRAPES:** In this group, work the leaf first with button-stitch over one padding thread, and stem-stitched veins. Pad and buttonhole all round each grape separately, then add the tiny curved line of light where it appears in the most prominent grapes.

Finish the cross bars and outer edge as directed in the other mats.

**COLORS:** If you decide to work in cream linen and natural shades, use red, pink or yellow for the rose; for the iris use purple, mauve or blue, with a strip of yellow down the front petal. The grapes may be in any shade of purple, deep blue, rosy mauve or light green. For show purposes, mount all on black or brown paper or cloth board.

### Adorable for the Tiny Tot

Smocked Frock Suitable for Small Girls

YOU can obtain the pattern for making this pretty little smocked frock complete with smocking transfer as shown, from our Needlework Department, for 1/1 plus 1d. postage. The frock would be attractive in either silk or cotton materials. It has a dainty square neck, double epaulets, and a smocked inset at the front and back.



## ★ DRAMATISE YOUR CHARM

Successful Make-up is Now Easy  
Says KATHLEEN COURT

No woman who has a dull, poor skin can hope to be attractive and popular. And, however bad her skin, no woman need suffer from this drawback. I think it is probable that I have had more experience in Beauty Culture work than any other woman alive to-day. For many years, in France, Italy, Germany, England, America, South Africa, New Zealand, I have carried on my Beauty-Research work. I have discussed Problems of Appearance with hundreds of thousands—have diagnosed many thousands of individual cases, and have sold millions of beauty aids in most parts of the world. I have never lost a market. This is EXPERIENCE—the basis of success in beauty culture work. It is the reason why the popularity of my beautifiers continues to grow throughout the world—despite the opposition of combines. I am probably the only woman who, not being the figure-head of a huge financial machine, actively conducts her beauty work in many lands and has succeeded, over the years, in holding her sales-position.

Here is a Beauty Technique which, costing little, has never been known to fail.

Cleanse the Skin Pores to the depths, using my Cleansing Cream and "Facial" Facial Treatment Soap.  
If the Skin is Tired or Lazy—stimulate it with my Astringent Skin Tonic.  
Smooth into face, throat and neck an exquisite fine film of my "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream.  
Apply my "Facial Youth" or "Velvet-Skin" Face Powder.  
Apply my "Rose Petal" or "Seventeen" Rouge, then dust on a little more powder, over the rouge.  
If lashes and brows are light, deepen them with my Lash and Brow Cosmetics. Improve the shape of the brows with my Eyebrow Pencil.  
Smooth on one of my famous Lipsticks. These are as infallible as a lipstick may safely be made.

Kathleen Court Beautifiers are sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere.

If any difficulty in procuring, order direct from Kathleen Court, 409 Pitt Street, Sydney.

**Prices:** "Facial Youth" Cleansing Cream, 2/-; Astringent Skin Tonic, 3/-; "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream, Tubes 1/- and 1/2, Jars 2/-; "Facial Youth" in Lotion form, Bottles 1/6; "Facial Youth" Face Powder (Two Types—"A" for Dry Skin, "B" for Oily Skin), smart Sachets, each, 3d.; "Velvet-Skin" Face Powder, 1/- and 2/-; "Rose Petal" Rouge, 1/6; "Seventeen" Rouge, 1/6; Eyebrow and Brow Cosmetics, 2/-; Eyebrow Pencil, 1/3; Lipsticks, 1/- to 4/6.

**kathleen court**  
HONEST PRICE EFFECTIVE MAKE-UP

## Dainty Collar and Cuff Set

It Will Add That Smart Touch to a Dark Frock

HERE'S another of those completely adorable little collar and cuff sets that go on and off in the twinkling of an eye so that your best friends never know whether it is the same frock you are wearing so often or not.

The set is delightful for a dark frock, and adds that ultra-chic touch of smartness that turns an ordinary dress into a most distinctive one.

**Materials Required:** 15½ yards of braid, 1-8 inch wide. Semco mercerised crochet thread, size 60.

To make, it is necessary to use a paper guide stamped with the design for faggoted collar and cuffs. This you can obtain from our Needlework Department for 1/3 plus 1d. postage.

### Tack the Braid

**WORKING DIRECTIONS:** Cut out collar and cuffs from the paper guide, leaving 1 inch margin of paper all round the design. Tack the braid to the stamped paper guide, following the stamped lines of the design, using small stitches to hold the work firmly in place. Begin tacking the braid along the inner edge of the design, and continue around the ends and outside row of the parallel section of the design. Then tack the inner parallel strips in position. Tack the looped rows of braid in position, beginning with inner row.

Using sewing cotton No. 60, fasten all the raw ends securely in position. The working side of the design will be the wrong side when finished. Sew all sections and loops of the braid together wherever they touch or cross.

**Faggoting:** Using thread size 60, work the faggoting from right to left.

To Finish: Place a slightly damp cloth over the collar and cuffs and press with a hot iron. Remove from the paper guide.

Remember, you can obtain the guide stamped ready for working, together with small sketches and complete directions for making, for only 1/3 and 2d. postage.



ULTRA-SMART—a collar and cuff set in faggoting.

## Embroidery Stitches

WITH hand embroidery so popular nowadays, a few ideas on how to vary the elementary stitches should be of interest.

Everyone knows the familiar stem-stitch and how often it is used in present-day embroidery. Now, to vary this, work it in the usual way, then whip over the original stitches, keeping the whipping stitches at regular intervals.

Imagine the delightful effect if a different shade or color is used for the whipping. **Buttonhole-stitch** or blanket stitch is well known. Now try buttonhole-stitch double. Work a row of ordinary buttonhole-stitch first, leaving spaces between the stitches, turn the work upside down, and work another row of stitching so that the stitches of the second row fit into the spaces of the first row.

### Attractive Edging

THIS makes an attractive edging over a narrow hem, the bottom row of stitches being worked along the outer edge and the top row along the inner edge of the hem.

**Chain-stitch** is simple and effective, but try zig-zag chain-stitch. This is worked in the same way as ordinary chain-stitch, but each chain loop is made at an angle to the last to produce a zig-zag line.

In order to ensure that the stitch lies quite flat, the needle pierces the end of each loop as it enters the material.

A good plan is to work these variations on an odd piece of material; then you can see just how these stitches can be applied to your own work.

## GOOD NEWS FOR STOMACH SUFFERERS

Even if you consulted a specialist about your stomach trouble, he could hardly recommend a better remedy than 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA. Professor Bidet, the eminent French Biologist, has himself tested this famous formula, and proved its ingredients to be the best and quickest-acting known to science. 'Bisurated' Magnesia brings you instant relief from Indigestion, Gastritis, Flatulence, Sick Headache and all stomach disorders. Just one dose, and pain goes like magic—you can eat what you like without fear of after-meal misery.

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark

**BISMAG**

OF ALL Chemists.



**'Bisurated' Magnesia**  
For the Stomach



# THE MOVIE WORLD

January 23, 1937

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

## CALLING

### Australia!

## Here's Hot News From All the Studios

From Our Special Representatives: JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; JUDY BAILEY, London.

### Lovely Figures

THE stars were among the big money-earners of 1936. The top-notchers, as revealed by income tax figures just released, were:

Will Rogers 258,000 dollars; Warner Baxter 208,000; Joe E. Brown 173,000; Carole Lombard 156,000; Eddie Cantor 150,000; Paul Muni 150,000; James Cagney 147,000; Irene Dunne 145,000; Fred Astaire 127,000; Harold Lloyd 125,000; Katharine Hepburn 121,000; John Boles 117,000; Charles Ruggles 106,000; Herbert Marshall 105,000; and Jack Oakie 101,000.

Big money. Wonder how they'll stack up for 1936.

### Charms of Sculpture

NEIL HAMILTON has just completed a row of British pictures, which include "Because of Love," "You Must Get Married," and "No Escape." He has now gone off for a holiday in Sicily, where in the Greek Theatre at Torammina he has planted a three-penny-bill.

The idea is that when his daughter (now 34) is 18, he will go to seek that three-penny-bill. If he finds it, he will make it the daughter's lucky charm for life.

The Greek Theatre has been standing for over two thousand years, and all the actors of ancient days used to bring their possessions there to be granted the gift of good luck.

When he returns to London, Neil is having a head of himself sculptured by the famous Italian, Enrico Licari, who came over from the United States originally to make a bust of A. A. Milne and his very famous little boy, Christopher Robin.

### In the Air

AN informal report from the stewardess of an airline which carried many of our Hollywood celebrities back and forth to New York indicates that they all have their own method of whiling away time while in the air.

She told me that Robert Taylor makes photographs of the landscape below. Wallace Beery reads detective stories. Hugh Herbert sings to himself. Stuart Erwin solves wire puzzles, and Mary Brian catches up with her correspondence.

### Millions Lost

AN expected loss of £2,000,000 for 1936 in the English film industry has led Gaumont-British and British Dominions Films to announce a new policy for the future. Instead of producing pictures for a world market (in other words, with an eye on the U.S.A.) they intend to turn out films which will be unmistakably British, and which could not have been made anywhere else.

In other words, lavish production methods will be dropped. Hollywood will be left to turn out the world's big-time musicals and "colossal" spectacles.

Here is wisdom. English films along these lines never have been able to compete with the American offerings of the same nature, even in Australia, a British dominion. So how could our Yankee cousins be expected to take them?

### Crooning Carole

CAROLE LOMBARD'S contralto voice is so exciting when she sings her solo, "Call to Arms," in "Swing High, Swing Low," that Paramount is afraid people will think she herself isn't singing, but that a professional doubles for her. Those who were lucky enough to hear the sound recording at the studio report that Carole's voice has a throaty blues quality that reveals the versatile blonde in an entirely new, exotic light.

Carole steadfastly refuses to see the Press and answer their questions about her boy friend, Clark Gable. It begins to look as if marriage is not on the cards, even though they do see each other every day, as usual.

## Dots and Dashes

• DOLORES DEL RIO confessing that she won a beautiful baby contest

• Mary Brian lunching with Randolph Churchill, son of Winston Churchill

• Katharine Hepburn admitting to friends that she knew that Leland Hayward was going to marry Margaret Sullivan

• Robert Taylor breathing a sigh of relief as he got a hair-cut after finishing his role in "Camille," which required very long hair

• Freddy Bartholomew receiving a proposal of marriage from an eleven-year-old admirer.

### Faithful Dietrich

WHEN Marlene Dietrich heard that Joseph Von Sternberg was ill in a London hospital, she lost not a moment and dashed to his side. They had a touching reunion, and under the emotion of the moment Marlene agreed to make three pictures under his direction. Which calls for a revival of the Svenrah-Tribby myth.

Until her reunion with Von Sternberg, Marlene had been seen with young Douglas Fairbanks, but now she is giving all her time to the director.

### Recluse Steps Out

ALL the years that Ronald Colman has been in Hollywood one rarely sees him out. But lately Ronald has been playing the night life a little, and almost always he is accompanied by Benita Hume. Everyone is wondering if Ronald has really fallen in love, for this is the first time that he has been seen in public with anyone more than once or twice.

## SCREEN ODDITIES

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



### New Romance?

WAS there a buzz when Ginger Rogers, escorted by the handsome Robert Taylor, appeared at one of the Hollywood night clubs 't'other night? Here Bob has devoted himself to Barbara Stanwyck to the exclusion of all the other Hollywood beauties, and Ginger has been seeing Jimmy Stewart often enough to give the gossips a right to think that it was a romance.

Well, the next night Robert took Barbara to a picture show, and now the columnists don't know what to think. But knowing Barbara, I would say that Barbara, having no intentions of marrying again, at least for some time, realised that she and Bob were getting a great deal of publicity on a romance which probably will never jell. But they are going on being friends.

### Services Co-operate

ADMIRALTY and army officials are much kinder to British film producers than they used to be. Herbert Wilcox recently won the fullest co-operation of the Admiralty for a naval epic, and London Films are currently receiving every possible assistance from both military and naval authorities for the making of "Troopship."

Every morning hundreds of Horse Guards, Coldstream Guards, Lanciers and Grenadiers arrive at Denham, rather sheepishly suffer the attention of the make-up people, then form up under the arcs.

The big scene at the moment is the departure of the troopship from Southampton. Docks, gangways and the entire side of the ship have been reconstructed in Denham's huge outdoor "tank."

On location at Gibraltar, the producers were given the fullest co-operation. The commander of a warship even allowed a section of the ship's side to be painted white, he permitted temporary alterations to names on lifeboats and buoys, and called for volunteers from the Marines to dress up in khaki and become soldier-actors for a few hours.

The whole ship's company wanted the job!

### Glamor At Last

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, who has always refused to be known as a "glamor girl," has been cast as the glamorous heroine of "Tovarich." No play in recent years has so captivated the public interest, first in London with Eugenie Leontovich, and later in New York. It is a colorful, temperamental role, perfect, says Jack Warner, for Claudette.

"Joan of Arc," originally intended for Claudette Colbert, has been called off, since the news has leaked out that Elisabeth Bergner will do that famous role under the direction of her husband, Paul Cinner.

### If Ladies Meet

MRS. GEORGE S. KAUFMAN is settling down in Hollywood as story editor for Samuel Goldwyn. Everyone is wondering what will happen if she meets Mary Astor face to face. Not a thing, in all probability. They are both reserved, well-bred women.

Mrs. Kaufman has the job entirely on her own merits as a writer, and not through the influence of her famous play-writing husband.

### Life Is Earnest

THOSE of you who think you would like to lead the life of ease and luxury enjoyed (?) by our film stars just think this over. Ann Sothern, who had a difficult time getting away from the studio to marry Roger Pryor and enjoy a short honeymoon, went to Chicago with her bridegroom, hoping to have a few weeks of peace and quiet.

During those weeks of peace and quiet she managed to squeeze in eighteen interviews, attended a few club meetings, bought a wardrobe, purchased all her Christmas presents and wrote a song for Roger. Now she returns to Hollywood to go to work.





## Save Pounds!

In Dressmaking Bills... have more frocks in better materials, save on the kiddies' garments... and what is equally pleasing the "Barkly" is yours for the easiest terms!

### THE "BARKLY" SEWING MACHINE

It sews backwards and forwards without necessitating the removal of the fabric. It has an unbreakable shuttle case. Its castings are of Australian manufacture and it is fitted with every convenient attachment. We fit this sewing machine into a case to tone with any room.

10/- dep. 2/6 weekly

**BON MARCHE**  
1 Broadway, Sydney

'Phone M2384

## WARNING PAINS in the BACK

**Dreaded RHEUMATISM That Shortens So Many Lives**

If you get agonizing back, loin or joint pains; if you feel constantly tired, weak and irritable, with headaches, disturbed sleep, urinary troubles—**BEWARE OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASE.** Neglect means the risk of Crippling Breakdown, Menacing Rheumatic Complaints, Heart Injury—years of suffering—a premature decline of your powers, and possibly a shortened life. Harrison's Kidney and Bladder Pills offer you a remedy of proven efficacy for rheumatic, kidney, bladder and uric acid disorders. But the longer you delay treatment, the worse your trouble may become.

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## PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

### ★★ CAIN AND MABEL

Marion Davies, Clark Gable. (Warners.)

HERE is a picture that comes as close to three stars, while just missing them, as any I've seen. It has excellent comedy, more and better wise-cracks than any film of the past few months. The only thing wrong with it, in fact, is that in one section the action of the story is held up for an unconscionable time to allow the producer and director to demonstrate what they can do with massed chorus girls, a la Ziegfeld. This "gorgeous spectacle" stuff may be O.K. for some people, but it's definitely out of place in a quick-moving, hot-dialogue film of this type.

This, however, is the one criticism I have to level. Apart from that I enjoyed myself thoroughly. The story is amusing, being concerned with the throwing together, for publicity purposes, of a champion heavyweight boxer (Gable) and a musical comedy star (Marion Davies), who, starting off on terms of hate, end in a tighter clinch than the champ, ever got himself into in the ring.

Marion Davies stages a re-birth in this film, showing that you can't keep a veteran from looking and acting young—on the screen. Gable is good. Roscoe Karns, Walter Catlett and Alan Jenkins form a first-class supporting group.—Regent; showing.

### ★ SPENDTHRIFT

Henry Fonda, Pat Paterson. (Paramount.)

THIS offering comes pretty near to the two-star mark, but just misses on story value. Still, it stands as a sound average film that most people will enjoy while they're watching it, even though they may forget it within a week.

In a few words the plot is built up around three major characters: a wealthy young man quite devoid of cash, even petty cash, since his assets apparently are tied up; a lovely young girl, daughter of the trainer of the spendthrift's horses;

### Week's Best Release

CAIN AND MABEL

(Warner Bros. Release.)

An easy winner in a mediocre field.

and a fake Southern young lady, who snares the poor fish under the impression she is marrying riches. After behaving somewhat spinelessly, the moneyless playboy sloughs off his gold-digging wife, makes good as a broadcast announcer, sees the horse he bred win a big race, and ends up clasping the faithful daughter of the trainer to his breast. Love has triumphed, virtue has been rewarded, and scheming Sally, the synthetic Southern, has trailed to Reno on the usual business for which ladies go to that famous centre.

Henry Fonda does a good enough job as Towney Middleton (the spendthrift). If at times he gets on masculine nerves by allowing his wife to trample all over him, that is not Henry's fault, but the story's. Pat Paterson and Mary Brian are Good Angel and Bad Angel respectively. Bach is quite up to her role.—Cameo and Civic; showing.

### ★ LAND WITHOUT MUSIC

Richard Tauber, Diana Napier. (Associated Distributors.)

THERE is a notice preceding this picture, stating that the story has some basis in historical fact; it only goes to show that fact is not necessarily good fiction. The story, indeed, is this offering's major weakness; while it is lightened by touches of comedy, most of which are supplied by Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante, and helped by the Tauber voice, it is not strong enough to carry the Tauber teeth and lack of looks.

The German songbird, this time, is cast as Mario Carlini, a great tenor who returns to his native land only to find all music banned, even his own concerts cancelled. Reason: the citizens are too interested in music to work, and thus pay off the grand duchy's debt to Austria. Incensed, Mario, with the aid of Jonah B. Whisker (Durante),

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No stars... no good.

plans a concert in a forest cave. Unfortunately, he babbles about it to the Princess Regent, with the result that the gathering is raided, and Mario goes to jail. Happily, he escapes, charms the Princess with his voice, engineers a revolution in which the weapons are musical instruments, and... But don't tell me you've guessed that he marries the Princess.

As you can see, stage musical-comedy in celluloid. The Americans make better use of their singers. Another thing; the synchronisation is very bad. Tauber's jaw action is always about four bars ahead of, or behind, his voice. To notice this you don't have to be a film critic—a profession, of course, which takes years of study, plus a deep knowledge of histrionics, voice production, literature, music, art, ballet, costume, history, montage (very important), photography, and a whole lot of other things. You ask any critic.—Mayfair; showing.

### ★ FUGITIVE IN THE SKY

Warren Hull, Jean Muir. (Warners.)

ANOTHER opus in which a greater part of the action takes place in a trans-American plane, with the expected murder and the inevitable climax in which the killer is unmasked and hero and heroine fall into holts.

The fact that there are TWO murderers aboard adds a small extra spice of excitement to the story, but this is offset by the unsatisfactory quality of Howard Phillips' portrayal of Killer Madsen, public enemy No. 1, whose desperate doings cause the plane to be landed under the usual hazardous circumstances (in the middle of a dust-storm, this time). There are so many really A1 bad men knocking around Hollywood these days that Mr. Phillips' scowls and hissed threats are anaemic by comparison.

A fairly large cast was found necessary to make this film. Taken by and large, the players are satisfactory, if as uninspired as the story. Warren Hull plays the young journalist whose nose for news leads him on this wild flight, Jean Muir the air-hostess of whom Warren is enamored (Nice word that—smacks of pre-war novels). Just fair.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

### ★ POLO JOE

Joe E. Brown, Carol Hughes. (Warners.)

THERE are a lot of laughs in this picture. The only thing is that ninety per cent. of them come from the actors, via the sound equipment, instead of from the audience. In other words, although Joe E. Brown and Fay Holden (the latter as Aunt Minnie) guffaw industriously through the first couple of reels—presumably to set the cash customers a good example—the said C.C.'s are likely to find the occasions for real merriment about as plentiful as good turns without strings to 'em.

The picture has its moments, of course, but there are long, arid patches between them, and, even when they arrive, they are not of the variety to arouse riotous mirth.

Story? Joe returns from China only to fall in love with a polo-mad damsel. Although horses and he have always been strangers, since the mere presence of a nag gives him hay fever, Joe simulates an interest in polo, even pretends to a glorious past in the game, to gain the lady's favor. Result: he finds himself roped in as member of the local team. The rest can be imagined.

Not a comedy to go out of your way to see.—Regent; showing.



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From "The Gorgeous Hussy".  
—Joan Crawford's delightful new hairdresser...

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—Robert Taylor's improved love-making...  
—Franchot Tone's stirring speech...  
—Lionel Barrymore's denunciation of the gossip...  
—The gay surroundings of Joan's many romances...

★ ★ ★  
From "Born to Dance".  
—The 14 different types of dancing by Eleanor Powell...

★ ★ ★  
—"I've Got You Under My Skin," sung by Frances Langford...  
—"Swinging the Jinx away," sung and danced by Eleanor Powell...

★ ★ ★  
—"Hey, Bebe, Hey," sung by Eleanor Powell, Janet Stewart, Frances Langford, Sid Silver, Una Merkel and Buddy Ebsen...  
—"Rolling Home," a rollicking song, which comes to you through the periscope of a submarine... sung by James Stewart, Sid Silver, Buddy Ebsen and their boy friends...

★ ★ ★  
—"Rap-Tap-on-Wood"—Eleanor Powell's most sensational dance number...  
—"Easy To Love"—sung by Eleanor and Jimmy... and conducted by a new star—Reginald Gardiner. He's swell!

★ ★ ★  
—"Love Me, Love My Peckineer," sung by Virginia Bruce...  
and  
The Grand Finale to "Born to Dance," which is even more spectacular and eye-rivalling than the sensational "Penny Girl" sequence in "The Great Ziegfeld."

★ ★ ★  
"Libelled Lady," "The Gorgeous Hussy" and "Born to Dance" are from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—the same studio which produced "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Fury," "The Great Ziegfeld," "Romeo and Juliet" and "San Francisco."

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# BEHIND the SCENES



• KAY FRANCIS, who carries on a feud with George Brent, below, because, she claims, the latter tried to steal all their scenes together in a recent picture.



• GRACE MOORE. She insisted on whole scenes, in "Love Mr. Forever," being retaken because of Michael Bartlett.

## Feuds, Jealousies that Make or Mar a Film

By MARY OLIVIER

THEY say in Hollywood that the most perfect combination for any picture is a star, a director, a leading man (or woman), and a cameraman, between all of whom exists a mutual affection.

Just as some of the screen's greatest successes have been brought about by the friendly interest and co-operation of the principals concerned in the making, many outstanding flops of the past have been due to enmity, petty jealousies, or perhaps hatred between those who have been brought together to make entertainment.

YES, it's all plain sailing when the team pulls together, but what happens when the principals are at loggerheads? What is the outcome when stars and directors carry their private quarrels into the studios.

How do the stars react to their leading men and women anyhow? In what regard do they hold their directors and their cameramen

Do they look upon them as fellow-artists whose knowledge is greater than theirs, whose words are law? Or do they work with them on sufferance, consider them evils which are necessary in the making of a

picture—just cogs in the machinery of which they are the king pins?

Everyone knows that Marlene Dietrich for years refused to be directed by anyone other than Joseph Von Sternberg. It was Sternberg who first directed attention to the lovely German actress. He it was who steered her smooth course through the turbulent sea of Hollywood fame and fortune, who understood her emotions, her actions, her peculiar beauty.

Formerly a cameraman himself, he knew what could photograph the Dietrich loveliness to its best advantage, could focus the lenses on to her best features, and screen them from her bad points.

In his hands Marlene felt safe. So when Paramount suggested a change, Marlene packed up her

make-up box, and refused to return to the studio until they had promised to reunite her with her Joe.

Garbo has always had director trouble. It is not everyone who can understand the peculiarities of the Swedish lamp-post, and Metro, after trying out most of their pet directors, eventually found in Clarence Brown a man



who could bring out Garbo's best qualities and subdue those which did not reveal her at her best. Garbo did not like Clarence Brown. In fact, Garbo didn't like anybody at that time. Nothing suited her, nothing pleased her. She decided she wanted a different director for every picture, but though the studio gave in to her in many respects, they were adamant when it came to Clarence, and Garbo, in her saner moments, apparently realised that they were right.

Thus it has come about that Clarence Brown has directed nearly all her greatest successes, but she seldom holds any conversation with him, apart from what is necessary to the making of the picture.

### Stormy Scenes

THERE are a number of stars who just cannot get on with their directors. They fight and storm, no matter what the picture or the role. Lupe Velez always wanted to pick quarrels with her director. At first the studio people pandered to what they thought was a spoiled young woman with a fiery Mexican temperament, only to wake up to the fact that her outbursts were merely another method of making her presence felt.

Many an actor and actress has got even with a co-player by eating onions or garlic before a love scene.

A well-known co-starring team who have appeared in a number of pictures hate each other like poison. If they had their own ways they would never set foot in the same room at the one time, but both they and the studio know that, apart, their value at the box-office wouldn't be worth the paper their contracts are written on. So they are obliged to keep acting together, dancing together, and making love, whereas, in reality, they could cheerfully cut each other's throats.

Continued on Page 6, Movie Section





● FROM "The Garden of Allah." A scene showing native weaving. The Technicolor process brings out all the rich fabric of the hand-woven material.

# LIFE and ... COLOR FILMS Far Reaching Consequences

By JEAN SPAULDING

THE motion picture industry is finally color-conscious. No longer in an experimental stage, color is destined to effect a revolution in Hollywood and other film centres almost as sweeping as were the talkies.

But what the general use of color will do to Hollywood is nothing—startling as this statement may seem—to what it will do to you. Let me explain.

MOTION pictures are perhaps the greatest silent salesmen known to industry. Some gadget may be displayed on the screen and immediately it is introduced into thousands and thousands of homes.

New styles are continually being introduced into the world of fashion by Hollywood costume designers. What Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich or Kay Francis wears in a picture may the next day become the mode from one end of the earth to the other. The same is true of men's clothing, and, surprisingly enough, to an even greater degree. For men are, if anything, even more imitative than women in the matter of dress—which is one reason for the greater monotony of their costumes.

The matter does not end there. A movie set may find itself reproduced in thousands of homes. A dinner service in a movie sequence is immediately seized upon by discriminating hostesses as representing the latest and best. Styles in architecture, in furniture, in clothing, new games, new dances, new modes of hairdress, have originated in Hollywood.

Now consider what color will do in this direction. Not only the cut of a costume, but also its shades of color and its color combinations will now be reproduced on the

screen. The same is true of home furnishings, in which color plays perhaps an even more important part than design. That harmony of color which the Hollywood designers achieve will now be transferred to the home, and, for the most part, this will be an excellent thing, raising our standards another notch.

## Sweeping Changes

THERE will be transformations in the mode of living which now we do not dream of—impossible now to guess. There is an increasing realization of the influence which motion pictures exert on public life, and an increasing vigilance on the part of responsible producers to see that this influence shall be a good one.

To return to color, the Technicolor process is now by general acknowledgment perfected. Pictures like "Becky Sharp," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Dancing Pirate," and "Ramona" exclusively demonstrate that. It is bound to have a tremendous effect upon the motion picture industry, even if the changes it will bring about will not be so drastic or so cruel as the changes wrought by sound. And it will introduce sweeping changes into the lives of even those of us who are not dyed-in-the-wool movie fans.

Continued on Page 6, Movie Section



● NEW COLOR COMBINATIONS in dress could be instigated by such a personality as Tilly Losch, in the same picture



"BUT you weren't afraid," said Sylvia.  
"I hadn't room for fear," Michael Croyle answered. "I was simply conscious that it was my turn now to go into that room. This certainty filled me and I got up from the chair."

"Oh, you're not going to follow them?" cried one of the ladies in a voice of agitation—I think that it was the middle-aged, stoutish wife.

"It's time that I did," I answered, and the husband grumbled against my folly.

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Croyle," he said. "There's heaps of time. You'll probably just spoil their game when they've just got it ready for us. Have a heart and give them a chance! There's still an hour to go before midnight."

"It's my turn," I said, "I am called," and I walked to the door rather stiffly, like a man walking along a narrow board.

"You're coming back, of course?" the General said gruffly.

"Of course," I answered. I turned the handle and went into the room. I heard the governess say, as the door was closing softly behind me, "I heard nobody call him. He's as white as a ghost."

"That of course, was the merest piece of imagination. They were all, I think, worked up to expect that some startling and dreadful catastrophe was hidden in my sitting-room. What I was expecting, frankly, I cannot tell you."

"The long windows stood open, and the freshness of the dew filled the air. It was very still. Occasionally a bird rustled on a branch, and far away an owl hooted softly; and on the lawn

## SIXTEEN BELLS

Continued from Page 18

in front of me Mark Stile was walking with his wife, his arm about her shoulders. That was what the catastrophe amounted to, Sylvia. Cynthia Stile, by the simple device of not answering the summons to the drawing-room, had lured her husband to join her in the glamor of that forest garden. Once he had joined her—the magic of the night, something mystical in the pale radiance which lit it up, and the amazing riddle to them of their love, obliterated from their minds the drawing-room and our commonplace little company. I had to see to it that lucky people did their duty by the waifs and strays.

"I MOVED towards the window, but before I could open my mouth I heard a whisper behind me:

"Don't call, my dear!"

"The whisper was low and clear, and—you won't think me a fool, Sylvia?—in a moment the tears were running down my cheeks. You know how impossible it is to hear again by memory, however much you ply your imagination, a voice which once played upon your heart the loveliest music in the world. How often I had tried to recapture it. But it is just as impossible to mistake it when it falls actually upon your ears. I cried without shame, and I felt Joan's hand upon my shoulder.

"I turned round—or, rather, she turned me round. There was nothing strange or new in her. She

was wearing a white velvet dress which she had bought in London just before her accident, and had, I remembered, once worn. She glimmered white against the black of the room, her eyes darkly shining, her lips lovely with a smile. I think I babbled some excuse for my tears. I know that she was in my arms. The last time I had seen her, I had stooped and kissed her forehead—and it had been cold as marble. I remembered at this moment that I had not been sorry, for the coldness was a sign that the long days and nights of pain were over. I could afford to remember it, for now her lips were warm and tender as she lay in my arms pulsing with blood and life.

"Dearest and dearest, I have wanted you," I said.

"Joan stroked her hand down my cheek.

"I know, darling. I read your letters."

"You did?"

"Yes. Over your shoulder as you wrote them."

"I thought you did."

"Had you once faltered in your need of me," she said with loving pride. "I could not have come to you to-night," and her arms clung to me. "As it is—," and such a sigh of happiness broke from her lips as made all my sorrows of no account.

"You are here," I said, and I laughed.

"Joan laid a finger on my lips.

"Tush!" and she pointed to the lovers deep in talk upon the lawn. "I had forgotten them as completely as they had forgotten us. We owe them a great deal," said Joan, with a laugh in her eyes. "Don't let us bring them to earth before we need."

"What do we owe them?" I asked in a low voice.

"But for them I couldn't have come to you, my dear. To come to you there was a bridge needed for me to cross—and the only one bridge by which I could cross was the bridge of a perfect love. That is the law."

"I LOOKED out through the windows to where the two lovers waited in the silver grey and misty light for the chimes to break upon the stillness of the night. And all the time John was at my side, her hand clasping mine, her breath upon my cheek. . . . I wanted you to know, Sylvia, for I am going to skip out when the lights go down."

Michael had hardly finished speaking when the lights went out in the great restaurant, and every ship flying the Red Ensign between Pole and Pole struck sixteen bells. When the lights went up again, and the band broke into Auld Lang Syne, and Sylvia reached out a crossed hand to Michael Croyle, he had gone.

"You saw him go?" she asked quietly to her neighbor as she closed up the gap.

"Yes. He whispered good-night and went away."

And with that answer Sylvia was contented, but only for a little while. Michael Croyle had spoken of New Year's Eve as of a time long since past. But it was this New Year's Eve, nevertheless, the New Year's Eve which only five minutes ago was still to-night. He had told her a story of events not an hour old—events which had happened to him a hundred miles away in the depths of the New Forest. But he had not finished his story. Sylvia sat back in her chair startled and for a moment dismayed. It was she who had to finish it. She was sure of that just as Michael had been sure that it was his turn to go into the room which opened on to the garden.

"I shan't be a moment," she said to the man who sat next to her. "Will you come with me to the telephone?"

She tried to call up Croyle's house in Deanery Street, but she could not get on. She rang up the supervisor and was told that the line was occupied by a trunk call from the New Forest, where Michael Croyle had just died in a room opening upon the garden.

(Copyright.)



A NEW ACTOR FOR HOLLYWOOD—Michael Croyle, English army officer, big-game hunter, and leading sportsman, who has been signed up by M.G.M.

## Behind the Scenes

Continued from Page 4, Movie Section.

THEY are barely polite when they are on the set, and when they meet in social life they simply don't bother to speak at all. They try to take it out on each other by sarcastic comments in front of other members of the company, and there are often very uncomfortable moments for the directors and other players when they start fighting.

All Hollywood knows how much Kay Francis dislikes George Brent, because in a recent picture he tried to hog all their scenes together. This camera hogging racket is one of Hollywood's deadliest sins. Every star, naturally, wants to get the best camera angles, the greatest prominence in the close-ups, and it is a merry fight to the finish to see who comes off best. Nearly every star in Hollywood, at some time or other, has insisted upon the remaking of certain scenes, because his or her co-star has stolen the limelight—consciously or unconsciously.

### Picture Stolen

REMEMBER Grace Moore's "Love Me Forever"? When the finished picture was previewed in the studio's private theatre, they discovered that, despite the fact that Grace Moore was the star, and regardless of Michael Bartlett being a new and unknown comer, he positively walked away with every scene in which he appeared—and that meant nearly every scene in which Grace appeared, too. Miss Moore did not even wait for the end of the picture to come to stand right up and demand the re-taking of at least three-quarters of Bartlett's scenes either without him or

with his back to the camera. In the argument which followed the lady had the last word.

Result—if you ever see another picture co-starring Miss Moore and Mr. Bartlett, I'll be very much surprised. He hates her—and, boy, how she hates him!

Last, but not least, among the feuds that Hollywood should not have is that between a star and a cameraman—particularly when the star is a woman who wants to look her most radiant. A star's best friend is the cameraman. He is who can make or mar a face, can give a woman screen beauty, or take it away from her. Lighting and photography, assisted by a clever make-up, can transform Cinderella into a princess any day in the week, and vice versa. So woe betide the star who does not play ball with her cameraman, and treat him with the respect due to his importance.

The star-leading man, star-director, and star-cameraman problems have beset Hollywood producers for many years, and will continue to do so as long as motion pictures are made. Generally speaking, however, and fortunately for the future of the screen, the Hollywood crowd are a friendly lot, who get on pretty well with each other, and are so genuinely conscientious about their work and anxious for their careers that they do their best to keep the works of the studio running on greased wheels.

## Life and... Color Films

Continued from Page 5, Movie Section.

DAVID SELZNICK is reputed to have more than two millions of dollars invested in "The Garden of Allah," yet his faith in the picture and in the Technicolor process is so great that he is planning the production of another color picture even before the first one has been previewed.

The general swing over to color, when it eventually comes, will effect some drastic changes. The director will find the need for a new tempo; the set designer will have an added factor to consider in his arrangements. Distribution of light and shadow will make new and exacting demands upon the photographer; the electricians will have to adjust themselves to the cameraman's new demands. The actor will have to change his style of acting. Even the property man will be affected; he will have to watch the color of everything he brings on the set.

The shake-up in Hollywood (and other film centres) will not be as drastic as the revolution of sound, but it will be drastic enough. The most significant change, I think, will be in the types of pictures chosen. Drab portraits, dull realism, will give way to the colorful, the exotic, the romantic. Costume drama, still going strong, will take on an even firmer lease on life. Screen musicals will become ten times as effective, and ten times as difficult to produce.

Yes, the development of color has exciting possibilities. Its most subtle effects, however, as I warned you earlier, will be upon yourselves. Color films will undoubtedly change your life.

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PARADISE IN WALTZ TIME  
THE CHAMPAGNE WALTZ  
COULD SHE BE IN LOVE?  
HAPPY GO ROUND!



# SPELL-BOUND



**T**IBBETT and Wendy Barrie are the top-liners in Fox's "Under Your Spell." They appear at the top of the page. With them are Gregory Ratoff, the throat-sprayer, and Arthur Treacher, mounted. Tibbett (bottom left) as Mephistopheles.





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This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra share of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:—

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

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Pattern Coupon, 23/1/37.



WW1477.—Make this dear little frock in washing linen. Sizes, 4-10 years. Material required: 2 to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

WW1478



# WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN  
President Astrological Research Society

## Luck of Capricornians During 1937

Fortunately for their own peace of mind, as well as for those with whom they live, 1937 is likely to be rather satisfactory for most Capricornians—those born between December 22 and January 20.

And as they can generally be relied upon to display all the "sad" characteristics of their make-up and to express all the fears, doubts, melancholy and self-pity in the world, this news should cheer them up.

**CAPRICORN**IANs are practical, capable and serious folk, endowed with plenty of common sense, and thriving under responsibilities which would break the hearts of most people. Yet in seeming contradiction they are not really happy unless they can be a little worried and morbid.

Seeing that the stars promise a rather happy and satisfactory year for most Capricornians, it is only reasonable to assume that their sense of humor will predominate during 1937.

### Year of Goodwill

IN the circumstances, all Capricornians worthy of the name should see to it that moods, depressions, and fears are cast aside to allow the propitious planetary aspects to operate fortunately in their lives.

Much will depend upon the individual. Enthusiasm and goodwill must predominate, for Capricornians will find life a boomerang during 1937, bringing to them just those conditions which they themselves give to life.

Financial affairs are likely to retain a good average, or to improve, so that comforts and luxuries—somewhat lacking during past years—will again be within their grasp.

Economy should be practised, however. Money should not be loaned. Loans already made have a chance of recovery if the Capricornian will go after them between mid-February and early March—and again between mid-November and late December.

New and rather unusual interests

## The Daily Diary

Try to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

**ARIES PEOPLE** (March 21 to April 21): You have been having an annoying time, but affairs now improve. January 19 and 20 (after 3 p.m.) fair.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Unfriendly during the next few weeks, so try to avoid upsets, delays and obstacles, especially on January 26.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Be alive to all opportunities. Ask favors, seek advancement, make changes. Be enterprising. Be sure to utilize January 23 and 24. Propitious for new ventures.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Better times ahead, though not spectacular. January 24, 25, and to 4 p.m. on January 26 should be quite fair.

**LEO** (July 21 to Aug. 24): Live very quietly. Guard against partings, losses, and opposition. Be particularly careful on January 20 and 21.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Not spectacular. January 20 and 21 fair.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 23): This is a

time to give new ventures a good start. Work hard. Be an opportunist. Do not fail to utilize January 22, 23, and very early 24. The stars favor you then.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Live quietly for a few weeks. Your activities will meet with setbacks and difficulties. January 20 and 21 very poor.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Fair on January 19 and 20 (p.m.).

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Most auspicious. January 20 and 21 fair.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Go after the things you want. Your chances are good. Be enterprising, enthusiastic, and confident, especially on January 20 and 21.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Slightly better times ahead. January 24, 25, and to 4 p.m. on January 26 should be fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

but changes should not be attempted during the last week of March, June or September, or during the first three weeks of April, July, and October.

## Queen's Love for Brother

Continued from Page 2

"THE attic we considered our very own parlor and in it we kept a regular store of forbidden delicacies acquired by devious devices.

"This store consisted of apples, oranges, sugar, sweets, slabs of Chocolate Meunier, matches, and packets of Woodbines.

"Many other things there were besides, and to this blissful retreat we used, between the ages of five and six, to have recourse whenever it seemed an agreeable plan to escape our morning lessons."

He also vividly remembers the thrill of "early dissipation." "Once a year we were taken to the Drury Lane pantomime, where we sat enthralled from start to finish, usually with insufferable headaches from the unaccustomed glare."

At last, after school had claimed him: "During the holidays, my sister and I used to go to theatres as often as we were allowed—usually in the cheaper seats, as our purses never bulged. She had a wide taste in plays, but I think Barrie's were her favorites, though Shakespeare was by no means slighted."

As I never saw David and Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon as children, I will add an impression of them written for me by a very old friend of the family.

"The Lyon family have lived for six hundred years at Glamis, but, in spite of its great architectural beauty, I associate the childhood of the Queen with her Scottish than with her more modest English home.

"About St. Paul's Waldenbury, the Queen's Hertfordshire home, there lingers a faint fragrance like a whiff of pot-pourri of the 18th century.

"The red brick Queen Anne house, with its pleached walks, its moss-grown statues, its fountains, its garden temples and its three converging avenues seems at once remote from our own period and also unstained by memories of old feuds and bloodshed, and forms thus to my mind a more fitting frame for happy youth."

Next Week: A Born Princess.



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS are having great fun with their new Japanese parasols. From left to right: Annette, Cecile, Emilie, Yvonne, and Marie.

"Poor me, I feel sorry for myself this morning. What a night! What a night! But how CAN a girl get her beauty sleep when her skin's all over prickles and chafes?"



"Look what's come into our life! Bet if I sprinkled myself with clouds and clouds of this Johnson's Baby Powder I'd like myself again."



"Mmm — NOW I'm better. That smoothy — soft powder makes me feel so nice — and smell so nice — and LOOK so nice. I'll just have to give myself a great big kiss. THERE!"



Johnson's Baby Powder means a lot to babies. Its satiny smoothness keeps them fine and fit . . . comfortable all day. Feel its smoothness yourself, between thumb and finger . . . compare it with other powders, and you will use Johnson's Baby Powder always.

Try Johnson's for your own toilet, too. You will love its luxurious fineness.

# Johnson's BABY powder

"Best for Baby — Best for you"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Medels, Etc.

A11-36

# Why FLIT

is the insecticide that always kills!

FLIT is the most deadly to insects because it contains a killing agent found in no other insecticide in Australia



BUY A TIN TO-DAY



# LOVELY ... but LONELY!

*Alison*

A sporting lass, marvellously popular on the beach but at parties left severely alone. Hadn't had a phone call for weeks.



*Carole*

As charming and as witty as she is pretty — yet after one meeting her friends always seem to drift away.



*Joyce*

One of last year's loveliest brides. Her handsome young husband, devoted at first, recently began to "stay back at the office" suspiciously often.

**UNTIL THEY BECAME —**

## Change Daily Girls!



A girl may be gifted and beautiful and charming but people won't want to be near her if she's lacking in personal daintiness! It's so easy to offend with twice-worn undies. Why take the risk?

**Only 4 minutes a night to LUX your undies**

You can surely spare four little minutes a night, to guarantee all-day daintiness. Just pop your undies into Lux and squeeze them through. Don't forget your piece of corsetry. It's sure to be Luxable—they're all made that way now! Mustn't iron an elastic girdle. Needn't iron other undies—they'll live longer without! A daily Lux wash removes the perspiration acids that spoil colours and rot dainty fabrics. Don't use too-warm water. Don't rub—just squeeze and rinse.

**LUX undies and stockings after every wearing**



**How's your "ankle-charm"?**



Skirts are shorter. Legs are in the limelight again... and a slim, trim ankle has appeal. So avoid the pitfalls of "second-day" stockings—wrinkled ankles, twisted seams, baggy knees! Lux your stockings as soon as you take them off. Lux removes perspiration, preserves elasticity, restores the shapely fit and saves ladders.





# *The* SEA WOLF

By . . .  
Jack London

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST  
NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY



*Complete  
Book-length  
Novel*

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY



# THE SEA WOLF

By JACK LONDON



I SCARCELY know where to begin, though I sometimes facetiously place the cause of it all to Charley Furseth's credit. He kept a summer cottage in Mill Valley, under the shadow of Mount Tamalpais, and never occupied it except when he loafed through the winter months and read Nietzsche and Schopenhauer to rest his brain. When summer came on, he elected to sweat out a hot and dusty existence in the city and to toil incessantly. Had it not been my custom to run up to see him every Saturday afternoon and to stop over till Monday morning, this particular January Monday morning would not have found me afloat on San Francisco Bay.

Not but that I was afloat in a safe craft, for the Martinez was a new ferry-steamer, making her fourth or fifth trip on the run between Sausalito and San Francisco. The danger lay in the heavy fog which blanketed the bay, and of which, as a landman, I had little apprehension.

A red-faced man, slamming the cabin door behind him and stamping out on the deck, interrupted my reflections. The red-faced man shot a glance up at the pilot-house, gazed around at the fog, stumped across the deck and back (he evidently had artificial legs), and stood still by my side, legs wide apart, and with an expression of keen enjoyment on his face. I was not wrong when I decided that his days had been spent on the sea.

"It's nasty weather like this here that turns heads gray before their time," he said, with a nod towards the pilot-house.

"I had not thought there was any particular strain," I answered. "It seems as simple as A, B, C. They know the direction by compass, the distance, and the speed. I should not call it anything more than mathematical certainty."

"Strain!" he snorted. "Simple as A, B, C! Mathematical certainty!"

He seemed to brace himself up and lean backward against the air as he stared at me. "How about this here tide that's rushin' out through the Golden Gate?" he demanded, or belloved, rather. "How fast is she obbin'? What's the drift, eh? Listen to that, will you? A bell-buoy, and we're a-top of it! See 'em alterin' the course!"

From out of the fog came the mournful tolling of a bell, and I could see the pilot turning the wheel with great rapidity. The bell, which had seemed straight ahead, was now sounding from the side. Our own whistle was blowing hoarsely, and from time to time the sound of other whistles came to us from out of the fog.

"That's a ferry-boat of some sort," the newcomer said, indicating a whistle off to the right. "And there! Dye! Ar that? Blown my mouth. Some scow schooner, most likely. Better watch out, Mr. Schooner-man. Ah, I thought so."

The unseen ferry-boat was blowing

blast after blast, and the mouth-blown horn was tooting in terror-stricken fashion.

A shrill little whistle, piping as if gone mad, came from directly ahead and from very near at hand. Gongs sounded on the Martinez. Our paddle-wheels stopped, their pulsing beat died away, and then they started again.

"One of them dare-devil launches," he said. "I almost wish we'd sunk him, the little rip! They're the cause of more trouble. And what good are they? Any jackass gets aboard one and runs it, blowin' his whistle to beat the band and tellin' the rest of the world to look out for him, because he's comin' and can't look out for himself! Because he's comin'! And you've got to look out, too! Right of way! Common decency! They don't know the meanin' of it!"

The voice of my companion brought me back to myself with a laugh. I too had been groping and floundering, the while I thought I rode clear-eyed through the mystery.

"Hello; somebody comin' our way," he was saying. "And dye hear that? He's comin' fast. Walkin' right along. Guess he don't hear us yet. Wind's in wrong direction."

The fresh breeze was blowing right down upon us, and I could hear the whistle plainly, off to one side and a little ahead.

"Ferry-boat?" I asked.

He nodded, then added, "Or he wouldn't be keepin' up such a clip." He gave a short chuckle. "They're gettin' anxious up there."

I glanced up. The captain had thrust his head and shoulders out of the pilot-house, and was staring intently into the fog as though by sheer force of will he could penetrate it. His face was anxious, as was the face of my companion, who had stamped over to the rail and was gazing with a like intentness in the direction of the invisible danger.

Then everything happened, and with inconceivable rapidity. The fog seemed to break away as though split by a wedge, and the bow of a steamboat emerged, trailing fog-wreaths on either side like seaweed on the snout of Leviathan. I could see the pilot-house and a white-bearded man leaning partly out of it, on his elbows. He was clad in a blue uniform, and I remember noting how trim and quiet he was. His quietness, under the circumstances, was terrible. He accepted Destiny, marched hand in hand with it, and coolly measured the stroke.

The vessels came together before I could follow the red-faced man's advice to grab something and hold on. We must have been struck squarely amidships, for I saw nothing, the strange steamboat having passed beyond my line of vision. The Martinez heeled over, sharply, and there was a crashing and rending of timber. I was thrown flat on the wet deck, and before I could scramble to my feet I heard the scream of the women. This it was, I am certain—the most indescribable of blood-curdling sounds—that threw

me into a panic. I remembered the life-preservers stored in the cabin, but was met at the door and swept backward by a wild rush of men and women. What happened in the next few minutes I do not recollect, though I have a clear remembrance of pulling down life-preservers from the overhead racks, while the red-faced man fastened them about the bodies of an hysterical group of women.

I remember the scene impelled me to sudden laughter, and in the next instant I realised I was becoming hysterical myself; for these were women of my own kind, like my mother and sisters, with the fear of death upon them and unwilling to die.

The horror of it drove me out on deck. I was feeling sick and queamish, and sat down on a bench. In a hazy way I saw and heard men rushing and shouting as they strove to lower the boats. It was just as I had read descriptions of such scenes in books. The tackles jammed. Nothing worked. One boat lowered away with the plugs out, filled with women and children and then with water, and capsized.

I descended to the lower deck. The Martinez was sinking fast, for the water was very near. Numbers of the passengers were leaping overboard. Others, in the water, were clamoring to be taken aboard again. No one heeded them. A cry arose that we were sinking. I was seized by the consequent panic, and went over the side in a surge of bodies. How I went over I do not know, though I did know, and instantly, why those in the water were so desirous of getting back on the steamer. The water was cold—so cold that it was painful.

THE noises grew indistinct, though I heard a final and despairing chorus of screams in the distance and knew that the Martinez had gone down. Later—how much later I have no knowledge—I came to myself with a start of fear. I was alone. I could hear no calls or cries—only the sound of the waves, made weirdly hollow and reverberant by the fog. A panic in a crowd, which partakes of a sort of community of interest, is not so terrible as a panic when one is by oneself; and such a panic I now suffered. Whither was I drifting? I confess that a madness seized me, that I shrieked aloud as the women had shrieked, and beat the water with my numb hands.

How long this lasted I have no conception, for a blankness intervened, of which I remember no more than one remembers of troubled and painful sleep. When I awoke, it was as after centuries of time; and I saw, almost above me and emerging from the fog, the bow of a vessel, and three triangular sails, each already lapping the other and filled with wind.

The stern of the vessel shot by, dropping, as it did so, into a hollow between



the waves; and I caught a glimpse of a man standing at the wheel, and of another man who seemed to be doing little else than smoke a cigar. I saw the smoke issuing from his lips as he slowly turned his head and glanced out over the water in my direction.

His face wore an absent expression, as of deep thought, and I became afraid that if his eyes did light upon me he would nevertheless not see me. But his eyes did light upon me, and looked squarely into mine; and he did see me, for he sprang to the wheel, thrusting the other man aside, and whirled it round and round, hand over hand, at the same time shouting orders of some sort. The vessel seemed to go off at a tangent to its former course and leapt almost instantly from view into the fog.

I felt myself slipping into unconsciousness, and tried with all the power of my will to fight above the suffocating blankness and darkness that was rising around me. A little later I heard the stroke of oars, growing nearer and nearer, and the calls of a man. When he was very near I heard him crying, in vexed fashion, "Why don't you sing out?" This meant me, I thought, and then the blankness and darkness rose over me.

I SEEMED swinging in a mighty rhythm through orbit vastness. Then it seemed as though I were being dragged over rasping sands, white and hot in the sun. This gave place to a sense of intolerable anguish. My skin was scorching in the torment of fire. A going clanged and knelled. The sparkling points of light flashed past me in an interminable stream, as though the whole sidereal system were dropping into the void. I gasped, caught my breath painfully, and opened my eyes. Two men were kneeling beside me, working over me.

"That'll do, Yonson," one of the men said. "Can't yer see you've bloomin' well rubbed all the gent's skin off?"

The man addressed as Yonson, a man of the heavy Scandinavian type, ceased chafing me, and arose awkwardly to his feet. The man who had spoken to him was clearly a Cockney, with the clean lines and weakly pretty, almost effeminate, face of the man who has absorbed the sound of Bow Bells from birth. A drageled muslin cap on his head and a dirty gunny-sack about his slim hips proclaimed him cook of the decidedly dirty ship's galley in which I found myself.

"An' 'ow yer feelin' now, sir?" he asked, with the subservient smirk which comes only of generations of tip-seeking ancestors.

For reply, I twisted weakly into a sitting posture, and was helped by Yonson to my feet. The rattle and bang of a frying-pan was grating horribly on my nerves. I could not collect my thoughts. Clutching the woodwork of the galley for support—and I confess the grease with which it was smeared put my teeth on edge—I reached across a hot cooking-range to the offending utensil, unhooked it, and wedged it securely into the coal-box.

The cook grinned at my exhibition of nerves, and thrust into my hand a steaming mug with an "Ere, this'll do yer good." It was a nauseous mess—ship's coffee—but the heat of it was revivifying. Between gulps of the molten stuff I glanced down at my raw and bleeding chest and turned to the Scandinavian.

"Thank you, Mr. Yonson," I said; "but don't you think your measures were rather heroic?"

"My name is Johnson, not Yonson," he said, in very good, though slow, English, with no more than a shade of accent to it.

There was mild protest in his pale blue eyes, and withal a timid frankness and manliness that quite won me to him.

"Thank you, Mr. Johnson," I corrected, and reached out my hand for his.

He hesitated, awkward and bashful, shifted his weight from one leg to the other, then blunderingly gripped my hand in a hearty shake.

"Have you any dry clothes I may put on?" I asked the cook.

"Yes, sir," he answered, with cheerful alacrity. "I'll run down an' tyke a look over my kit, if you've no objection, sir, to wearin' my things."

He dived out of the galley door, or glided rather, with a swiftness and smoothness of gait that struck me as being not so much cat-like as oily. In fact, this oiliness, or greasiness, as I was later to learn, was probably the most salient expression of his personality.

"And where am I?" I asked Johnson, whom I took, and rightly, to be one of the sailors. "What vessel is this, and where is she bound?"

"Off the Farallones, heading about south-west," he answered, slowly and methodically, as though groping for his best English, and rigidly observing the order of my queries. "The schooner Ghost, bound seal-hunting to Japan."

"And who is the captain? I must see him as soon as I am dressed."

Johnson looked puzzled and embarrassed. He hesitated while he groped in his vocabulary and framed a complete answer. "The cap'n is Wolf Larsen, or so men call him. I never heard his other name. But you better speak soft with him. He is mad this mornin'. The mate—"

But he did not finish. The cook had glided in.

"Better sling yer 'ook out of 'ere, Yonson," he said. "The Old Man'll be wantin' yer on deck, an' this ain't no d'y to fall foul of 'im."

Johnson turned obediently to the door, at the same time, over the cook's shoulder, favoring me with an amazingly solemn and portentous wink, as though to emphasize his interrupted remark, and the need for me to be soft-spoken with the captain.

Hanging over the cook's arm was a loose and crumpled array of evil-looking and sour-smelling garments.

"They was put aw'y wet, sir," he vouchsafed explanation. "But you'll 'ave to make them do till I dry yours out by the fire."

Clinging to the woodwork, staggering with the roll of the ship, and aided by the cook, I managed to slip into a rough woollen undershirt. On the instant my flesh was creeping and crawling from the harsh contact. He noticed my involuntary twitching and grimacing, and smirked:

"I only 'ope yer don't ever 'ave to get used to such as that in this life. 'Cos you've got a bloomin' soft skin, that you 'ave, more like a lydy's than any I know of. I was bloomin' well sure you was a gentleman as soon as I set eyes on yer."

I had taken a dislike to him at first, and as he helped to dress me this dislike increased. There was something repulsive about his touch.

"And whom have I to thank for this kindness?" I asked, when I stood completely arrayed, a tiny boy's cap on my head, and for coat a dirty, striped cotton jacket which ended at the small of my back and the sleeves of which reached just below my elbows.

The cook drew himself up in a smugly humble fashion, a deprecating smirk on his face. Out of my experience with stewards on the Atlantic liners at the end of the voyage, I could have sworn he was waiting for his tip. From my fuller knowledge of the creature I now know that the posture was unconscious. An hereditary servility, no doubt, was responsible.

"Mugridge, sir," he fawned, his effeminate features running into a greasy smile. "Thomas Mugridge, sir, an' at yer service."

"All right, Thomas," I said. "I shall not forget you—when my clothes are dry."

A soft light suffused his face, and his eyes glistened, as though somewhere in the depths of his being his ancestors had quickened and stirred with dim memories of tips received in former lives.

"Thank you, sir," he said, very gratefully and very humbly, indeed.

Precisely in the way that the door slid back, he slid aside, and I stepped out on deck. I was still weak from my prolonged immersion. A puff of wind caught me, and I staggered across the moving deck to a corner of the cabin, to which I clung for support. The schooner, heeled over far out from the perpendicular, was bowing and plunging into the long Pacific roll.

HAVING completed my survey of the horizon, I turned to my more immediate surroundings. My first thought was that a man who had come through a collision and rubbed shoulders with death merited more attention than I received. Beyond a sailor at the wheel who stared curiously across the top of the cabin, I attracted no notice whatever.

Everybody seemed interested in what was going on amidships. There, on a hatch, a large man was lying on his back. He was fully clothed, though his shirt was ripped open in front. Nothing was to be seen of his chest, however, for it was covered with a mass of black hair, in appearance like the furry coat of a dog. His face and neck were hidden beneath a black beard, intershot with grey, which would have been stiff and bushy had it not been limp and dragged and dripping with water. His eyes were closed, and he was apparently unconscious; but his mouth was wide open, his breast heaving as though from suffocation as he labored noisily for breath. A sailor, from time to time, and quite methodically, as a matter of routine, dropped a canvas bucket into the ocean at the end of a rope, hauled it in hand under hand, and sluiced its contents over the prostrate man.

Pacing back and forth the length of the hatchway, and savagely chewing the end of a cigar, was the man whose casual glance had rescued me from the sea. His height was probably five feet ten inches, or ten and a half; but my first impression, or feel of the man, was not of this, but of his strength. And yet, while he was of massive build, with broad shoulders and deep chest, I could not characterise his strength as massive.

The cook stuck his head out of the galley door and grinned encouragingly at me, at the same time jerking his thumb in the direction of the man who



## THE SEA WOLF

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.

paced up and down by the hatchway. Thus I was given to understand that he was the captain, the "Old Man," in the cook's vernacular, the individual whom I must interview and put to the trouble of somehow getting me ashore. I had half started forward, to get over with what I was certain would be a stormy five minutes, when a more violent suffocating paroxysm seized the unfortunate person who was lying on his back. He wrenched and writhed about convulsively. The chin, with the damp black beard, pointed higher in the air as the black muscles stiffened and the chest swelled in an unconscious and instinctive effort to get more air. Under the whalers, and all unseen, I knew that the skin was taking on a purplish hue.

The captain, or Wolf Larsen, as men called him, ceased pacing and gazed down at the dying man. So fierce had this final struggle become that the sailor paused in the act of flinging more water over him and stared curiously, the canvas bucket partly tilted and dripping its contents to the deck.

Then a most surprising thing occurred. The captain broke loose upon the dead man like a thunderclap. Oaths rolled from his lips in a continuous stream. The cause of it all, as near as I could make out, was that the man, who was mate, had gone on a debauch before leaving San Francisco, and then had the poor taste to die at the beginning of the voyage and leave Wolf Larsen short-handed.

It should be unnecessary to state, at least to my friends, that I was shocked. Oaths and vile language of any sort had always been repellent to me. The scorching torrent was enough to wither the face of the corpse. I should not have been surprised if the wet black beard had frizzled and curled and flared up in smoke and flame. But the dead man was unconcerned. He continued to grin with a sardonic humor, with a cynical mockery and defiance. He was master of the situation.

**W**OLF LARSEN ceased swearing as suddenly as he had begun. He relighted his cigar and glanced around. His eyes chanced upon the cook.

"Well, Cooky?" he began, with a suaveness that was cold and of the temper of steel.

"Yes, sir," the cook eagerly interpolated, with appeasing and apologetic servility. "Don't you think you've stretched that neck of yours just about enough? It's unhealthy, you know. The mate's gone, so I can't afford to lose you, too. You must be very, very careful of your health, Cooky. Understand?"

His last word, in striking contrast with the smoothness of his previous utterance, snapped like the lash of a whip. The cook quailed under it.

"Yes, sir," was the meek reply, as the offending head disappeared into the galley.

At this sweeping rebuke, which the cook had only pointed, the rest of the crew became uninterested and fell to work at one task or another. A number of men, however, who were lounging about a companionway between the galley and the hatch, and who did not seem to be sailors, continued talking in low tones with one another. These, I afterwards learned, were the hunters, the men who shot the seals, and a very superior breed to common sailorfolk.

"Johansen!" Wolf Larsen called out. A sailor stepped forward obediently. "Get

your palm and needle and sew the beggar up. You'll find some old canvas in the sail-locker. Make it do."

"What'll I put on his feet, sir?" the man asked, after the customary "Ay, ay, sir."

"We'll see to that," Wolf Larsen answered.

By this time he had swung fully around and was facing me.

"You're a preacher, aren't you?" he asked.

The hunters—there were six of them—to a man, turned and regarded me. I was painfully aware of my likeness to a scarecrow. A laugh went up at my appearance.

I told him that, unhappily for the burial service, I was not a preacher, when he sharply demanded:

"What do you do for a living?"

I confess I had never had such a question asked me before, nor had I ever canvassed it. I was quite taken aback, and before I could find myself had stilly stammered, "I—I am a gentleman."

His lip curled in a swift sneer.

"I have worked. I do work," I cried impetuously, as though he were my judge and I required vindication, and at the same time very much aware of my arrant idiocy in discussing the subject at all.

"For your living?"

There was something so imperative and masterful about him that I was quite beside myself—"rattled," as Furuseth would have termed it, like a quaking child before a stern schoolmaster.

"Who feeds you?" was his next question.

"I have an income," I answered stoutly, and could have bitten my tongue the next instant. "All of which, you will pardon my observing, has nothing whatsoever to do with what I wish to see you about."

But he disregarded my protest.

"Who earned it? Eh? I thought so. Your father. You stand on dead men's legs. You've never had any of your own. You couldn't walk alone between two sunrises and hustle the meat for your three meals. Let me see your hand."

His tremendous, dormant strength must have stirred, swiftly and accurately, or I must have slept a moment, for before I knew it he had stepped two paces forward, gripped my right hand in his, and held it up for inspection. I tried to withdraw it, but his fingers tightened, without visible effort, till I thought mine would be crushed.

Wolf Larsen dropped my hand with a flint of disdain.

"Dead men's hands have kept it soft. Good for little else than dish-washing and scullion work."

"I wish to be put ashore," I said firmly, for I now had myself in control. "I shall pay you whatever you judge your delay and trouble to be worth."

He looked at me curiously. Mockery shone in his eyes.

"I have a counter proposition to make, and for the good of your soul. My mate's gone, and there'll be a lot of promotion. A sailor comes aft to take mate's place, cabin-boy goes forward to take sailor's place, and you take the cabin-boy's place, sign the articles for the cruise, twenty dollars per month and found. Now what do you say? And mind you, it's for your own soul's sake. It will be the making of you. You might learn in time to stand on your own legs and perhaps to toddle along a bit."

But I took no notice. The sails of a vessel I had seen off to the south-west had grown larger and plainer. They were of the same schooner-rig as the Ghost, though the hull itself, I could see, was smaller.

"That vessel will soon be passing us," I said, after a moment's pause. "As she is going in the opposite direction, she is very probably bound for San Francisco."

"Very probably," was Wolf Larsen's answer, as he turned partly away from me and cried out, "Cooky! Oh, Cooky!" The Cockney popped out of the galley. "Where's that boy? Tell him I want him."

**Y**ES, sir; and Thomas Muiridge fled swiftly aft and disappeared down another companionway near the wheel. A moment later he emerged, a heavy-set young fellow of eighteen or nineteen, with a glowering, villainous countenance, trailing at his heels.

"Ere 'e is, sir," the cook said.

But Wolf Larsen ignored that worthy, turning at once to the cabin-boy.

"What's your name, boy?"

"George Leach, sir," came the sullen answer, and the boy's bearing showed clearly that he divined the reason for which he had been summoned.

"Not an Irish name," the captain snapped sharply. "O'Toole or McCarthy would suit your mug a sight better."

I saw the young fellow's hands clench, and the blood crawl scarlet up his neck.

"But let that go," Wolf Larsen continued. "You may have very good reasons for forgetting your name, and I'll like you none the worse for it as long as you toe the mark. Telegraph Hill, of course, is your port of entry. It sticks out all over your mug. Tough as they make them and twice as nasty. I know the kind. Well, you can make up your mind to have it taken out of you on this craft. Understand? Who shipped you, anyway?"

"McCready and Swanson."

"Sir!" Wolf Larsen thundered.

"McCready and Swanson, sir," the boy corrected, his eyes burning with a bitter light.

"Who got the advance money?"

"They did, sir."

"I thought as much. And darned glad you were to let them have it. Couldn't make yourself scarce too quick, with several gentlemen you may have heard of looking for you."

The boy metamorphosed into a savage on the instant. His body bunched together as though for a spring, and his face became as an infuriated beast's as he snarled. "It's a—"

"A what?" Wolf Larsen asked, a peculiar softness in his voice, as though he were overwhelmingly curious to hear the unspoken word.

The boy hesitated, then mastered his temper. "Nothin', sir. I take it back."

"And you have shown me I was right." This with a gratified smile. "How old are you?"

"Just turned sixteen, sir."

"A lie. You'll never see eighteen again. Big for your age at that, with muscles like a horse. Pack up your kit and go forward into the fore-cabin. You're a boat-puller now. You're promoted; see?"

Without waiting for the boy's acceptance, the captain turned to the sailor who had just finished the gruesome task



of sewing up the corpse. "Johansen, do you know anything about navigation?"

"No, sir."

"Well, never mind; you're mate just the same. Get your traps aft into the mate's berth."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the cheery response, as Johansen started forward.

In the meantime the erstwhile cabin-boy had not moved.

"What are you waiting for?" Wolf Larsen demanded.

"I didn't sign for boat-puller, sir," was the reply. "I signed for cabin-boy. An' I don't want no boat-pullin' in mine."

"Pack up and go for'ard."

This time Wolf Larsen's command was thrillingly imperative. The boy glowered sullenly, but refused to move.

Then came another stirring of Wolf Larsen's tremendous strength. It was utterly unexpected, and it was over and done with between ticks of two seconds. He had sprung fully six feet across the deck and driven his fist into the other's stomach. The cabin-boy—and he weighed one hundred and sixty-five at the very least—crumpled up. His body wrapped limply about the fist like a wet rag about a stick. He lifted into the air, described a short curve, and struck the deck alongside the corpse on his head and shoulders, where he lay and writhed about in agony.

"Well?" Larsen asked of me. "Have you made up your mind?"

I had glanced occasionally at the approaching schooner, and it was now almost abreast of us and not more than a couple of hundred yards away. It was a very trim and neat little craft. I could see a large, black number on one of its sails, and I had seen pictures of pilot-boats.

"What vessel is that?" I asked.

"The pilot-boat Lady Mine," Wolf Larsen answered grimly. "Got rid of her pilots and running into San Francisco. She'll be there in five or six hours with this wind."

"Will you please signal it, then, so that I may be put ashore?"

"Sorry, but I've lost the signal book overboard," he remarked, and the group of hunters grinned.

I debated a moment, looking him squarely in the eyes. I had seen the frightful treatment of the cabin-boy, and knew that I should very probably receive the same, if not worse. As I say, I debated with myself, and then I did what I consider the bravest act of my life. I ran to the side, waving my arms and shouting:

"Lady Mine ahoy! Take me ashore! A thousand dollars if you take me ashore!"

I waited, watching two men who stood by the wheel, one of them steering. The other was lifting a megaphone to his lips. I did not turn my head, though I expected every moment a killing blow from the human brute behind me. At last, after what seemed centuries, unable longer to stand the strain, I looked around. He had not moved. He was standing in the same position, swaying easily to the roll of the ship and lighting a fresh cigar.

"What is the matter? Anything wrong?"

This was the cry from the Lady Mine. "Yes!" I shouted, at the top of my lungs. "Life or death! One thousand dollars if you take me ashore!"

"Too much Frisco tanglefoot for the health of my crew!" Wolf Larsen shouted after. "This one"—indicating me with his thumb—"fancies sea-serpents and monkeys just now!"

The man on the Lady Mine laughed back through the megaphone. The pilot-boat plunged past.

"Give him hades for me!" came a final cry, and the two men waved their arms in farewell.

I leaned despairingly over the rail, watching the trim little schooner swiftly increasing the bleak sweep of ocean between us.

When I turned around a moment later, I saw the cabin-boy staggering to his feet. His face was ghastly white, twitching with suppressed pain. He looked very sick.

"Well, Leach, are you going for'ard?" Wolf Larsen asked.

"Yes, sir," came the answer of a spirit cowed.

"And you?" I was asked.

"I'll give you a thousand—" I began, but was interrupted.

"Stow that! Are you going to take up your duties as cabin-boy? Or do I have to take you in hand?"

What was I to do? To be brutally beaten, to be killed perhaps, would not help my case. I looked steadily into the cruel, gray eyes. They might have been granite for all the light and warmth of a human soul they contained. One may see the soul stir in some men's eyes, but his were bleak, and cold, and gray as the sea itself.

"Well?"

"Yes," I said.

"Say, yes, sir."

"Yes, sir," I corrected.

"What is your name?"

"Van Weyden, sir."

"First name?"

"Humphrey, sir; Humphrey Van Weyden."

"Age?"

"Thirty-five, sir."

"That'll do. Go to the cook and learn your duties."

And thus it was that I passed into a state of involuntary servitude to Wolf Larsen. He was stronger than I, that was all. But it was very unreal at the time. It is no less unreal now that I look back upon it. It will always be to me a monstrous, inconceivable thing, a horrible nightmare.

"Hold on, don't go yet."

I stopped obediently in my walk towards the galley.

"Johansen, call all hands. Now that we've everything cleaned up, we'll have the funeral and get the decks cleared of useless lumber."

WHAT happened to me next on the sealing-schooner Ghost, as I strove to fit into my new environment, are matters of humiliation and pain. The cook, who was called "the doctor" by the crew, "Tommy" by the hunters, and "Cooky" by Wolf Larsen, was a changed person. The difference worked in my status brought about a corresponding difference in treatment from him. Servile and fawning as he had been before, he was now as domineering and bellicose. In truth, I was no longer the fine gentleman with a skin soft as a "lydy's," but only an ordinary and very worthless cabin-boy.

He absurdly insisted upon my addressing him as Mr. Muiridge, and his behavior and carriage were insufferable as he

showed me my duties. Besides my work in the cabin, with its four small state-rooms, I was supposed to be his assistant in the galley, and my colossal ignorance concerning such things as peeling potatoes or washing greasy pots was a source of unending and sarcastic wonder to him.

This first day was made more difficult for me from the fact that the Ghost, under close reefs (terms such as these I did not learn till later), was plunging through what Mr. Muiridge called an "owlin' sou'easter." At half-past five, under his directions, I set the table in the cabin, with rough-weather trays in place, and then carried the tea and cooked food down from the galley.

It was no easy task, waiting on the cabin table, where sat Wolf Larsen, Johansen, and six hunters. The cabin was small, to begin with, and to move around, as I was compelled to, was not made easier by the schooner's violent pitching and wallowing. But what struck me most forcibly was the total lack of sympathy on the part of the men whom I served. I could feel my knee through my clothes, swelling, and swelling, as the effect of a collision with the bulwarks, and I was sick and faint from the pain of it. I could catch glimpses of my face, white and ghastly, distorted with pain, in the cabin mirror. All the men must have seen my condition, but not one spoke or took notice of me, till I was almost grateful to Wolf Larsen, later on (I was washing the dishes), when he said:

"Don't let a little thing like that bother you. You'll get used to such things in time. It may cripple you some, but all the same you'll be learning to walk."

"That's what you call a paradox, isn't it?" he added.

He seemed pleased when I nodded my head with the customary "Yes, sir."

"I suppose you know a bit about literary things? Eh? Good. I'll have some talks with you sometime."

And then, taking no further account of me, he turned his back and went up on deck.

That night, when I had finished an endless amount of work, I was sent to sleep in the steerage, where I made up a spare bunk. I was glad to get out of the detestable presence of the cook and to be off my feet. To my surprise, my clothes had dried on me, and there seemed no indications of catching cold, either from the last soaking or from the prolonged soaking from the foundering of the Martinez. Under ordinary circumstances, after all that I had undergone, I should have been fit for bed and a trained nurse.

But my knee was bothering me terribly. As well as I could make out, the knee-cap seemed turned up on edge in the midst of the swelling. As I sat in my bunk examining it (the six hunters were all in the steerage, smoking and talking in loud voices), Henderson took a passing glance at it.

"Looks nasty," he commented. "Tie a rag around it, and it'll be all right."

That was all; and on the land I would have been lying on the broad of my back, with a surgeon attending on me, and with strict injunctions to do nothing but rest. But I must do those men justice. Callous as they were to my suffering, they were equally callous to their own when anything befell them. And this was due, I believe, first, to habit; and second, to the fact that they were less sensitively organised. I really believe that a finely-organised, highly-strung



man would suffer twice and thrice as much as they from a like injury.

Tired as I was—exhausted, in fact—I was prevented from sleeping by the pain in my knee. It was all I could do to keep from groaning aloud. At home I should undoubtedly have given vent to my anguish; but this new and elemental environment seemed to call for a savage repression.

As I lay there thinking, I naturally dwelt upon myself and my situation. It was unparalleled, undreamed-of, that I, Humphrey Van Weyden, a scholar and a dilettante, if you please, in things artistic and literary, should be lying here on a Behring Sea seal-hunting schooner. Cabin-boy! I had never done any hard manual labor, or scullion labor, in my life. I had lived a placid, uneventful, sedentary existence all my days—the life of a scholar and a recluse on an assured and comfortable income. My muscles were small and soft, like a woman's, or so the doctors had said time and again in the course of their attempts to persuade me to go in for physical-culture fads. But I had preferred to use my head, rather than my body; and here I was, in no fit condition for the rough life in prospect.

I could hear the wind above. It came to my ears as a muffled roar. Now and again fast stamped overhead. An endless creaking was going on all about me, the woodwork and the fittings groaning and squeaking and complaining in a thousand keys. The hunters were still arguing and roaring like some semi-human amphibious breed.

**B**UT my first night in the hunters' stateroom was also my last. Next day Johansen, the new mate, was routed from the cabin by Wolf Larsen, and sent into the stateroom to sleep thereafter, while I took possession of the tiny cabin state-room, which, on the first day of the voyage, had already had two occupants. The reason for this change was quickly learned by the hunters, and became the cause of a deal of grumbling on their part. It seemed that Johansen, in his sleep, lived over each night the events of the day. His incessant talking and shouting and bellowing of orders had been too much for Wolf Larsen, who had accordingly foisted the nuisance upon his hunters.

After a sleepless night, I arose weak and in agony, to hobble through my second day on the Ghost.

The day was filled with miserable variety. I had taken my dried clothes down from the galley the night before, and the first thing I did was to exchange the cook's garments for them. I looked for my purse. In addition to some small change (and I have a good memory for such things), it had contained one hundred and eighty-five dollars in gold and paper. The purse I found, but its contents, with the exception of the small silver, had been abstracted. I spoke to the cook about it, when I went on deck to take up my duties in the galley, and though I had looked forward to a surly answer, I had not expected the belligerent harangue that I received.

"Look 'ere, 'Ump," he began, a malicious light in his eyes and a snarl in his throat; "d'ye want yer nose punched? If you think I'm a thief, just keep it to yerself, or you'll find 'ow mistyken you are. Strike me blind if this ain't gratitude for yer! 'Ere you come, a pore mis'able specimen of 'uman scum, an' I tykes yer into my galley an' treats yer 'ansom, an' this is wot I get for it.

Nex' time you can go to the devil, say I, an' I've a good mind to give you what-for, anyw'y."

So saying, he put up his fists and started for me. To my shame be it, I cowered away from the blow and ran out the galley door. What else was I to do? Force, nothing but force, obtained on this brute-ship. Moral suasion was a thing unknown.

The speed with which I ran from the galley caused excruciating pain in my knee, and I sank down helplessly at the break of the poop. But the Cockney had not pursued me.

"Look at 'im run! Look at 'im run!" I could hear him crying. "An' with a gyne leg at that. Come on back, you pore little mamma's darling. I won't 't yer; no, I won't."

I came back and went on with my work; and here the episode ended for the time, though further developments were yet to take place. I set the breakfast-table in the cabin, and at seven o'clock waited on the hunters and officers.

After breakfast I had another unenviable experience. When I had finished washing the dishes, I cleaned the cabin stove and carried the ashes up on deck to empty them. Wolf Larsen and Henderson were standing near the wheel, deep in conversation. The sailor, Johnson, was steering. As I started toward the weather side I saw him make a sudden motion with his head, which I mistook for a token of recognition and good morning. In reality, he was attempting to warn me to throw my ashes over the lee side. Unconscious of my blunder, I passed by Wolf Larsen and the hunter and flung the ashes over the side to windward. The wind drove them back, and not only over me, but over Henderson and Wolf Larsen. The next instant the latter kicked me, violently, as a cur is kicked. I had not realised there could be so much pain in a kick. I reeled away from him and leaned against the cabin in a half-fainting condition. Everything was swimming before my eyes, and I turned sick.

Later in the morning I received a surprise of a totally different sort. Following the cook's instructions, I had gone into Wolf Larsen's state-room to put it to rights and make the bed. Against the wall, near the head of the bunk, was a rack filled with books. I glanced over them, noting with astonishment such names as Shakespeare, Tennyson, Poe, and De Quincey. There were scientific works, too, among which were represented such men as Tyndall, Proctor, and Darwin. Astronomy and physics were represented, and I remarked Balfour's "Age of Fable," Shaw's "History of English and American Literature," and Johnson's "Natural History" in two large volumes. Then there were a number of grammars, such as Metcalf's, and Reed and Kellogg's; and I smiled as I saw a copy of "The Dean's English."

I could not reconcile these books with the man from whom I had seen of him, and I wondered if he could possibly read them. But when I came to make the bed I found, between the blankets, dropped apparently as he had sunk off to sleep, a complete Browning, the Cambridge Edition.

It was patent that this terrible man was no ignorant clod, such as one would inevitably suppose him to be from his exhibitions of brutality. At once he became an enigma. One side or the other

of his nature was perfectly comprehensible; but both sides together were bewildering.

This glimpse I had caught of his other side must have emboldened me, for I resolved to speak to him about the money I had lost.

"I have been robbed," I said to him, a little later, when I found him pacing up and down the poop alone.

"Sir," he corrected, not harshly, but sternly.

"I have been robbed, sir," I amended.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

Then I told him the whole circumstances, how my clothes had been left to dry in the galley, and how, later, I was nearly beaten by the cook when I mentioned the matter.

He smiled at my recital. "Pickings," he concluded; "Cooky's pickings. And don't you think your miserable life worth the price? Besides, consider it a lesson. You'll learn in time how to take care of your money for yourself. I suppose, up to now, your lawyer has done it for you, or your business agent."

I could feel the quiet sneer through his words, but demanded, "How can I get it back again?"

"That's your lookout. You haven't any lawyer or business agent now, so you'll have to depend on yourself. When you get a dollar, hang on to it. A man who leaves his money lying around, the way you did, deserves to lose it. Besides, you have sinned. You had no right to put temptation in the way of your fellow-creatures. You tempted Cooky, and he fell. You have placed his immortal soul in jeopardy. By the way, do you believe in the immortal soul?"

His lids lifted lazily as he asked the question, and it seemed that the deeps were opening to me and that I was gazing into his soul. But it was an illusion. Far as it might have seemed, no man has ever seen very far into Wolf Larsen's soul, or seen it at all—of this I am convinced. It was a very lonely soul, I was to learn, that never unmasked, though at rare moments it played at doing so.

**I** READ immortality in your eyes," I answered, dropping the "sir"—an experiment, for I thought the intimacy of the conversation warranted it.

He took no notice. "By that, I take it, you see something that is alive, but that necessarily does not have to live forever."

"I read more than that," I continued boldly.

"Then you read consciousness. You read the consciousness of life that it is alive; but still no further away, no endlessness of life."

How clearly he thought, and how well he expressed what he thought!

"What does your boasted immortality amount to when your life runs foul of mine? You would like to go back to the land, which is a favorable place for your kind of piggyishness. It is a whim of mine to keep you aboard this ship, where my piggyishness flourishes. And keep you I will. I may make or break you. You may die to-day, this week, or next month. I could kill you now, with a blow of my fist, for you are a miserable weakling. But if we are immortal, what is the reason for this? To be piggyish as you and I have been all our lives does not seem to be just the thing for immortals to be doing. Again, what's it all about? Why have I kept you here?"



"Because you are stronger," I managed to blurt out.

He turned on his heel and started forward, then stopped at the break of the poop and called me to him.

"By the way, how much was it that Cooky got away with?" he asked.

"One hundred and eighty-five dollars, sir," I answered.

He nodded his head. A moment later, as I started down the companion stairs to lay the table for dinner, I heard him loudly cursing some men amidships.

By the following morning the storm had blown itself quite out, and the Ghost was rolling slightly on a calm sea without a breath of wind. Occasional light airs were felt, however, and Wolf Larsen patrolled the poop constantly, his eyes ever searching the sea to the north-eastward, from which direction the great trade-wind must blow.

The men were all on deck and busy preparing their various boats for the season's hunting. There are seven boats aboard, the captain's dinghy, and the six which the hunters will use. Three, a hunter, a boat-puller, and a boat-steerer, compose a boat's crew. On board the schooner the boat-pullers and steerers are the crew. The hunters, too, are supposed to be in command of the watches, subject, always, to the orders of Wolf Larsen.

Every man aboard, with the exception of Johansen, who is rather overcome by his promotion, seems to have an excuse for having sailed on the Ghost. Half the men forward are deep-water sailors, and their excuse is that they did not know anything about her or her captain. And those who do know, whisper that the hunters, while excellent shots, were so notorious for their quarrelsome and rascally proclivities that they could not sign on any decent schooner.

I have made the acquaintance of another of the crew—Louis he is called, a rotund and jovial-faced Nova Scotia Irishman, and a very sociable fellow, prone to talk as long as he can find a listener. In the afternoon, while the cook was below asleep and I was peeling the everlasting potatoes, Louis dropped into the galley for a "yarn." His excuse for being aboard was that he was drunk when he signed. He assured me again and again that it was the last thing in the world he would dream of doing in a sober moment.

Johnson, the man who had chafed me raw when I first came aboard, seemed the least equivocal of the men forward or aft. In fact, there was nothing equivocal about him. One was struck at once by his straightforwardness and manliness, which, in turn, were tempered by a modesty which might be mistaken for timidity. But timid he was not. He seemed, rather, to have the courage of his convictions, the certainty of his manhood. It was this that made him protest, at the commencement of our acquaintance, against being called Yonson.

Thomas Mugridge is becoming unendurable. I am compelled to Mister him and to Sir him with every speech. One reason for this is that Wolf Larsen seems to have taken a fancy to him. It is an unprecedented thing, I take it, for a captain to be chummy with the cook; but this is certainly what Wolf Larsen is doing. Two or three times he put his head into the galley and chaffed Mugridge good-naturedly, and once, last afternoon, he stood by the break of the poop and chatted with him for fully fifteen minutes.

When it was over, and Mugridge was back in the galley, he became greasily radiant, and went about his work, humming cozier songs in a nerve-racking and discordant falsetto.

My hands bothered me a great deal, unused as they were to work. The nails were discolored and black, while the skin was already grained with dirt which even a scrubbing-brush could not remove. Then blisters came, in a painful and never-ending procession, and I had a great burn on my forearm, acquired by losing my balance in a roll of the ship and pitching against the galley stove. Nor was my knee any better. The swelling had not gone down, and the cap was still up on edge. Hobbling about on it from morning to night was not helping it any. What I needed was rest, if it were ever to get well.

Rest! I never knew the meaning of the word. I had been resting all my life, and did not know it. But now, could I sit still for one half-hour and do nothing, not even think, it would be the most pleasurable thing in the world.

A cruel thing happened just before supper, indicative of the callousness and brutishness of these men. There is one green hand in the crew, Harrison by name, a clumsy-looking country boy, mastered, I imagine, by the spirit of adventure, and making his first voyage.

Johansen called out to Harrison to go out on the halyards. It was patent to everybody that the boy was afraid. And well he might be, eighty feet above the deck, to trust himself on those thin and jerking ropes. Had there been a steady breeze it would not have been so bad, but the Ghost was rolling emptily in a long sea, and with each roll the canvas flapped and boomed and the halyards slackened and jerked taut. They were capable of snapping a man off like a fly from a whip-lash.

Harrison heard the order and understood what was demanded of him, but hesitated. It was probably the first time he had been aloft in his life. Johansen, who had caught the contagion of Wolf Larsen's masterfulness, burst out with a volley of abuse and curses.

"That'll do, Johansen," Wolf Larsen said brusquely. "I'll have you know that I do the swearing on this ship. If I need your assistance, I'll call you in."

"Yes, sir," the mate acknowledged submissively.

In the meantime Harrison had started out on the halyards. I was looking up from the galley door, and I could see him trembling, as with ague, in every limb.

It was a slight uphill climb, for the foresail peaked high; and the halyards, running through various blocks on the gaff and mast, gave him separate holds for hands and feet. But the trouble lay in that the wind was not strong enough nor steady enough to keep the sail full. When he was halfway out, the Ghost took a long roll to windward and back again into the hollow between two seas. Harrison ceased his progress and held on tightly. Eighty feet beneath I could see the agonised strain of his muscles as he gripped for very life. The sail emptied and the gaff swung amidships. The halyards slackened, and, though it all happened very quickly, I could see them sag beneath the weight of his body. Then the gaff swung to the side with an abrupt swiftness, the great sail boomed like a cannon, and the three rows of reef-points slatted against the canvas like a volley of rifles. Harrison, clinging on, made the giddy rush through the air. This rush ceased abruptly. The hal-

yards became instantly taut. It was the snap of the whip. His clutch was broken. One hand was torn loose from its hold. The other lingered desperately for a moment, and followed. His body pitched out and down, but in some way he managed to save himself with his legs. He was hanging by them, head downwards. A quick effort brought his hands up to the halyards again; but he was a long time regaining his former position, where he hung, a pitiable object.

"I'll bet he has no appetite for supper," I heard Wolf Larsen's voice, which came to me from around the corner of the galley. "Stand from under, you, Johansen! Watch out! Here she comes!"

In truth, Harrison was very sick, as a person is seasick; and for a long time he clung to his precarious perch without attempting to move. Johansen, however, continued violently to urge him on to the completion of his task.

It took Johansen, insulting and reviling the poor wretch, fully ten minutes to get him started again. A little later he made the end of the gaff, where, astride the spar itself, he had a better chance for holding on. He cleared the sheet, and was free to return, slightly down-hill now, along the halyards to the mast. But he had lost his nerve. Unsafe as was his present position, he was loath to forsake it for the more unsafe position on the halyards.

He looked along the airy path he must traverse, and then down to the deck. His eyes were wide and staring, and he was trembling violently. I had never seen fear so strongly stamped upon a human face. Johansen called vainly for him to come down. At any moment he was liable to be snapped off the gaff, but he was helpless with fright. Wolf Larsen, walking up and down with Smoke and in conversation, took no more notice of him, though he cried sharply, once, to the man at the wheel—

"YOU'RE off your course, my man! Be careful, unless you're looking for trouble!"

"Ay, ay, sir," the helmsman responded, putting a couple of spokes down.

He had been guilty of running the Ghost several points off her course in order that what little wind there was should fill the foresail and hold it steady. He had striven to help the unfortunate Harrison at the risk of incurring Wolf Larsen's anger.

At half past five I went below to set the cabin table, but I hardly knew what I did, for my eyes and brain were filled with the vision of a man, white-faced and trembling, comically like a bug, clinging to the thrashing gaff. At six o'clock, when I served supper, going on deck to get the food from the galley, I saw Harrison, still in the same position. The conversation at the table was of other things. Nobody seemed interested in the wantonly imperilled life. But making an extra trip to the galley a little later, I was gladdened by the sight of Harrison staggering weakly from the rigging to the fore-castle scuttle. He had finally summoned the courage to descend.

Before closing this incident, I must give a scrap of conversation I had with Wolf Larsen in the cabin, while I was washing the dishes.

"You were looking squeamish this afternoon," he began. "What was the matter?"

I could see that he knew what had



made me possibly as sick as Harrison, that he was trying to draw me, and I answered, "It was because of the brutal treatment of that boy."

He gave a short laugh. "Like seasickness, I suppose. Some men are subject to it, and others are not."

"Not so," I objected.

"Just so," he went on. "The earth is as full of brutality as the sea is full of motion. And some men are made sick by the one, and some by the other. That's the only reason."

"Everywhere life goes begging. Nature spills it out with a lavish hand. Where there is room for one life, she sows a thousand lives, and it's a life eats life till the strongest and most piggish life is left."

"You have read Darwin," I said. "But you read him misunderstandingly when you conclude that the struggle for existence sanctions your wanton destruction of life."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You know you only mean that in relation to human life, for of the flesh and the fowl and the fish you destroy as much as I or any other man. And human life is in no wise different, though you feel it is, and think that you reason why it is. Why should I be parsimonious with this life which is cheap and without value? There are more sailors than there are ships on the sea for them, more workers than there are factories or machines for them. Why, you who live on the land know that you house your people in the slums of cities and loose famine and pestilence upon them, and that there still remain more poor people, dying for want of a crust of bread and a bit of meat (which is life destroyed) than you know what to do with. Have you ever seen the London dockers fighting like wild beasts for a chance to work?"

He started for the companion stairs, but turned his head for a final word. "Do you know the only value life has is what life puts upon itself? And it is of course over-estimated, since it is, of necessity, prejudiced in its own favor. Take that man I had aloft. He held on as if he were a precious thing, a treasure beyond diamonds or rubies. To you? No. To me? Not at all. To himself? Yes. But I do not accept his estimate. He sadly overrates himself. There is plenty more life demanding to be born. Had he fallen, and dropped his brains upon the deck like honey from the comb, there would have been no loss to the world. He was worth nothing to the world. The supply is too large. To himself only was he of value, and to show how fictitious even this value was, being dead he is unconscious that he has lost himself. He alone rated himself beyond diamonds and rubies. Diamonds and rubies are gone, spread out on the deck to be washed away by a bucket of seawater, and he does not even know that the diamonds and rubies are gone. He does not lose anything, for with the loss of himself he loses the knowledge of loss. Don't you see? And what have you to say?"

"That you are at least consistent," was all I could say, and I went on washing the dishes.

At last, after three days of variable winds, we have caught the north-east trades. I came on deck, after a good night's rest in spite of my poor knee, to find the *Ghost* foaming along, wing-and-wing, and every sail drawing except the jibs, with a fresh breeze astern. Oh, the wonder of the great trade-wind!

All day we sailed, and all night, and the next day, and the next, day after day, the wind always astern and blowing steadily and strong. The schooner sailed herself. There was no pulling and hauling on sheets and tackles, no shifting of topsails, no work at all for the sailors to do except steer. At night when the sun went down, the sheets were slackened; in the morning, when they yielded up the damp of the dew and relaxed, they were pulled tight again—and that was all.

Ten knots, twelve knots, eleven knots, varying from time to time, is the speed we are making. And ever out of the north-east the brave wind blows, driving us on our course two hundred and fifty miles between the dawns. It saddens me and gladdens me, the gait with which we are foaming down upon the tropics. Each day grows perceptibly warmer. In the second dog-watch the sailors come on deck, stripped, and heave buckets of water upon one another from overside. Flying-fish are beginning to be seen, and during the night the watch above scrambles over the deck in pursuit of those that fall aboard. In the morning, Thomas Muiridge being duly bribed, the galley is pleasantly areek with the odor of their frying; while dolphin meat is served fore and aft on such occasions as Johnson catches the blazing beauties from the bowprit end.

Johnson seems to spend all his spare time there or aloft at the cross-trees, watching the *Ghost* cleaving the water under press of sail.

### SOMETIMES I think

Wolf Larsen mad, or half-mad at least, what of his strange moods and vagaries. At other times I take him for a great man, a genius who has never arrived. And, finally, I am convinced that he is the perfect type of the primitive man, born a thousand years or generations too late, and an anachronism in this culminating century of civilization. He is certainly an individualist of the most pronounced type.

I have seen him a score of times, at table, insulting this hunter or that, with cool and level eyes, and, withal, a certain air of interest, pondering their actions or replies or petty rages with a curiosity almost laughable to me who stood onlooker and who understood. Concerning his own rages, I am convinced that they are not real, that they are sometimes experiments, but that in the main that are the habits of a pose or attitude he has seen fit to take towards his fellowmen. I know, with the possible exception of the incident of the dead mate, that I have not seen him really angry; nor do I wish ever to see him in a genuine rage, when all the force of him is called into play.

While on the question of vagaries, I shall tell what befell Thomas Muiridge in the cabin. The twelve o'clock dinner was over, one day, and I had just finished putting the cabin in order, when Wolf Larsen and Thomas Muiridge descended the companion stairs. Though the cook had a cubby-hole of a stateroom opening off from the cabin, in the cabin itself he had never dared to linger or to be seen, and he flitted to and fro, once or twice a day, like a timid spectre.

"So you know how to play 'Nap,'" Wolf Larsen was saying in a pleased sort of voice. "I might have guessed an Englishman would know. I learned it myself in English ships."

Thomas Muiridge was beside himself, a blithering imbecile, so pleased was he at chumming thus with the captain.

"Get the cards, Hump," Wolf Larsen ordered, as they took seats at the table. "And bring out the cigars and the whiskey you'll find in my berth."

I returned with the articles in time to hear the Cockney hinting broadly that there was a mystery about him, that he might be a gentleman's son gone wrong or something or other; also, that he was a remittance man and was paid to keep away from England—"p'yed 'ansomely, sir," was the way he put it; "p'yed 'ansomely to sling my 'ook an' keep ainsin' it."

I had brought the customary liquor glasses, but Wolf Larsen frowned, shook his head, and signalled with his hands for me to bring the tumblers. These he filled two-thirds full with undiluted whiskey—"a gentleman's drink," quoth Thomas Muiridge—and they clinked their glasses to the glorious game of "Nap," lighted cigars, and fell to shuffling and dealing the cards.

They played for money. They increased the amounts of the bets. They drank whiskey, they drank it neat, and I fetched more.

Wolf Larsen was unaffected by the drink, yet he drank glass for glass, and, if anything, his glasses were fuller. There was no change in him.

In the end, with loud protestations that he could lose like a gentleman, the cook's money was staked on the game and lost. Whereupon he leaned his head on his hand and wept. Wolf Larsen looked curiously at him, as though about to probe and vivisection him, then changed his mind, as from the foregone conclusion that there was nothing there to probe.

"Hump," he said to me, elaborately polite, "kindly take Mr. Muiridge's arm and help him up on deck. He is not feeling very well."

"And tell Johnson to douse him with a few buckets of salt water," he added in a lower tone for my ear alone.

I left Mr. Muiridge on deck in the hands of a couple of grinning sailors who had been told off for the purpose. Mr. Muiridge was sleepily spluttering that he was a gentleman's son. But as I descended the companion stairs to clear the table I heard him shriek as the first bucket of water struck him.

Wolf Larsen was counting his winnings. "One hundred and eighty-five dollars even," he said aloud. "Just as I thought. The beggar came aboard without a cent."

"And what you have won is mine, sir," I said boldly.

He favored me with a quizzical smile. "Hump, I have studied some grammar in my time, and I think your tenses are tangled. 'Was mine,' you should have said, not 'is mine.'"

"It is a question, not of grammar, but of ethics," I answered.

It was possibly a minute before he spoke.

"D'ye know, Hump," he said, with a slow seriousness which had in it an indefinable strain of sadness, "that this is the first time I have heard the word 'ethics' in the mouth of a man. You and I are the only men on this ship who know its meaning."

"At one time in my life," he continued, after another pause, "I dreamed that I might some day talk with men who used such language, that I might lift myself out of the place in life in which I had been born, and hold conversation and mingle with men who talked about just such things as ethics. And this is the



first time I have ever heard the word pronounced. Which is all by the way, for you are wrong. It is a question neither of grammar nor ethics, but of fact."

"I understand," I said. "The fact is that you have the money."

His face brightened. He seemed pleased at my perspicacity.

We fell into discussion—philosophy, science, evolution, religion. He betrayed the inaccuracies of the self-read man, and, it must be granted, the sureness and directness of the primitive mind.

Time passed. Supper was at hand and the table not laid. I became restless and anxious, and when Thomas Murgidge glared down the companionway, sick and angry of countenance, I prepared to go about my duties. But Wolf Larsen cried out to him:—

"Cocky, you've got to hustle to-night. I'm busy with Hump, and you'll do the best you can without him."

And again the unprecedented was established. That night I sat at table with the captain and the hunters; while Thomas Murgidge waited on us and washed the dishes afterward—a whim, a Caliban-mood of Wolf Larsen's, and one I foresaw would bring me trouble. In the meantime we talked and talked, much to the disgust of the hunters, who could not understand a word.

"THREE days of rest, three blessed days of rest, are what I had with Wolf Larsen, eating at the cabin table and doing nothing but discuss life, literature, and the universe, the while Thomas Murgidge fumed and raged and did my work as well as his own."

"Watch out for squalls, is all I can say to you," was Louis's warning, given during a spare half-hour on deck while Wolf Larsen was engaged in straightening out a row among the hunters.

"Ye can't tell what'll be happenin'!" Louis went on, in response to my query for more definite information. "The man's as contrary as air currents or water currents. You can never guess the ways iv him. 'Tis just as you're thinkin' you know him and are makin' a favorable slant along him, that he whirls around, dead ahead, and comes howlin' down upon you and a-rippin' all iv your fine-weather sails to rags."

So I was not altogether surprised when the squall foretold by Louis smote me. We had been having a heated discussion—upon life, of course—and, grown overbold, I was passing stiff strictures upon Wolf Larsen and the life of Wolf Larsen. In fact, I was vivisectioning him and turning over his soul-stuff as keenly and thoroughly as it was his custom to do it to others. It may be a weakness of mine that I have an incisive way of speech; but I threw all restraint to the winds and cut and slashed until the whole man of him was snarling. The dark sun-bronze of his face went black with wrath, his eyes were ablaze. There was no clearness or sanity in them—nothing but the terrific rage of a madman. It was the wolf in him that I saw, and a mad wolf at that.

He sprang for me with a half-roar, gripping my arm. I had steeled myself to braven it out, though I was trembling inwardly; but the enormous strength of the man was too much for my fortitude. He had gripped me by the biceps with his single hand, and when that grip tightened I wilted and shrieked aloud. My feet went out from under me. I simply could not stand upright and endure the agony.

The muscles refused their duty. The pain was too great. My biceps was being crushed to a pulp.

He seemed to recover himself, for a lucid gleam came into his eyes, and he relaxed his hold with a short laugh that was more like a growl. I fell to the floor, feeling very faint, while he sat down, lighted a cigar, and watched me as a cat watches a mouse. As I writhed about I could see in his eyes that curiosity I had so often noted, that wonder and perplexity, that questing, that everlasting query of his as to what it was all about.

I finally crawled to my feet and ascended the companion stairs. Fair weather was over, and there was nothing left but to return to the galley. My left arm was numb, as though paralyzed, and days passed before I could use it, while weeks went by before the last stiffness and pain went out of it. And he had done nothing but put his hand upon my arm and squeeze. There had been no wrenching or jerking. He had just closed his hand with a steady pressure. What he might have done I did not fully realize till next day, when he put his head into the galley, and, as a sign of renewed friendliness, asked me how my arm was getting on.

"It might have been worse," he smiled.

I was peeling potatoes. He picked one up from the pan. It was fair-sized, firm, and unpeeled. He closed his hand upon it, squeezed, and the potato squirted out between his fingers in mushy streams. The pulpy remnant he dropped back into the pan and turned away, and I had a sharp vision of how it might have fared with me had the monster put his real strength upon me.

But the three day's rest was good in spite of it all, for it had given my knee the very chance it needed. It felt much better, the swelling had materially decreased, and the cap seemed descending into its proper place. Also, the three days' rest brought the trouble I had foreseen. It was plainly Thomas Murgidge's intention to make me pay for those three days. He treated me vilely, cursed me continually, and heaped his own work upon me. He even ventured to raise his fist to me, but I was becoming animal-like myself, and I snarled in his face so terribly that it must have frightened him back.

There was only one galley knife that amounted to anything. Borrowing a stone the cook proceeded to sharpen this, glancing significantly at me the while.

Several days went by, the Ghost still foaming down the trades, and I could swear I saw madness growing in Thomas Murgidge's eyes. And I confess that I became afraid, very much afraid. Whet, whet, whet, it went all day long. The look in his eyes as he felt the keen edge and glared at me was positively unnerving. I was afraid to turn my shoulder to him, and when I left the galley I went out backwards—to the amusement of the sailors and hunters, who made a point of gathering in groups to witness my exit. The strain was too great. I sometimes thought my mind would give way under it—a meet thing on this ship of madmen and brutes.

Several times Wolf Larsen tried to inveigle me into discussion, but I gave him short answers and eluded him. Finally, he commanded me to resume my seat at the cabin table for a time and let the cook do my work. Then I spoke frankly,

telling him what I was enduring from Thomas Murgidge because of the three days of favoritism which had been shown me. Wolf Larsen regarded me with smiling eyes.

"So you're afraid, eh?" he sneered.

"Yes," I said defiantly and honestly, "I am afraid."

"That's the way with you fellows," he cried, half angrily, "sentimentalising about your immortal souls and afraid to die. At sight of a sharp knife and a cowardly Cockney the clinging of life to life overcomes all your fond foolishness. Why, my dear fellow, you will live forever. Cocky cannot hurt you. You are sure of your resurrection. What's there to be afraid of?"

It was plain that I could look for no help or mercy from Wolf Larsen. Whatever was to be done I must do for myself, and out of the courage of fear I evolved the plan of fighting Thomas Murgidge with his own weapons. I borrowed a whetstone from Johansen, Louis, the boat-steerer, had already begged me for condensed milk and sugar. I stole five cans of the milk and traded them for a dirk as lean and cruel-looking as the cook's knife.

Next morning, after breakfast, Thomas Murgidge began his whet, whet, whet. I glanced warily at him, for I was on my knees taking the ashes from the stove. When I returned from throwing them overboard, he was talking to Harrison, whose honest yokel's face was filled with fascination and wonder.

"Yes," Murgidge was saying, "an' wot does 'is worship do but give me two years in Reading. But blimey if I cared. The other mug was fixt a plenty. Should 'a seen 'im. Knife just like this. I struck it in, like into soft butter, an' the w'y 'e squealed was better'n a tu-penny gaff." He shot a glance in my direction to see if I was taking it in.

A call from the mate interrupted the gory narrative, and Harrison went aft. Murgidge sat down on the raised threshold to the galley and went on with his knife-sharpening. I put the shovel away and calmly sat down on the coal-box facing him. He favored me with a vicious stare. Still calmly, though my heart was going pitapat, I pulled out my dirk and began to whet it on the stone. I had looked for almost any sort of explosion on the Cockney's part, but to my surprise he did not appear aware of what I was doing. He went on whetting his knife. So did I.

AND for two hours we sat there, face to face, whet, whet, whet, till the news of it spread abroad, and half the ship's company was crowding the galley doors to see the sight.

Encouragement and advice were freely tendered. Half of them, I am sure, were anxious to see us shedding each other's blood. It would have been entertainment. And I do not think there was one who would have interfered had we closed in a death-struggle.

On the other hand, the whole thing was laughable and childish. Whet, whet, whet—Humphrey Van Weyden sharpening his knife in a ship's galley and trying its edge with his thumb! Of all situations this was the most inconceivable. I know that my own kind could not have believed it possible. I had not been called "Sissy" Van Weyden all my days without reason, and that "Sissy" Van Weyden should be capable of doing this thing was



a revelation to Humphrey Van Weyden, who knew not whether to be exultant or ashamed.

But nothing happened. At the end of two hours Thomas Muiridge put away knife and stone and held out his hand.

"Wat's the good of mykin' a 'oly show of ourselves for them mugs?" he demanded. "They don't love us, an' glad they'd be a-seenin' us cuttin' our throats. Yer not 'arf bad, 'Ump! You've got spunk, as you Yanks s'y, an' I like yer in a w'y. So come on an' shyke."

Coward that I might be, I was less a coward than he. It was a distinct victory I had gained, and I refused to forego any of it by shaking his detestable hand.

"All right," he said pridelessly, "tyke it or leave it. I'll like yer none the less for it." And to save his face he turned fiercely upon the onlookers. "Get outa my galley-doors, you bloomin' swabs!"

This command was reinforced by a steaming kettle of water, and at sight of it the sailors scrambled out of the way. This was a sort of victory for Thomas Muiridge, and enabled him to accept more graciously the defeat I had given him, though, of course, he was too discreet to attempt to drive the hunters away.

**M**Y intimacy with Wolf Larsen increases—if by intimacy may be denoted those relations which exist between master and man, or, better yet, between king and jester. I am to him no more than a toy, and he values me no more than a child values a toy. My function is to amuse, and so long as I amuse all goes well; but let him become bored, or let him have one of his black moods come upon him, and at once I am relegated from cabin to galley, while, at the same time, I am fortunate to escape with my life and a whole body.

The loneliness of the man is slowly being borne in upon me. There is not a man aboard but hates or fears him, nor is there a man whom he does not despise.

In point of fact, the chief vent to this primal melancholy has been religion in its more agonising forms. But the compensations of such religion are denied Wolf Larsen. His brutal materialism will not permit it. So, when his blue moods come on, nothing remains for him but to be devilish. Were he not so terrible a man, I could sometimes feel sorry for him.

The Ghost has attained the southernmost point of the arc she is describing across the Pacific, and is already beginning to edge away to the west and north toward some lone island, it is rumored, where she will fill her water-casks before proceeding to the season's hunt along the coast of Japan. The hunters have experimented and practised with their rifles and shotguns till they are satisfied, and the boat-pullers and steerers have made their spritsails, bound the oars and rowlocks in leather and sennit so that they will make no noise when creeping on the seals, and put their boats in apple-pie order.

Louis tells me that the gossip of the sailors finds its way aft, and that two of the tell-tales have been badly beaten by their mates. He shakes his head dubiously over the outlook for the man Johnson, who is boat-puller in the same boat with him. Johnson has been guilty of speaking his mind too freely and has collided two or three times with Wolf Larsen over the pronunciation of his name. Johansen he thrashed on the amidships deck the other night, since which time the mate has

called him by his proper name. But of course it is out of the question that Johnson should thrash Wolf Larsen.

Louis has also given me additional information about Death Larsen, which tallies with the captain's brief description. We may expect to meet Death Larsen on the Japan coast. "And look out for squalls," is Louis's prophecy, "for they hate one another like the wolf-whelps they are." Death Larsen is in command of the only sealing-steamer in the fleet, the *Macedonia*, which carries fourteen boats, whereas the rest of the schooners carry only six. There is wild talk of cannon aboard, and of strange raids and expeditions she may make, ranging from opium smuggling into the States, and arms smuggling into China, to black-birding and open piracy. Yet I cannot but believe Louis, for I have never yet caught him in a lie, while he has a cyclopaedic knowledge of sealing and the men of the sealing fleets.

As it is forward and in the galley, so it is in the steerage and aft, on this veritable hellship. Men fight and struggle ferociously for one another's lives. The hunters are looking for a shooting scrape at any moment between Smoke and Henderson, whose old quarrel has not healed, while Wolf Larsen says positively that he will kill the survivor of the affair, if such affair comes off. He frankly states that the position he takes is based on no moral grounds, that all the hunters could kill and eat one another so far as he is concerned, were it not that he needs them alive for the hunting.

Thomas Muiridge is cur-like in his subjection to me, while I go about in secret dread of him. His is the courage of fear—a strange thing I know well of myself—and at any moment it may master the fear and impel him to the taking of my life. My knee is much better, though it often aches for long periods, and the stiffness is gradually leaving the arm which Wolf Larsen squeezed. Otherwise I am in splendid condition. My muscles are growing harder and increasing in size. My hands, however, are a spectacle for grief. They have a parboiled appearance, are afflicted with hang-nails, while the nails are broken and discolored, and the edges of the quick seem to be assuming a fungoid sort of growth. Also, I am suffering from boils, due to the diet most likely, for I was never afflicted in this manner before.

I was amused a couple of evenings back by seeing Wolf Larsen reading the Bible, a copy of which, after the futile search for one at the beginning of the voyage, had been found in the dead mate's sea-chest. I wondered what Wolf Larsen could get from it, and he read aloud to me from Ecclesiastes. I could imagine he was speaking the thoughts of his own mind as he read to me, and his voice, reverberating deeply and mournfully in the confined cabin, charmed and held me. He may be uneducated, but he certainly knows how to express the significance of the written word.

**T**HE last twenty-four hours have witnessed a carnival of brutality. From cabin to fore-castle it seems to have broken out like a contagion. I scarcely know where to begin. Wolf Larsen was really the cause of it. The relations among the men, strained and made tense by feuds, quarrels, and grudges, were in a state of unstable equilibrium, and evil passions flared up in flame like prairie-grass.

Thomas Muiridge is a sneak, a spy, an informer. He has been attempting to curry favor and reinstate himself in the good graces of the captain by carrying tales of the men forward. He it was, I know, that carried some of Johnson's hasty talk to Wolf Larsen. Johnson, it seems, bought a suit of oilskins from the slop-chest and found them to be of greatly inferior quality. Nor was he slow in advertising the fact. The slop-chest is a sort of miniature dry-goods store which is carried by all sealing schooners and which is stocked with articles peculiar to the needs of the sailors. Whatever a sailor purchases is taken from his subsequent earnings on the sealing grounds; for, as it is with the hunters so it is with the boat-pullers and steerers—in the place of wages they receive a "lay," a rate of so much per skin for every skin captured in their particular boat.

But of Johnson's grumbling at the slop-chest I knew nothing, so that what I witnessed came with the shock of sudden surprise. I had just finished sweeping the cabin, and had been inveigled by Wolf Larsen into a discussion of Hamlet, his favorite Shakespearian character, when Johansen descended the companion stairs followed by Johnson. The latter's cap came off after the custom of the sea, and he stood respectfully in the centre of the cabin, swaying heavily and uneasily to the roll of the schooner and facing the captain.

"Shut the doors and draw the slide," Wolf Larsen said to me.

As I obeyed I noticed an anxious light come into Johnson's eyes, but I did not dream of its cause. I did not dream of what was to occur until it did occur, but he knew from the very first what was coming and awaited it bravely.

I noticed the anxious light in Johnson's eyes, but mistook it for the native shyness and embarrassment of the man. The mate, Johansen, stood away several feet to the side of him, and fully three yards in front of him sat Wolf Larsen on one of the pivotal cabin chairs. An appreciable pause fell after I had closed the doors and drawn the slide, a pause that must have lasted fully a minute. It was broken by Wolf Larsen.

"Yonson," he began.

"My name is Johnson, sir," the sailor boldly corrected.

"Well, Johnson, then, confound you! Can you guess why I have sent for you?"

"Yea, and no, sir," was the slow reply. "My work is done well. The mate knows that, and you know it, sir. So there cannot be any complaint."

"And is that all?" Wolf Larsen queried, his voice soft, and low, and purring.

"I know you have it in for me," Johnson continued with his unalterable and ponderous slowness. "You do not like me. You—you—"

"Go on," Wolf Larsen prompted. "Don't be afraid of my feelings."

"I am not afraid," the sailor retorted, a slight angry flush rising through his sunburn. "If I speak not fast, it is because I have not been from the Old Country as long as you. You do not like me because I am too much of a man; that is why, sir."

"You are too much of a man for ship discipline, if that is what you mean, and if you know what I mean," was Wolf Larsen's retort.

"I know English, and I know what you mean, sir," Johnson answered, his flush deepening at the slur on his knowledge of the English language.

"Johnson," Wolf Larsen said, with an air of dismissing all that had gone before



as introductory to the main business in hand. "I understand you're not quite satisfied with those elkskins?"

"No, I am not. They are no good, sir."

"And you've been shooting off your mouth about them."

"I say what I think, sir," the sailor answered courageously, not flinching at the same time in ship courtesy, which demanded that "sir" be appended to each speech he made.

It was at this moment that I chanced to glance at Johansen. His big fists were clenching and unclenching, and his face was positively fiendish, so malignantly did he look at Johnson.

"Do you know what happens to men who say what you've said about my slop-chest and me?" Wolf Larsen was demanding.

"I know, sir," was the answer.

"What?" Wolf Larsen demanded, sharply and imperatively.

"What you and the mate there are going to do to me, sir."

"Look at him, Hump," Wolf Larsen said to me, "look at this bit of animated dust, this aggregation of matter that moves and breathes and defies me and thoroughly believes itself to be compounded of something good; that is impressed with certain human fictions such as righteousness and honesty, and that will live up to them in spite of all personal discomforts and menaces. What do you think of him, Hump? What do you think of him?"

"I think that he is a better man than you are," I answered, impelled, somehow, with a desire to draw upon myself a portion of the wrath I felt was about to break upon his head. "His human fictions, as you choose to call them, make for nobility and manhood. You have no fictions, no dreams, no ideals. You are a pauper."

He nodded his head with a savage pleasantness. "Quite true, Hump, quite true."

"Do you know what I am going to do?" he questioned.

I shook my head.

"Well, I am going to exercise my prerogative of roaring and show you how fares nobility. Watch me."

Three yards away from Johnson he was, and sitting down. Nine feet! And yet he left the chair in full leap, without first gaining a standing position. He left the chair, just as he sat in it, squarely, springing from the sitting posture like a wild animal, a tiger, and like a tiger covered the intervening space. It was an avalanche of fury that Johnson strove vainly to fend off. He threw one arm down to protect the stomach, the other arm up to protect the head; but Wolf Larsen's first drove midway between, on the chest, with a crushing, resounding impact. Johnson's breath, suddenly expelled, shot from his mouth and as suddenly checked, with the forced, audible expiration of a man wielding an axe. He almost fell backward, and swayed from side to side in an effort to recover his balance.

I cannot give the further particulars of the horrible scene that followed. It was too revolting. It turns me sick even now when I think of it. Johnson fought bravely enough, but he was no match for Wolf Larsen, much less for Wolf Larsen and the mate.

It was too much for me to witness. I felt that I should lose my mind, and I ran up the companion stairs to open the doors

and escape on deck. But Wolf Larsen, leaving his victim for the moment, and with one of his tremendous springs, gained my side and flung me into the far corner of the cabin.

It seemed centuries—possibly it was no more than ten minutes that the beating continued. Wolf Larsen and Johansen were all about the poor fellow. They struck him with their fists, kicked him with their heavy shoes, knocked him down, and dragged him to his feet to knock him down again. His eyes were blinded so that he could not see, and the blood running from ears and nose and mouth turned the cabin into a shambles. And when he could no longer rise they still continued to beat and kick him where he lay.

"Easy Johansen; easy as she goes," Wolf Larsen finally said.

But the beast in the mate was up and rampant, and Wolf Larsen was compelled to brush him away with a back-handed sweep of the arm, gentle enough, apparently, but which hurled Johansen back like a cork, driving his head against the wall with a crash. He fell to the floor, half stunned for the moment, breathing heavily and blinking his eyes in a stupid sort of way.

"Jerk open the doors, Hump," I was commanded.

I OBEYED and the two brutes picked up the senseless man like a sack of rubbish and hove him clear up the companion stairs, through the narrow doorway, and out on deck. The blood from his nose gushed in a scarlet stream over the feet of the helmsman, who was none other than Louis, his boat-mate. But Louis took and gave a spoke and gazed imperturbably into the bin-nacle.

Not so was the conduct of George Leach, the erstwhile cabin-boy. Fore and aft there was nothing that could have surprised us more than his consequent behaviour. He it was that came up on the poop without orders and dragged Johnson forward, where he set about dressing his wounds as well as he could and making him comfortable. Johnson, as Johnson, was unrecognisable; and not only that, for his features, as human features at all, were unrecognisable, so discolored and swollen had they become in the few minutes which had elapsed between the beginning of the beating and the dragging forward of the body.

But of Leach's behaviour—By the time I had finished cleansing the cabin he had taken care of Johnson. I had come up on deck for a breath of fresh air and to try to get some repose for my overwrought nerves. Wolf Larsen was smoking a cigar and examining the patent log which the Ghost usually towed astern but which had been hauled in for some purpose. Suddenly Leach's voice came to my ears. It was tense and hoarse with an overwhelming rage. I turned and saw him standing just beneath the break of the poop on the port side of the gallery. His face was convulsed and white, his eyes were flashing, his clenched fists raised overhead.

And through it all, calm and impassive, leaning on his elbow and gazing down, Wolf Larsen seemed lost in a great curiosity. This wild stirring of yeasty life, this terrific revolt and defiance of matter that moved, perplexed and interested him.

Each moment I looked, and everybody looked, for him to leap upon the boy and destroy him. But it was not his

whim. His cigar went out, and he continued to gaze silently and curiously.

Leach had worked himself into an ecstasy of impotent rage.

It was at this stage that Thomas Murgidge's erratic soul brought him into the scene. He had been listening at the galley door, but he now came out, ostensibly to fling some scraps over the side, but obviously to see the killing he was certain would take place. He smirked greedily up into the face of Wolf Larsen, who seemed not to see him. But the Cockney was unabashed, though mad, stark mad. He turned to Leach, saying:

"Such langwidge! Shockin'!"

Leach's rage was no longer impotent. Here at last was something ready to hand. And for the first time since the stabbing the Cockney had appeared outside the galley without his knife. The words had barely left his mouth when he was knocked down by Leach. Three times he struggled to his feet, striving to gain the galley, and each time was knocked down.

"Oh, Lord!" he cried. "Eip! Eip! Tyke 'im aw'y, can't yer? Tyke 'im aw'y!"

The hunters laughed from sheer relief. Tragedy had dwindled, the farce had begun. The sailors now crowded boldly aft, grinning and shuffling, to watch the pummeling of the hated Cockney. And even I felt a great joy surge up within me. I confess that I delighted in this beating Leach was giving to Thomas Murgidge, though it was as terrible, almost, as the one Murgidge had caused to be given to Johnson.

But these two affairs were only the opening events of the day's programme. In the afternoon Smoke and Henderson fell foul of each other, and a fusillade of shots came up from the storeroom, followed by a stampede of the other four hunters for the deck. A column of thick, acrid smoke—the kind always made by black powder—was arising through the open companionway, and down through it leaped Wolf Larsen. The sound of blows and scuffling came to our ears. Both men were wounded, and he was thrashing them both for having disobeyed his orders and crippled themselves in advance of the hunting season. In fact, they were badly wounded, and, having thrashed them, he proceeded to operate upon them in a rough surgical fashion, and to dress their wounds. I served as assistant while he probed and cleansed the passages made by the bullets, and I saw the two men endure his crude surgery without anaesthetics and with no more to uphold them than a stiff tumbler of whisky.

Then, in the first dog-watch, trouble came to a head in the fore-castle. It took its rise out of the tittle-tattle and tale-bearing which had been the cause of Johnson's beating, and from the noise we heard, and from the sight of the bruised men next day, it was patent that half the fore-castle had soundly drubbed the other half.

The second dog-watch and the day were wound up by a fight between Johansen and the lean, Yankee-looking hunter, Latimer. It was caused by remarks of Latimer's concerning the noises made by the mate in his sleep, and though Johansen was whipped, he kept the steerage awake for the rest of the night while he blissfully slumbered and fought the fight over and over again.

As for myself, I was oppressed with nightmare. The day had been like some horrible dream. Brutality had followed



brutality, and flaming passions and cold-blooded cruelty had driven men to seek one another's lives, and to strive to hurt, and maim, and destroy. My nerves were shocked. My mind itself was shocked.

And I was frightened when I became conscious of the trend of my thought. The continual brutality around me was degenerative in its effect. It bid fair to destroy for me all that was best and brightest in life. My reason dictated that the beating Thomas Mugridge had received was an ill thing, and yet for the life of me I could not prevent my soul joying in it. And even while I was oppressed by the enormity of my sin—for sin it was—I chuckled with an insane delight. I was no longer Humphrey Van Weyden. I was Hump, cabin-boy on the schooner Ghost. Wolf Larsen was my captain, Thomas Mugridge and the rest were my companions, and I was receiving repeated impressions from the die which had stamped them all.

FOR three days I did my own work and Thomas Mugridge's, too; and I flatter myself that I did his work well. I know that it won Wolf Larsen's approval, while the sailors beamed with satisfaction during the brief time my regime lasted.

"The first clean bite since I come aboard," Harrison said to me at the galley door, as he returned the dinner pots and pans from the fore-castle. "Somehow, Tommy's grub always tastes of grease, stale grease, and I reckon he ain't changed his shirt since he left Frisco."

"I know he hasn't," I answered.

"And I'll bet he sleeps in it," Harrison added.

"And you won't lose," I agreed. "The same shirt, and he hasn't had it off once in all this time."

But three days was all Wolf Larsen allowed him in which to recover from the effects of the beating. On the fourth day, lame and sore, scarcely able to see, so closed were his eyes, he was haled from his bunk by the nape of the neck and set to his duty. He sniffled and wept, but Wolf Larsen was pitiless.

"And see that you serve no more slops," was his parting injunction. "No more grease and dirt, mind, and a clean shirt occasionally, or you'll get a tow over the side. Understand?"

Thomas Mugridge crawled weakly across the galley floor, and a short lurch of the Ghost sent him staggering. In attempting to recover himself, he reached for the iron railing which surrounded the stove and kept the pots from sliding off; but he missed the railing, and his hand, with his weight behind it, landed squarely on the hot surface. There was a sizzle and odor of burning flesh, and a sharp cry of pain.

The tears were running down his puffed and discolored cheeks, and his face was drawn with pain. A savage expression flitted across it.

"Oh, 'ow I 'ate 'im! 'Ow I 'ate 'im!" he gritted out.

"Whom?" I asked; but the poor wretch was weeping again over his misfortunes. Less difficult it was to guess whom he hated than whom he did not hate. For I had come to see a malignant devil in him which impelled him to hate all the world. I sometimes thought that he hated even himself, so grotesquely had life dealt with him, and so monstrously. At such moments a great sympathy welled up within me, and I felt shame that I had ever joyed in his discomfiture or pain. Life had been unfair to him.

"I never 'ad no chance," he wailed, "nor 'ari a chance! 'Oo ever did anything for me, heh? 'Oo, I s'y?"

"Never mind, Tommy," I said, placing a soothing hand on his shoulder. "Cheer up. It'll all come right in the end. You've long years before you, and you can make anything you please of yourself."

"It's a lie!" he shouted in my face, flinging off the hand. "It's a lie, and you know it. I'm already myde, an' myde out of heavin's and scraps. It's all right for you, 'Ump. You was born a gentleman. You never knew wot it was to go 'ungry, to cry yerself asleep with yer inside gnawin' an' gnawin', like a rat inside yer. It can't come right. If I was President of the United States to-morrow, 'ow would it fill me for one time 'en I was a kiddy and I went empty?"

"'Ow could it, I s'y? I was born to sufferin' and sorrow. I've 'ad more cruel sufferin' than any ten men, I 'ave. I've been in ospital arf my life. I've 'ad the fever in Aspinwall, in 'Avana, in New Orleans. I near died of the scurvy and was rotten with it six months in Barbadoes. Smallpox in 'Omolu, two broken legs in Shanghai, pneumonia in Unalaska, three busted ribs an' my insides all twisted in 'Frisco. An' 'ere I am now. Look at me! Look at me! My ribs kicked loose from my back again. 'Ow can it be myde up to me, I ask?"

This tirade against destiny went on for an hour or more, and then he buckled to his work, limping and groaning, and in his eyes a great hatred for all created things.

Several days more passed before Johnson crawled on deck and went about his work in a half-hearted way. He was still a sick man, and I more than once observed him creeping painfully aloft to a topsail, or drooping wearily as he stood at the wheel. But, still worse, it seemed that his spirit was broken. He was abject before Wolf Larsen and almost grovelled to Johansen. Not so was the conduct of Leach. He went about the deck like a tiger cub, glaring his hatred openly at Wolf Larsen and Johansen.

"I'll do for you yet, you slab-footed Swede," I heard him say to Johansen one night on deck.

The mate cursed him in the darkness, and the next moment some missile struck the galley a sharp rap. There was more cursing, and a mocking laugh, and when all was quiet I stole outside and found a heavy knife imbedded over an inch in the solid wood. A few minutes later the mate came fumbling about in search of it, but I returned it privily to Leach next day. He grinned when I handed it over, yet it was a grin that contained more sincere thanks than multitude of the verbosity of speech common to the members of my own class.

Unlike any one else in the ship's company, I now found myself with no quarrels on my hands and in the good graces of all.

Wolf Larsen underwent a bad attack of headache which lasted two days. He must have suffered severely, for he called me in, and obeyed my commands like a sick child. But nothing I could do seemed to relieve him. At my suggestion, however, he gave up smoking and drinking; though why such a magnificent animal as he should have headaches at all puzzles me.

I was mistaken when I said that I was in the good graces of all. Not only does Thomas Mugridge continue to hate me, but he has discovered a new reason for

hating me. It took me no little while to puzzle it out, but I finally discovered that it was because I was more luckily born than he—"gentleman born," he put it.

"And still no more dead men," I twitted Louis, when Smoke and Henderson, side by side, in friendly conversation, took their first exercise on deck.

Louis surveyed me with his shrewd grey eyes and shook his head portentously. "She's a-comin', I tell you, and it'll be sheets and halyards, stand by all hands, when she begins to howl. I've had the feel iv it this long time, and I can feel it now as plainly as I feel the rigging iv a dark night. She's close, she's close."

"Who goes first?" I queried.

"Not old fat Louis, I promise you," he laughed. "For 'tis in the bones iv me I know that come this time next year I'll be gasin' in the old mother's eyes, weary with watchin' iv the sea for the five sons she gave to it."

"Wot's 'e been s'yin' to yer?" Thomas Mugridge demanded a moment later.

"That he's going home some day to see his mother," I answered diplomatically.

"I never 'ad none," was the Cockney's comment, as he gazed with lustreless, hopeless eyes into mine.

IT has dawned upon me that I have never placed a proper valuation upon womankind. For that matter, though not amative to any considerable degree so far as I have discovered, I was never outside the atmosphere of women until now. My mother and sisters were always about me, and I was always trying to escape them; for they worried me to distraction with their solicitude for my health and with their periodic inroads on my den, when my orderly confusion, upon which I prided myself, was turned into worse confusion and less order, though it looked neat enough to the eye.

All of which has set me wondering. Where are the mothers of these twenty and odd men on the Ghost? It strikes me as unnatural and unhealthy that men should be totally separated from women and herd through the world by themselves. Coarseness and savagery are the inevitable results. These men about me should have wives, and sisters, and daughters; then would they be capable of softness, and tenderness, and sympathy. As it is, not one of them is married. In years and years not one of them has been in contact with a good woman, or within the influence, or redemption, which irresistibly radiates from such a creature. There is no balance in their lives. Their masculinity, which in itself is of the brute, has been overdeveloped. The other and spiritual side of their natures has been dwarfed—atrophyed, in fact.

Rendered curious by this new direction of ideas, I talked with Johansen last night—the first superfluous words with which he has favored me since the voyage began. He left Sweden when he was eighteen, is now thirty-eight, and in all the intervening time has not been home once. He had met a townsman, a couple of years before, in some sailor boarding-house in Chile, so that he knew his mother to be still alive.

"She must be a pretty old woman now," he said, staring meditatively into the binnacle and then jerking a sharp glance at Harrison, who was steering a point off the course.

"When did you last write to her?" He performed his mental arithmetic



aloud. "Eighty-one; no—eighty-two, eh? no—eighty-three? Yes, eighty-three. Ten years ago. From some little port in Madagascar. I was trading."

"You see," he went on, as though addressing his neglected mother across half the girth of the earth, "each year I was going home. So what was the good to write? It was only a year. And each year something happened, and I did not go. But I am home now, and when I pay off at 'Prisco, maybe with five hundred dollars, I will ship myself on a wind-jammer round the Horn to Liverpool, which will give me more money; and then I will pay my passage from there home. Then she will not do any more work."

"But does she work? Now? How old is she?"

"About seventy," he answered. And then, boastfully, "We work from the time we are born until we die, in my country. That's why we live so long. I will live to a hundred."

I shall never forget this conversation. The words were the last I ever heard him utter. Perhaps they were the last he did utter, too. For, going down into the cabin to turn in, I decided that it was too stuffy to sleep below. It was a calm night. We were out of the Trades, and the Ghost was forging ahead barely a knot an hour. So I tucked a blanket and pillow under my arm and went up on deck.

As I passed between Harrison and the binnacle, which was built into the top of the cabin, I noticed that he was this time fully three points off. Thinking that he was asleep, and wishing him to escape reprimand or worse, I spoke to him. But he was not asleep. His eyes were wide and staring. He seemed greatly perturbed, unable to reply to me.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Are you sick?"

He shook his head, and with a deep sigh, as of awakening, caught his breath. "You'd better get on your course, then," I chided.

He put a few spokes over, and I watched the compass-card swing slowly to NNW and steady itself with slight oscillations.

I took a fresh hold on my bedclothes and was preparing to start on, when some movement caught my eye, and I looked astern to the rail. A snowy hand, dripping with water, was clutching the rail. A second hand took form in the darkness beside it. I watched, fascinated. What visitant from the gloom of the deep was I to behold? Whatever it was, I knew that it was climbing aboard by the log-line. I saw a head, the hair wet and straight, shape itself, and then the unmistakable eyes and face of Wolf Larsen. His right cheek was red with blood, which flowed from some wound in the head.

He drew himself inboard with a quick effort, and arose to his feet, glancing swiftly, as he did so, at the man at the wheel, as though to assure himself of his identity and that there was nothing to fear from him. The sea-water was streaming from him. It made little audible gurgles which distracted me. As he stepped toward me I shrank back instinctively, for I saw that in his eyes which spelled death.

"All right, Hump," he said in a low voice. "Where's the mate?"

I shook my head.

"Johansen!" he called softly. "Johan-

sen!"

The young fellow seemed to have recovered his composure, for he answered steadily enough. "I don't know, sir. I saw him go for'ard a little while ago."

"So did I go for'ard. But you will observe that I didn't come back the way I went. Can you explain it?"

"You must have been overboard, sir."

"Shall I look for him in the steerage, sir?" I asked.

Wolf Larsen shook his head. "You wouldn't find him, Hump. But you'll do. Come on. Never mind your bedding. Leave it where it is."

I followed at his heels. There was nothing stirring amidships.

"Those cursed hunters," was his comment. "Too fat and lazy to stand a four-hour watch."

But on the fore-castle-head we found three sailors asleep. He turned them over and looked at their faces. They composed the watch on deck, and it was the ship's custom, in good weather, to let the watch sleep with the exception of the officer, the helmsman, and the lookout.

"Who's look-out?" he demanded.

"Me, sir," answered Holyoak, one of the deep-water sailors, a slight tremor in his voice. "I winked off just this very minute, sir. I'm sorry, sir. It won't happen again."

"Did you hear or see anything on deck?"

"No, sir, I—"

**B**UT Wolf Larsen had turned away with a snort of disgust, leaving the sailor rubbing his eyes with surprise at having been let off so easily.

"Softly, now," Wolf Larsen warned me in a whisper, as he doubled his body into the fore-castle scuttle and prepared to descend.

I followed with a quaking heart. What was to happen I knew no more than did I know what had happened. But blood had been shed, and it was through no whim of Wolf Larsen that he had gone over the side with his scalp laid open. Besides, Johansen was missing.

It was my first descent into the fore-castle, and I shall not soon forget my impression of it, caught as I stood on my feet at the bottom of the ladder. Built directly in the eyes of the schooner, it was of the shape of a triangle, along the three sides of which stood the bunks, in double-tier, twelve of them. It was no larger than a hall bedroom in Grub Street, and yet twelve men were herded into it to eat and sleep and carry on all the functions of living. My bedroom at home was not large, yet it could have contained a dozen similar fore-castles, and taking into consideration the height of the ceiling, a score at least.

It smelled sour and musty, and by the dim light of the swinging sea-lamp I saw every bit of available wall-space hung deep with sea-boots, oilskins and garments, clean and dirty, of various sorts. Somewhere a boot thumped loudly and at irregular intervals against the wall; and, though it was a mild night on the sea, there was a continual chorus of the creaking timbers and bulkheads and of abysmal noises beneath the flooring.

The sleepers did not mind. There were eight of them—the two watches below—and the air was thick with the warmth and odor of their breathing, and the ear was filled with the noise of their

snoring and of their sighs and half-groans, tokens plain of the rest of the animal-man. But were they sleeping, all of them? Or had they been sleeping? This was evidently Wolf Larsen's quest—to find the men who appeared to be asleep and who were not asleep or who had not been asleep very recently. And he went about it in a way that reminded me of a story out of Boccaccio.

He took the sea-lamp from its swinging frame and handed it to me. He began at the first bunks forward on the starboard side. In the top one lay Ooty-Coffy, a Kanaka and splendid seaman, so named by his mates. He was asleep on his back and breathing as placidly as a woman. One arm was under his head, the other lay on top of the blankets. Wolf Larsen put thumb and forefinger to the wrist and counted the pulse. In the midst of it the Kanaka roused. He awoke as gently as he slept. There was no movement of the body whatever. The eyes, only, moved. They flashed wide open, big and black, and glared unblinking into our faces. Wolf Larsen put his finger to his lips as a sign for silence, and the eyes closed again.

In the lower bunk lay Louis, grossly fat and warm and sweaty, asleep unfeignedly and sleeping laboriously. While Wolf Larsen held his wrist he stirred uneasily, bowing his body so that for a moment it rested on shoulders and heels. His lips moved, and he gave voice to this enigmatic utterance:

"A shilling's worth a quarter; but keep your lamps out for thrupenny bits, or the publicans'll shove 'em on you for sixpence."

Then he rolled over on his side with a heavy, sobbing sigh, saying:

"A sixpence is a tanner, and a shilling a bob; but what a pony is I don't know."

Satisfied with the honesty of his and the Kanaka's sleep, Wolf Larsen passed on to the next two bunks on the starboard side, occupied top and bottom, as we saw in the light of the sea-lamp, by Leach and Johnson.

As Wolf Larsen bent down to the lower bunk to take Johnson's pulse, I, standing erect and holding the lamp, saw Leach's head raise stealthily as he peered over the side of his bunk to see what was going on. He must have divined Wolf Larsen's trick and the sureness of detection, for the light was at once dashed from my hand and the fore-castle left in darkness. He must have leaped, also, at the same instant, straight down on Wolf Larsen.

The first sounds were those of a conflict between a bull and a wolf. I heard a great, infuriated bellow go up from Wolf Larsen, and from Leach a snarling that was desperate and blood-curdling. Johnson must have joined him immediately, so that his abject and grovelling conduct on deck for the past few days had been no more than planned deception.

I was so terror-stricken by this fight in the dark that I leaned against the ladder, trembling and unable to ascend. And upon me was that old sickness at the pit of the stomach, caused always by the spectacle of physical violence.

There must have been more men in the conspiracy to murder the captain and mate, for by the sounds I knew that Leach and Johnson had been quickly reinforced by some of their mates.

"Get a knife, somebody!" Leach was shouting.



"Pound him on the head! Mash his brains out!" was Johnson's cry.

But after his first blow, Wolf Larsen made no noise. He was fighting grimly and silently for life. He was sore beset. Down at the very first, he had been unable to gain his feet, and for all of his tremendous strength I felt that there was no hope for him.

The force with which they struggled was vividly impressed on me; for I was knocked down by their surging bodies and badly bruised. But in the confusion I managed to crawl into an empty lower bunk out of the way.

"All hands! We've got him! We've got him!" I could hear Leach crying.

"Who?" demanded those who had been really asleep, and who had awakened to they knew not what.

"It's the mate!" was Leach's crafty answer, strained from him in a smothered sort of way.

This was greeted with whoops of joy, and from then on Wolf Larsen had seven strong men on top of him. Louis, I believe taking no part in it. The fore-castle was like an angry hive of bees aroused by some marauder.

"What ho! below there!" I heard Latimer shout down the scuttle, too cautious to descend into the inferno of passion he could hear raging beneath him in the darkness.

"Won't somebody get a knife? Oh, won't somebody get a knife?" Leach pleaded in the first interval of comparative silence.

The number of the assailants was a cause of confusion. They blocked their own efforts, while Wolf Larsen, with but a single purpose, achieved his. This was to fight his way across the floor to the ladder. Though in total darkness, I followed his progress by its sound. No man less than a giant could have done what he did, once he had gained the foot of the ladder. Step by step, by the might of his arms, the whole pack of men striving to drag him back and down, he drew his body up from the floor till he stood erect. And then, step by step, hand and foot, he slowly struggled up the ladder.

The very last of all, I saw. For Latimer, having gone for a lantern, held it so that its light shone down the scuttle. Wolf Larsen was nearly to the top, though I could not see him. All that was visible was the mass of men fastened upon him. It squirmed about, like some huge many-legged spider, and swayed back and forth to the regular roll of the vessel. And still, step by step, with long intervals between, the mass ascended. Once it tottered, about to fall back, but the broken hold was regained and it still went up.

"Who is it?" Latimer cried.

In the rays of the lantern I could see his perplexed face peering down.

"Larsen," I heard a muffled voice from within the mass.

Latimer reached down with his free hand. I saw a hand about up to clasp his. Latimer pulled and the next couple of steps were made with a rush. Then Wolf Larsen's other hand reached up and clutched the edge of the scuttle. The mass swung clear of the ladder, the men still clinging to their escaping foe. They began to drop off, to be brushed off against the sharp edge of the scuttle, to be knocked off by the legs which were now kicking powerfully. Leach was the last to go, falling sheer back from the top

of the scuttle and striking on head and shoulders upon his sprawling mates beneath. Wolf Larsen and the lantern disappeared, and we were left in darkness.

THERE was a deal of cursing and groaning as the men at the bottom of the ladder crawled to their feet.

"Somebody strike a light, my thumb's out of joint," said one of the men, Parson's, a swarthy, saturnine man, boat-steerer in Standish's boat, in which Harrison was pulled.

"You'll find it knockin' about in the bits," Leach said, sitting down on the edge of the bunk in which I was concealed.

There was a fumbling and a scratching of matches, and the sea-lamp flared up, dim and smoky, and in its weird light bare-legged men moved about, nursing their bruises and caring for their hurts. Oofy-Oofy laid hold of Parson's thumb pulling it out stoutly and snapping it back into place. I noticed at the same time that the Kanaka's knuckles were laid open clear across and to the bone. He exhibited them, exposing beautiful white teeth in a grin as he did so and explaining that the wounds had come from striking Wolf Larsen in the mouth.

"So it was you, was it, you black beggar?" belligerently demanded one, Kelly, an Irish-American and a longshoreman, making his first trip to sea, and boat-puller for Kerfoot.

As he made the demand he spat out a mouthful of blood and teeth and shoved his pumaceous face close to Oofy-Oofy. The Kanaka leaped backward to his bunk, to return with a second leap flourishing a long knife.

"Aw, go lay down, you make me tired," Leach interposed. He was evidently, for all of his youth and inexperience, cock of the fore-castle. "G'wan, you Kelly. You leave Oofy alone. How did he know it was you in the dark?"

Kelly subsided with some muttering, and the Kanaka flashed his white teeth in a grateful smile. He was a beautiful creature, almost feminine in the pleasing lines of his figure, and there was a softness and dreaminess in his large eyes which seemed to contradict his well-earned reputation for strife and action.

All the while I had been apprehensive concerning my own predicament. What would happen to me when these men discovered my presence? I could never fight my way out as Wolf Larsen had done. And at this moment Latimer called down the scuttles:

"Hump! The old man wants you!"

"He ain't down here!" Parsons called back.

"Yes he is," I said, sliding out of the bunk and striving my hardest to keep my voice steady and bold.

The sailors looked at me in consternation. Fear was strong in their faces and the devilishness which comes of fear.

"I'm coming!" I shouted up to Latimer.

"No you don't!" Kelly cried, stepping between me and the ladder, his right hand shaped into a veritable strangler's clutch. "You little sneak! I'll shut yer mouth!"

"Let him go," Leach commanded.

"Not on yer life," was the angry retort. Leach never changed his position on the edge of the bunk. "Let him go, I say," he repeated, but this time his voice was gritty and metallic.

The Irishman wavered. I made to step by him and he stood aside. When I had gained the ladder I turned to the circle

of brutal and malignant faces peering at me through the semi-darkness. A sudden and deep sympathy welled up in me. I remembered the Cockney's way of putting it.

"I have seen and heard nothing, believe me," I said quietly.

"I tell yer he's all right," I could hear Leach saying as I went up the ladder. "He don't like the old man no more nor you or me."

I found Wolf Larsen in the cabin, stripped and bloody, waiting for me. He greeted me with one of his whimsical smiles.

"Come, get to work, Doctor. The signs are favorable for an extensive practice this voyage. I don't know what the Ghost would have been without you, and if I could only cherish such noble sentiments I would tell her master is deeply grateful."

I knew the run of the simple medicine-chest the Ghost carried, and while I was heating water on the cabin stove and getting the things ready for dressing his wounds, he moved about, laughing and chatting, and examining his hurts with a calculating eye. I had never before seen him stripped and the sight of his body quite took my breath away. It has never been my weakness to exalt the flesh—far from it, but there is enough of the artist in me to appreciate its wonder.

I was surprised, considering the fierce struggle in the fore-castle, at the superficiality of his hurts, and I pride myself that I dressed them dexterously. With the exception of several bad wounds, the rest were merely severe bruises and lacerations. The blow which he had received before going overboard had laid his scalp open several inches. This, under his direction, I cleansed and sewed together, having first shaved the edges of the wound. Then the calf of his leg was badly lacerated and looked as though it had been mangled by a bulldog. Some sailor, he told me, had laid hold of it by his teeth, at the beginning of the fight, and hung on and been dragged to the top of the fore-castle ladder, when he was kicked loose.

"By the way, Hump, as I have remarked, you are a handy man," Wolf Larsen began, when my work was done. "As you know, we're short a mate. Hereafter you shall stand watches, receive seventy-five dollars per month, and be addressed fore and aft as Mr. Van Weyden."

"I—I don't understand navigation, you know," I gasped.

"Not necessary at all."

"I really do not care to sit in the high places," I objected. "I find life precarious enough in my present humble situation. I have no experience. Mediocrity, you see, has its compensations."

He smiled as though it were all settled.

"I won't be mate on this hell-ship!" I cried defiantly.

I saw his face grow hard and the merciless glitter come into his eyes. He walked to the door of his room, saying:

"An' I now, Mr. Van Weyden, good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Larsen," I answered weakly.

I cannot say that the position of mate carried with it anything more joyful than that there were no more dishes to wash.



I was ignorant of the simplest duties of mate, and would have fared badly indeed had the sailors not sympathised with me. I knew nothing of the minutiae of ropes and rigging, of the trimming and setting of sails; but the sailors took pains to put me to rights—Louis proving an especially good teacher—and I had little trouble with those under me.

With the hunters it was otherwise. Familiar in varying degree with the sea, they took me as a sort of joke. In truth, it was a joke to me, that I, the veriest landman, should be filling the office of mate; but to be taken as a joke by others was a different matter. I made no complaint, but Wolf Larsen demanded the most punctilious sea etiquette in my case—far more than poor Johansen had ever received; and at the expense of several rows, threats, and much grumbling, he brought the hunters to time. I was "Mr. Van Weyden" fore and aft, and it was only unofficially that Wolf Larsen himself addressed me as "Rump."

Of course much grumbling went on, and little outbursts were continually occurring. Blows were struck, and there were always two or three men nursing injuries at the hands of the human beast who was their master. Concerted action was impossible in face of the heavy arsenal of weapons carried in the steerage and cabin. Leach and Johnson were the two particular victims of Wolf Larsen's diabolic temper, and the look of profound melancholy which had settled on Johnson's face and in his eyes made my heart bleed.

WITH Leach it was different. There was too much of the fighting beast in him. He seemed possessed by an insatiable fury which gave no time for grief.

Both he and Johnson would have killed Wolf Larsen at the slightest opportunity, but the opportunity never came. Wolf Larsen was too wise for that, and, besides, they had no adequate weapons. With their fists alone they had no chance whatever. Time and again he fought it out with Leach, who fought back, always like a wildcat, tooth and nail and fist, until stretched, exhausted or unconscious, on the deck. And he was never averse to another encounter. All the devil that was in him—challenged the devil in Wolf Larsen. They had but to appear on deck at the same time, when they would be at it, cursing, snarling, striking; and I have seen Leach fling himself upon Wolf Larsen without warning or provocation. Once he threw his heavy sheath-knife, missing Wolf Larsen's throat by an inch.

I often wondered why Wolf Larsen did not kill him and make an end of it. But he only laughed and seemed to enjoy it. There seemed a certain spice about it, such as men must feel who take delight in making pets of ferocious animals.

"It gives a thrill to life," he explained to me, "when life is carried in one's hand. Man is a natural gambler, and life is the biggest stake he can lay. The greater the odds, the greater the thrill."

It was only next day, when Wainwright Island loomed to windward, close ahead, that Wolf Larsen opened his mouth in prophecy. He had attacked Johnson, been attacked by Leach, and had just finished whipping the pair of them.

"Leach," he said, "you know I'm going to kill you some time or other, don't you?" A snarl was the answer.

"And as for you, Johnson, you'll get so tired of life before I'm through with you that you'll fling yourself over the side. See if you don't."

"That's a suggestion," he added, in an aside to me. "I'll bet you a month's pay he acts upon it."

I had cherished a hope that his victims would find an opportunity to escape while filling our water-barrels, but Wolf Larsen had selected his spot well. The Ghost lay half a mile beyond the surf-line of a lonely beach. Here debouched a deep gorge, with precipitous, volcanic walls which no man could scale. And here, under his direct supervision—for he went ashore himself—Leach and Johnson filled the small casks and rolled them down to the beach. They had no chance to make a break for liberty in one of the boats.

Harrison and Kelly, however, made such an attempt. They composed one of the boat's crews, and their task was to ply between the schooner and the shore, carrying a single cask each trip. Just before dinner, starting for the beach with an empty barrel, they altered their course and bore away to the left to round the promontory which jutted into the sea between them and liberty. Beyond its foaming base lay the pretty villages of the Japanese colonists, and smiling valleys which penetrated deep into the interior. Once in the fastnesses they promised, and the two men could defy Wolf Larsen.

I had observed Henderson and Smoke loitering about the deck all morning, and I now learned why they were there. Procuring their rifles, they opened fire in a leisurely manner upon the deserters. It was a cold-blooded exhibition of marksmanship. At first their bullets zipped harmlessly along the surface of the water on either side of the boat; but, as the men continued to pull lustily, they struck closer and closer.

"Now watch me take Kelly's right ear," Smoke said, drawing a more careful aim.

I was looking through the glasses, and I saw the carblade shatter as he shot. Henderson duplicated it, selecting Harrison's right ear. The boat slewed around. The two remaining oars were quickly broken. The men tried to row with the splinters, and had them shot out of their hands. Kelly ripped up a bottom board and began paddling, but dropped it with a cry of pain as its splinters drove into his hands. Then they gave up, letting the boat drift till a second boat, sent from the shore by Wolf Larsen, took them in tow and brought them aboard.

Late that afternoon we hove up anchor and got away. Nothing was before us but the three or four men's hunting on the sealing grounds. The outlook was black indeed, and I went about my work with a heavy heart. An almost funereal gloom seemed to have descended upon the Ghost. Wolf Larsen had taken to his bunk with one of his strange, splitting headaches. Harrison stood listlessly at the wheel, half-supporting himself by it, as though wearied by the weight of his flesh. The rest of the men were morose and silent. I came upon Kelly crouching to the lee of the forecabin scuttle, his head on his knees, his arms about his head, in an attitude of unutterable despondency.

Strange to say, in spite of the general foreboding, nothing of especial moment happened on the Ghost. We ran on to

the north and west till we raised and picked up with the great seal herd.

It was my task to tally the pelts as they came aboard from the boats, to oversee the skinning and afterwards the cleansing of the decks and bringing things shipshape again. It was not pleasant work. My soul and my stomach revolted at it; and yet, in a way, this handling and directing of many men was good for me. It developed what little executive ability I possessed, and I was aware of a toughening or hardening which I was undergoing and which could not be anything but wholesome for "Siisy" Van Weyden.

I SAW more of Wolf Larsen than ever when we had gained the grounds. For when the weather was fair and we were in the midst of the herd, all hands were away in the boats, and left on board were only he and I, and Thomas Muiridge, who did not count. But there was no play about it. The six boats, spreading out fanwise from the schooner until the first weather boat and the last lee boat were anywhere from ten to twenty miles apart, cruised along a straight course over the sea till nightfall or bad weather drove them in. It was our duty to sail the Ghost well to leeward of the last lee boat, so that all the boats should have fair wind to run for us in case of squalls or threatening weather.

It is no slight matter for two men, particularly when a stiff wind has sprung up, to handle a vessel like the Ghost, steering, keeping lookout for the boats, and setting or taking in sail; so it devolved upon me to learn and learn quickly. Steering I picked up easily, but running aloft to the mastrees and swinging my whole weight by my arms when I left the ratlines and climbed still higher, was more difficult. This, too, I learned, and quickly, for I felt somehow a wild desire to vindicate myself in Wolf Larsen's eyes, to prove my right to live in ways other than of the mind. Nay, the time came when I took joy in the run of the masthead and in the clinging on by my legs at that precarious height while I swept the sea with glasses in search of boats.

I remember one beautiful day, when the boats left early and the reports of the hunters' guns grew dim and distant and died away as they scattered far and wide over the sea. There was just the faintest wind from the westward; but it breathed its last by the time we managed to get to leeward of the last lee boat. One by one—I was at the masthead and saw—the six boats disappeared over the bulge of the earth as they followed the seal into the west. We lay, lazily rolling on the placid sea, unable to follow. Wolf Larsen was apprehensive. The barometer was down, and the sky to the east did not please him. He studied it with increasing vigilance.

Still the calm continued. We ate dinner, a hurried and anxious meal for me with eighteen men abroad on the sea and beyond the bulge of the earth and, with a heaven-rolling mountain range of clouds moving slowly down upon us, Wolf Larsen did not seem affected, however; though I noticed, when he returned to the deck, a slight twitching of the nostrils, a perceptible quickness of movement. His face was stern, the lines of it had grown hard, and yet in his eyes—blue, clear blue this day—there was a strange brilliancy, a bright scintillating light.



The western half of the sky had by now grown murky. The sun had dimmed and faded out of sight. It was two in the afternoon, and a ghostly twilight, shot through by wandering purplish lights, had descended upon us.

And then, just then, the faintest possible whisper of air passed by. It was from the east, and like a whisper it came and went. The drooping canvas was not stirred, and yet my face had felt the air and had been cooled.

"Cooky," Wolf Larsen called in a low voice. Thomas Mugridge turned a pitiable, scared face. "Let go that fore-boom tackle and pass it across, and when she's willing let go the sheet and come in snug with the tackle. And if you make a mess of it, it will be the last you ever make. Understand?"

"Mr. Van Weyden, stand by to pass the head-sails over. Then jump for the top-sails and spread them quick as the Lord'll let you—the quicker you do it the easier you'll find it. As for Cooky, if he isn't lively but him between the eyes."

I was aware of the compliment and pleased, in that no threat had accompanied my instructions. We were lying head to northwest, and it was his intention to jibe over all with the first puff.

"We'll have the breeze on our quarter," he explained to me. "By the last runs the boats were bearing away slightly to the southward."

He turned and walked aft to the wheel. I went forward and took my station at the jibs. Another whisper of wind, and another, passed by. The canvas flapped lazily.

My hands were full with the flying-jib, jib and staysail; and by the time this part of my task was accomplished the Ghost was leaping into the southwest, the wind on her quarter and all her sheets to starboard. Without pausing for breath, though my heart was beating like a trip-hammer from my exertions, I sprang to the top-sails, and before the wind had become too strong we had them fairly set and were coiling down. Then I went aft for orders.

Wolf Larsen nodded his approval and relinquished the wheel to me. The wind was strengthening steadily and the sea rising. For an hour I steered, each moment becoming more difficult. I had not the experience to steer at the gait we were going on a quartering course.

"Now take a run up with the glasses and raise some of the boats. We've made at least ten knots, and we're going twelve or thirteen now. The old girl knows how to walk."

I contented myself with the fore cross-trees, some seventy feet above the deck. As I searched the vacant stretch of water before me, I comprehended thoroughly the need for haste if we were to recover any of our men. Indeed, as I gazed at the heavy sea through which we were running, I doubted that there was a boat afloat that did not seem possible that such frail craft could survive such stress of wind and water. Once, the terror of this giddy sweep overpowered me, and for a while I clung on, hand and foot, weak and trembling, unable to search the sea for the missing boats or to behold aught of the sea but that which roared beneath and strove to overwhelm the Ghost.

But the thought of the men in the midst of it steadied me, and in my quest for them I forgot myself. For an hour I saw nothing but the naked, desolate sea. And then, where a vagrant shaft

of sunlight struck the ocean and turned its surface to wrathful silver, I caught a small black speck thrust skyward for an instant and swallowed up. I waited patiently. Again the tiny point of black projected itself through the wrathful blaze a couple of points off our port-bow. I did not attempt to shout, but communicated the news to Wolf Larsen by waving my arms. He changed the course, and I signalled affirmation when the speck showed dead ahead.

It grew larger, and so swiftly that for the first time I fully appreciated the speed of our flight. Wolf Larsen motioned for me to come down, and when I stood beside him at the wheel gave me instructions for heaving to.

"Expect all hands to break loose," he cautioned me, "but don't mind it. Yours is to do your own work and to have Cooky stand by the fore-sheet."

I MANAGED to make my way forward, but there was little chance of sides, for the weather-rail seemed buried as often as the lee. Having instructed Thomas Mugridge as to what he was to do, I clambered into the fore rigging a few feet. The boat was now very close, and I could make out plainly that it was lying head to wind and sea and dragging on its mast and sail, which had been thrown overboard and made to serve as a sea-anchor. The three men were hailing.

The Ghost suddenly changed her course, keeping away, and it came to me that Wolf Larsen was giving up the rescue as impossible. Then I realised that he was preparing to heave to, and dropped to the deck to be in readiness. We were now dead before the wind, the boat far astern and abreast of us. I felt an abrupt easing of the schooner, a lull for the moment of all strain and pressure, coupled with a swift acceleration of speed. She was rushing around on her heel into the wind.

As she arrived at right angles to the sea, the full force of the wind (from which we had hitherto run away), caught us. I was unfortunately and ignorantly facing it. It stood up against me like a wall, filling my lungs with air which I could not expel. And as I choked and strangled, and as the Ghost wallowed for an instant, broadside on and rolling straight over and far into the wind, I beheld a huge sea rise far about my head. I turned aside, caught my breath, and looked again. The wave overtopped the Ghost, and I gazed sheer up and into it. A shaft of sunlight smote the over-curl, and I caught a glimpse of translucent, rushing green, backed by a milky smother of foam.

Then it descended, pandemonium broke loose, everything happened at once. But through it all I clung to the one idea—I must get the jib backed over to windward. I had no fear of death. I had no doubt but that I should come through somehow. And as this idea of fulfilling Wolf Larsen's order persisted in my dazed consciousness, I seemed to see him standing at the wheel in the midst of the wild welter, pitting his will against the will of the storm and defying it.

I brought up violently against what I took to be the rail, breathed, and breathed the sweet air again. I tried to rise, but struck my head and was knocked back on hands and knees. By some freak of the waters I had been swept clear under the fore-castle-head and into the eyes. As I scrambled out on all fours, I passed over the body of Thomas Mugridge, who lay in a groaning heap. There was no

time to investigate. I must get the jib backed over.

When I emerged on deck it seemed that the end of everything had come. On all sides there was a rending and crashing of wood and steel and canvas.

I did not stop to see what had become of the small boat, but sprang to the jib-sheet. The jib itself was beginning to slap, partially filling and emptying with sharp reports, but with a turn of the sheet and the application of my whole strength each time it slapped, I slowly backed it. This I know; I did my best. I pulled till I burst open the ends of all my fingers; and while I pulled, the flying-jib and staysail split their cloths apart and thundered into nothingness.

Still I pulled, holding what I gained each time with a double turn until the slap gave me more. Then the sheet gave with greater ease, and Wolf Larsen was beside me, heaving in alone while I busied taking up the slack.

"Make fast!" he shouted. "And come on!"

As I followed him, I noted that in spite of rack and ruin a rough order obtained. The Ghost was hove to. She was still in working order, and she was still working. Though the rest of her sails were gone, the jib, backed to windward, and the mainsail hauled down flat, were themselves holding, and holding her bow to the furious sea as well.

I looked for the boat, and, while Wolf Larsen cleared the boat-tackles, saw it lift to leeward on a big sea and not a score of feet away. And, so nicely had he made his calculation, we drifted fairly down upon it, so that nothing remained to do but hook the tackles to either end and hoist it aboard. But this was not done so easily as it is written.

In the bow was Kerfoot, Oofy-Oofy in the stern, and Kelly amidships.

Then we raced, and wildly, across the wild sea, the while I hung like a fly in the cross-tree and searched for the other boats. In half an hour I sighted the second one, swamped and bottom up, to which were desperately clinging Jock Horner, fat Louis, and Johnson. This time I remained aloft, and Wolf Larsen succeeded in heaving to without being swept. As before, we drifted down upon it. Tackles were made fast and lines flung to the men, who scrambled aboard like monkeys. The boat itself was crushed and splintered against the schooner's side as it came aboard; but the wreck was securely lashed, for it could be patched and made whole again.

Once more the Ghost bore away before the storm, this time so submerging herself that for some seconds I thought she would never reappear.

As before, the Ghost swung out of the trough, lifting her deck again out of the sea, and dashed before the howling blast. It was now half-past five, and half an hour later, when the last of the day lost itself in a dim and furious twilight, I sighted a third boat. It was bottom up, and there was no sign of its crew. Wolf Larsen repeated his manoeuvre, holding off and then rounding up to windward and drifting down upon it. But this time he missed by forty feet, the boat passing astern.

"Number four boat!" Oofy-Oofy cried, his keen eyes reading its number in the one second when it lifted clear of the foam and upside down.

And when he put the wheel over hard and the Ghost's bow swung off, there was nothing for the hunters to do but obey



and make the best of a risky chance. How great the risk I realised when I was once more buried beneath the pounding seas and clinging for life to the pinrail at the foot of the foremast. My fingers were torn loose, and I swept across to the side and over the side into the sea. I could not swim, but before I could sink I was swept back again. A strong hand gripped me, and when the Ghost finally emerged, I found that I owed my life to Johnson. I saw him looking anxiously about him, and noted that Kelly, who had come forward at the last moment, was missing.

This time, having missed the boat and not being in the same position as in the previous instances, Wolf Larsen was compelled to resort to a different manoeuvre. Running off before the wind with everything to starboard, he came about and returned close-hauled on the port tack.

Two hours of terrible work followed, in which all hands of us—two hunters, three sailors, Wolf Larsen, and I—reefed, first one and then the other, the jib and mainsail. Hove-to under this short canvas, our decks were comparatively free of water, while the Ghost bobbed and ducked amongst the combers like a cork.

In the meantime Thomas Murgidge, like a drowned rat, was being dragged out from under the forecabin head where he had cravenly exonerated himself. I saw him pulled aft to the cabin and noted with a shock of surprise that the galley had disappeared. A clean space of deck showed where it had stood.

In the cabin I found all hands assembled, sailors as well, and while coffee was being cooked over the small stove we drank whisky and crunched hard-tack. Never in my life had food been so welcome. And never had hot coffee tasted so good. So violently did the Ghost pitch and toss and tumble about that it was impossible for even the sailors to move about without holding on, and several times, after a cry of "Now she takes it!" we were heaped upon the wall of the port cabins as though it had been the deck.

After all that had passed, suffering intolerable anguish in my finger ends, and with three boats missing, to say nothing of the wild capers the Ghost was cutting, I should have thought it impossible to sleep. But my eyes must have closed the instant my head touched the pillow, and in utter exhaustion I slept throughout the night, while the Ghost, lonely and undirected, fought her way through the storm.

THE next day, while the storm was blowing itself out, Wolf Larsen and I crammed anatomy and surgery and set Murgidge's ribs. Then, when the storm broke, Wolf Larsen cruised back and forth over that portion of the ocean where he had encountered it, and somewhat more to the westward, while the boats were being repaired and new sails made and bent. Sealing schooner after sealing schooner we sighted and boarded, most of which were in search of lost boats, and most of which were carrying boats and crews they had picked up and which did not belong to them. For the thick of the fleet had been to the westward of us, and the boats, scattered far and wide, had headed in mad flight for the nearest refuge.

Two of our boats, with men all safe, we took off the Cisco, and, to Wolf Larsen's huge delight and my own grief, he culled Smoke, with Nilson and Leach,

from the San Diego. So that, at the end of five days, we found ourselves short but four men—Henderson, Holyoak, Williams and Kelly,—and were once more hunting on the flanks of the herd.

I was learning more and more seamanship; and one clear day—a thing we rarely encountered now—I had the satisfaction of running and handling the Ghost and picking up the boats myself. Wolf Larsen had been smitten with one of his headaches, and I stood at the wheel from morning until evening, sailing across the ocean after the last lee boat and heaving to and picking it and the other five up without command or suggestion from him.

Gales we encountered, now and again, for it was a raw and stormy region and, in the middle of June, a typhoon most memorable to me and most important because of the changes wrought through it upon my future.

We must have been well in the path of the trans-Pacific steamships when the typhoon moderated, and here, to the surprise of the hunters, we found ourselves in the midst of seals—a second herd, or sort of rearguard, they declared, and a most unusual thing. But it was "Boats over!" the boom-boom of guns, and the pitiful slaughter through the long day.

It was at this time that I was approached by Leach, I had just finished tallying the skins of the last boat aboard, when he came to my side, in the darkness, and said in a low tone:

"Can you tell me, Mr. Van Weyden, how far we are off the coast, and what the bearings of Yokohama are?"

My heart leaped with gladness, for I knew what he had in mind, and I gave him the bearings—west-north-west and five hundred miles away.

"Thank you, sir," was all he said as he slipped back into the darkness.

Next morning No. 3 boat and Johnson and Leach were missing. The water-breakers and grub boxes from all the other boats were likewise missing, as were the beds and sea bags of the two men. Wolf Larsen was furious. He set sail and bore away into the west-north-west, two hunters constantly at the mast-heads and sweeping the sea with glasses, himself pacing the deck like an angry lion. He knew too well my sympathy for the runaways to send me aloft as lookout.

On the morning of the third day, shortly after eight bells, a cry that the boat was sighted came down from Smoke at the masthead. All hands lined the rail. A snappy breeze was blowing from the west with the promise of more wind behind it, and there, to leeward, in the troubled silver of the rising sun, appeared and disappeared a black speck.

We squared away and ran for it. My heart was as lead. I felt myself turning sick in anticipation. So unnerved was I by the thought of impending violence to Leach and Johnson that my reason must have left me. I know that I slipped down into the steerage in a daze, and that I was just beginning the ascent to the deck, a loaded shot-gun in my hands, when I heard the startled cry:

"There's five men in that boat!"

I supported myself in the companionway, weak and trembling, while the observation was being verified by the remarks of the rest of the men. Then my knees gave under me and I sank down, myself again, but overcome by shock at knowledge of what I had so nearly done. Also, I was very thankful as I put the gun away and slipped back on deck.

No one had remarked my absence. The boat was near enough for us to make out that it was larger than any sealing boat and built on different lines. As we drew closer the sail was taken in and the mast unstepped. Oars were shipped, and its occupants waited for us to heave to and take them aboard.

Smoke, who had descended to the deck and was now standing by my side, began to chuckle in a significant way. I looked at him inquiringly.

"Talk of a mess!" he giggled.

"What's wrong? I demanded.

Again he chuckled.

"DON'T you see there, in the sternsheets, on the bottom? May I never shoot a seal again if that ain't a woman!"

I looked closely, but was not sure until exclamations broke out on all sides. The boat contained four men, and its fifth occupant was certainly a woman. We were agog with excitement, all except Wolf Larsen, who was too evidently disappointed in that it was not his own boat with the two victims of his malice.

We ran down the flying jib, hauled the jib-sheets to windward and the man-sheet flat, and came up into the wind. The oars struck the water and, with a few strokes, the boat was alongside. I now caught my first fair glimpse of the woman. She was wrapped in a long ulster, for the morning was raw; and I could see nothing but her face and a mass of light brown hair escaping from under the seaman's cap on her head. The eyes were large and brown and lustrous, the mouth sweet and sensitive, and the face itself a delicate oval, though sun and exposure to briny wind had burnt the face scarlet.

"Mr. Van Weyden!"

Wolf Larsen's voice brought me sharply back to myself.

"Will you take the lady below and see to her comfort? Make up that spare port cabin. Put Cooky to work on it. And see what you can do for that face. It's burned badly."

He turned brusquely away from us and began to question the new men.

I found myself strangely afraid of this woman I was escorting aft. Also I was awkward. It seemed to me that I was realising for the first time what a delicate, fragile creature a woman is; and as I caught her arm to help her down the companion stairs, I was startled by its smallness and softness. Indeed, she was a slender, delicate woman as women go, but to me she was so ethereally slender and delicate that I was quite prepared for her arm to crumble in my grasp. All this, in frankness, to show my first impression, after long denial, of women in general and of Maud Brewster in particular.

I bustled about in quite housewifely fashion, procuring soothing lotions for her sunburn, raiding Wolf Larsen's private stores for a bottle of port I knew to be there, and directing Thomas Murgidge in the preparation of the spare state-room.

The wind was freshening rapidly, the Ghost heeling over more and more, and by the time the state-room was ready she was dashing through the water at a lively clip. I had quite forgotten the existence of Leach and Johnson, when suddenly, like a thunderclap, "Boat ho!" came down the open companionway. It was Smoke's unmistakable voice, crying from the masthead. I shot a glance at the woman, but she was leaning back in



the armchair, her eyes closed, unutterably tired. I doubted that she had heard, and I resolved to prevent her seeing the brutality I knew would follow the capture of the deserters. She was tired. Very good. She should sleep.

I CAME on deck to find the Ghost heading up close on the port tack and cutting in to windward of a familiar spritsail close-hauled on the same tack ahead of us. All hands were on deck, for they knew that something was to happen when Leach and Johnson were dragged aboard.

It was four bells. Louis came aft to relieve the wheel. There was a dampness in the air, and I noticed he had on oilskins.

"What are we going to have?" I asked him.

"A healthy young ship of a gale from the breath is it, sir," he answered, "with a splatter in rain just to wet our gills and no more."

Wolf Larsen strode aft from amidships, where he had been talking with the rescued men. The catlike springiness in his tread was a little more pronounced than usual, and his eyes were bright and shabby.

"Three oilers and a fourth engineer," was his greeting. "But we'll make sailors out of them, or boat-pullers at any rate. Now, what of the lady?"

I know not why, but I was aware of a twinge or pang, like the cut of a knife, when he mentioned her. I thought it a certain silly fastidiousness on my part, but it persisted in spite of me, and I merely shrugged my shoulders in answer.

Wolf Larsen pursed his lips in a long, quizzical whistle.

"What's her name, then?" he demanded.

"I don't know," I replied. "She is asleep. She was very tired. In fact, I am waiting to hear the news from you. What vessel was it?"

"Mail steamer," he answered shortly. "The City of Tokio, from Frisco, bound for Yokohama. Disabled in that typhoon. Old tub. Opened up top and bottom like a sieve. They were adrift four days. And you don't know who or what she is, eh?—maid, wife, or widow? Well, well."

He shook his head in a bantering way, and regarded me with laughing eyes.

"Are you—" I began. It was on the verge of my tongue to ask if he were going to take the castaways in to Yokohama.

"Am I what?" he asked.

"What do you intend doing with Leach and Johnson?"

He shook his head. "Really. Hump, I don't know. You see, with these additions I've about all the crew I want."

We strolled across the poop to the lee side. The boat was close at hand now, and in desperate plight. Johnson was steering, Leach bailing. We overhauled them about two feet to their one. Wolf Larsen motioned Louis to keep off slightly, and we dashed abreast of the boat, not a score of feet to windward. The Ghost blanketed it. The spritsail flapped emptily and the boat righted to an even keel, causing the two men swiftly to change position. The boat lost headway, and as we lifted on a huge surge, toppled and fell into the trough.

It was at this moment that Leach and Johnson looked up into the faces of their shipmates, who lined the rail amidships. There was no greeting. They were as dead men in their comrades' eyes, and

between them was the gulf that parts the living and the dead.

Johnson was a splendid seaman, and he knew as much about small boats as he did about ships. At the end of an hour and a half he was nearly alongside, standing past our stern on the last leg out, aiming to fetch us on the next leg back.

The boat drew closer and closer, hurling along through the seething green like a thing alive, lifting and sending and up-tossing across the huge-backed breakers, or disappearing behind them only to rush into sight again and shoot skyward. It seemed impossible that it could continue to live, yet with each dizzying sweep it did achieve the impossible. A rain-squall drove past, and out of the flying wet the boat emerged, almost upon us.

"Hard up, there!" Wolf Larsen shouted, himself springing to the wheel and whirling it over.

Again, the Ghost sprang away and raced before the wind, and for two hours Johnson and Leach pursued us. We hove to and ran away, hove to and ran away, and ever astern the struggling patch of sail tossed skyward and fell into the rushing valleys. It was a quarter of a mile away when a thick squall of rain veiled it from view. It never emerged. The wind blew the air clear again, but no patch of sail broke the troubled surface. I thought I saw, for an instant, the boat's bottom show black in a breaking crest. At the best, that was all. For Johnson and Leach the travail of existence had ceased.

THE remainder of the day passed uneventfully. The young ship of a gale, having wetted our gills, proceeded to moderate.

Miss Brewster—we had learned her name from the engineer—slept on and on. At supper I requested the hunters to lower their voices, so she was not disturbed; and it was not till next morning that she made her appearance. It had been my intention to have her meals served apart, but Wolf Larsen put down his foot. Who was she that she should be too good for cabin table and cabin society? Had been his demand.

Wolf Larsen had little to say at first, doing no more than reply when he was addressed. Not that he was abashed. Far from it. This woman was a new type to him, a different breed from any he had ever known, and he was curious. He studied her, his eyes rarely leaving her face unless to follow the movements of her hands or shoulders. I studied her myself, and though it was I who maintained the conversation, I knew that I was a bit shy, not quite self-possessed. He was the perfect poise, the supreme confidence in self, which nothing could shake; and he was no more timid of a woman than he was of storm and battle.

"And when shall we arrive at Yokohama?" she asked, turning to him and looking him squarely in the eyes.

There it was, the question flat. The jaws stopped working, the ears ceased wobbling, and though eyes remained glued on plates, each man listened greedily for the answer.

"In four months, possibly three, if the season closes early," Wolf Larsen said.

She caught her breath, and stammered, "I—I thought—I was given to understand that Yokohama was only a day's sail away. It—" Here she paused and looked about the table at the circle of unympathetic faces staring hard at the plates. "It is not right," she concluded.

"That is a question you must settle with Mr. Van Weyden there," he replied,

nodding to me with a mischievous twinkle. "Mr. Van Weyden is what you may call an authority on such things as rights. Now I, who am only a sailor, would look upon the situation somewhat differently. It may possibly be your misfortune that you have to remain with us, but it is certainly our good fortune."

He regarded her smilingly. Her eyes fell before his gaze, but she lifted them again, and defiantly, to mine. I read the unspoken question there: "was it right?" But I had decided that the part I was to play must be a neutral one, so I did not answer.

"I have no clothes, nothing," she objected. "You hardly realise, sir, that I am not a man, or that I am unaccustomed to the vagrant, careless life which you and your men seem to lead."

"The sooner you get accustomed to it, the better," he said.

"I'll furnish you with cloth, needles, and thread," he added. "I hope it will not be too dreadful a hardship for you to make yourself a dress or two."

She made a wry pucker with her mouth, as though to advertise her ignorance of dressmaking. That she was frightened and bewildered, and that she was bravely striving to hide it, was quite plain to me.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Do you feed yourself? Or does someone else feed you?"

"I'm afraid someone else has fed me most of my life," she laughed, trying bravely to enter into the spirit of his quizzing, though I could see a terror dawning and growing in her eyes as she watched Wolf Larsen.

"Have you ever earned a dollar by your own labor?" he demanded, certain of her answer, a triumphant vindictiveness in his voice.

"Yes, I have," she answered slowly, and I could have laughed aloud at his crestfallen visage. "I remember my father giving me a dollar once, when I was a little girl, for remaining absolutely quiet for five minutes."

He smiled indulgently.

"But that was long ago," she continued. "And you would scarcely demand a little girl of nine to earn her own living."

"At present, however," she said, after another slight pause. "I earn about eighteen hundred dollars a year."

With one accord, all eyes left the plates and settled on her. A woman who earned eighteen hundred dollars a year was worth looking at. Wolf Larsen was undisturbed in his admiration.

"Salary or piece-work?" he asked.

"Piece-work," she answered promptly.

"Eighteen hundred," he calculated.

"That's a hundred and fifty dollars a month. Well, Miss Brewster, there is nothing small about the Ghost. Consider yourself on salary during the time you remain with us."

She made no acknowledgment. She was too unused as yet to the whims of the man to accept them with equanimity.

"I forgot to inquire," he went on suavely, "as to the nature of your occupation. What commodities do you turn out? What tools and materials do you require?"

"Paper and ink," she laughed. "And, oh! also a typewriter."

"You are Maud Brewster," I said slowly and with certainty, almost as though I were charging her with a crime.



Her eyes lifted curiously to mine. "How do you know?"

"Aren't you?" I demanded.

She acknowledged her identity with a nod. It was Wolf Larsen's turn to be puzzled. The name and its magic signified nothing to him. I was proud that it did mean something to me, and for the first time in a weary while I was convincingly conscious of a superiority over him.

"I remember writing a review of a thin little volume—" I had begun carelessly, when she interrupted me.

"You!" she cried. "You are—"

She was now staring at me in wide-eyed wonder.

I nodded my identity, in turn.

"Humphrey Van Weyden," she concluded; then added with a sigh of relief, and unaware that she had glanced that relief at Wolf Larsen, "I am so glad."

"I remember the review," she went on hastily, becoming aware of the awkwardness of her remark; "that too, too flattering review."

"Not at all," I denied valiantly. "You impeach my sober judgment and make my canons of little worth."

"We of the East have seen so very little of you—too little, indeed, of the Dean of American Letters, the Second," she said.

I bowed to, and disclaimed, the compliment. "I nearly met you, once, in Philadelphia, some Browning affair or other—you were to lecture, you know. My train was four hours late."

And then we quite forgot where we were, leaving Wolf Larsen stranded and silent in the midst of our flood of gossip. The hunters left the table and went on deck, and still we talked. Wolf Larsen alone remained. Suddenly I became aware of him, leaning back from the table and listening curiously to our alien speech of a world he did not know.

**T**HE chagrin Wolf Larsen felt from being ignored by Maud Brewster and me in the conversation at table had to express itself in some fashion, and it fell to Thomas Muiridge to be the victim. He had not mended his ways nor his shirt, though the latter he contended he had changed. The garment itself did not bear out the assertion, nor did the accumulations of grease on stove and pot and pan attest a general cleanliness.

"I've given you warning, Cooky," Wolf Larsen said, "and now you've got to take your medicine."

Muiridge's face turned white under its sooty veneer, and when Wolf Larsen called for a rope and a couple of men, the miserable Cockney fled wildly out of the galley and dodged and ducked about the deck with the grinning crew in pursuit.

Parsons took the wheel and the pursuit continued. Round and round the decks they went, Muiridge sick with fear, the sailors hallooing and shouting directions to one another, and the hunters bellowing encouragement and laughter.

Half a dozen sailors swarmed to the crossbeams after him, where they clustered and waited while two of their number, Coffy-Coffy and Black (who was Latimer's boat-steerer), continued up the thin steel stays, lifting their bodies higher and higher by means of their arms.

It was a perilous undertaking, for, at a height of over a hundred feet from the deck, holding on by their hands, they were not in the best of positions to protect themselves from Muiridge's feet. And Muiridge kicked savagely, till the Kanaka, hanging on with one hand,

seized the Cockney foot with the other. Black duplicated the performance a moment later with the other foot. Then the three writhed together in a swaying tangle, struggling, sliding, and falling into the arms of their mates on the crossbeams.

The aerial battle was over, and Thomas Muiridge, whining and gibbering, his mouth flecked with bloody foam, was brought down to deck. Wolf Larsen rove a bowline in a piece of rope and slipped it under his shoulders. Then he was carried aft and flung into the sea. Forty-fifty-sixty feet of line ran out, when Wolf Larsen cried, "Belay!" Coffy-Coffy took a turn on a bitt, the rope tightened, and the Ghost, lunging onward, jerked the cook to the surface.

It was a pitiful spectacle. Though he could not drown, and was nine-lived in addition, he was suffering all the agonies of half-drowning. The Ghost was going very slowly, and when her stern lifted on a wave and she slipped forward, she pulled the wretch to the surface and gave him a moment in which to breathe; but between each lift the stern fell, and while the bow lazily climbed the next wave, the line slackened and he sank beneath.

I had forgotten the existence of Maud Brewster, and I remembered her with a start as she stepped lightly beside me. It was her first time on deck since she had come aboard. A dead silence greeted her appearance.

"What is the cause of the merriment?" she asked.

"Ask Captain Larsen," I answered, composedly and coldly, though inwardly my blood was boiling at the thought that she should be witness to such brutality.

She took my advice and was turning to put it into execution, when her eyes lighted on Coffy-Coffy, immediately before her, his body bristling with alertness and grace as he held the turn of the rope.

"Are you fishing?" she asked him.

He made no reply. His eyes, fixed intently on the sea astern, suddenly flashed.

"Shark ho, sir!" he cried.

"Heave in! Lively! All hands tail on!" Wolf Larsen shouted, springing himself to the rope in advance of the quickest.

Muiridge had heard the Kanaka's warning cry and was screaming madly. I could see a black fin cutting the water and making for him with greater swiftness than he was being pulled aboard. It was an even toss whether the shark or we would get him, and it was a matter of moments. When Muiridge was directly beneath us, the stern descended the slope of a passing wave, thus giving the advantage to the shark. The fin disappeared. The belly flashed white in a swift upward rush. Almost equally swift, but not quite, was Wolf Larsen. He threw his strength into one tremendous jerk. The Cockney's body left the water; so did part of the shark's. He drew up his legs, and the man-eater seemed no more than barely to touch one foot, sinking back into the water with a splash. But at the moment of contact, Thomas Muiridge cried out. Then he came in like a fresh-caught fish on a line, clearing the rail generously and striking the deck in a heap, on hands and knees, and rolling over.

But a fountain of blood was gushing forth. The right foot was missing, amputated neatly at the ankle. I looked instantly to Maud Brewster. Her face was white, her eyes dilated with horror. She was gazing, not at Thomas Muiridge,

but at Wolf Larsen. And he was aware of it, for he said, with one of his short laughs:

"Man-play, Miss Brewster. Somewhat rougher, I warrant, than what you have been used to, but still—man-play. The shark was not in the reckoning. It—"

But at this juncture, Muiridge, who had lifted his head and ascertained the extent of his loss, floundered over on the deck and buried his teeth in Wolf Larsen's leg. Wolf Larsen stooped, coolly, to the Cockney, and pressed with thumb and finger at the rear of the jaws and below the ears. The jaws opened with reluctance, and Wolf Larsen stepped free.

"As I was saying," he went on, as though nothing unwonted had happened, "the shark was not in the reckoning. It was—shem—shall we say Providence?"

She gave no sign that she had heard, though the expression of her eyes changed to one of inexpressible loathing as she started to turn away. She no more than started, for she swayed and tottered, and reached her hand weakly out to mine. I caught her in time to save her from falling, and helped her to a seat in the cabin. I thought she must faint outright, but she controlled herself.

"Will you get a tourniquet, Mr. Van Weyden?" Wolf Larsen called to me.

I hesitated. Her lips moved, and, though they formed no words, she commanded me with her eyes, plainly as speech, to go to the help of the unfortunate man. "Please," she managed to whisper, and I could but obey.

By now I had developed such skill at surgery that Wolf Larsen, with a few words of advice, left me to my task with a couple of sailors for assistants. For his task he elected a vengeance on the shark.

The shark, a sixteen-footer, was hoisted up against the main-rigging. Its jaws were pried apart to their greatest extension, and a stout stake, sharpened at both ends, was so inserted that when the pries were removed the spread jaws were fixed upon it. This accomplished, the hook was cut out. The shark dropped back into the sea, helpless, yet with its full strength, doomed to lingering starvation—a living death less meet for it than for the man who devised the punishment.

**I** KNEW what it was as she came toward me. For ten minutes I had watched her talking earnestly with the engineer, and now, with a sign for silence, I drew her out of earshot of the helmsman. Her face was white and set; her large eyes, larger than usual what of the purpose in them, looked penetratingly into mine. I felt rather timid and apprehensive, for she came to search Humphrey Van Weyden's soul, and Humphrey Van Weyden had nothing of which to be particularly proud since his advent on the Ghost.

We walked to the break of the poop, where she turned and faced me. I glanced around to see that no one was within hearing distance.

"What is it?" I asked, gently; but the expression of determination on her face did not relax.

"I can readily understand," she began, "that this morning's affair was largely an accident; but I have been talking with Mr. Haskins. He tells me that the day we were rescued, even while I was in the cabin, two men were drowned, deliberately drowned—murdered."

There was a query in her voice, and she



faced me accusingly, as though I were guilty of the deed, or at least a party to it. "The information is quite correct," I answered. "The two men were murdered."

"And you permitted it!" she cried. "I was unable to prevent it, is a better way of phrasing it," I replied, still gently. "But you tried to prevent it?" There was an emphasis on the "tried," and a pleading little note in her voice. "Oh, but you didn't," she hurried on, divining my answer. "But why didn't you?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "You must understand, Miss Brewster, and understand clearly, that this man is a monster. He is without conscience. Nothing is sacred to him, nothing is too terrible for him to do. It was due to his whim that I was detained aboard in this place. It is due to his whim that I am still alive."

She waited for me to go on. "What remains? Mine is the role of the weak. I remain silent and suffer ignominy, as you will remain silent and suffer ignominy. We must provoke no scenes with this man, nor cross his will. And we must keep smiling faces and be friendly with him no matter how repulsive it may be."

She brushed her hand across her forehead in a puzzled way, saying, "Still I do not understand."

"You must do as I say," I interrupted authoritatively, for I saw Wolf Larsen's gaze wandering towards us from where he paced up and down with Latimer amidsthips. "Do as I say, and ere long you will find I am right."

Wolf Larsen was coming towards us. I was desperate.

"Please, please understand me," I said hurriedly, lowering my voice. "All your experience of men and things is worthless here. You must begin over again. I know—I can see it. I have always been proud of the fact that I discovered him," I said, turning the conversation as Wolf Larsen stepped on the poop and joined us. "The editors were afraid of him and the publishers would have none of him. But I knew, and his genius and my judgment were vindicated when he made that magnificent hit with his 'Forge'."

"We were talking of Harris," I said to Wolf Larsen. "Oh, yes," he acknowledged. "I remember the 'Forge'! Filled with pretty sentiments and an almighty faith in human illusions. By the way, Mr. Van Weyden, you'd better look in on Cooky. He's complaining and restless."

Thus was I bluntly dismissed from the poop, only to find Muiridge sleeping soundly from the morphine I had given him. I made no haste to return on deck, and when I did I was gratified to see Miss Brewster in animated conversation with Wolf Larsen.

I HAD read sea-romances in my time, wherein figured, as a matter of course, the lone woman in the midst of a shipload of men; but I learned, now, that I had never comprehended the deeper significance of such a situation—the thing the writers harped upon and exploited so thoroughly.

No one more out of environment than Maud Brewster could be imagined. She was a delicate, ethereal creature, swaying and willowy, light and graceful of movement.

She was in striking contrast to Wolf Larsen. Each was nothing that the other was, everything that the other was

not. I noted them walking the deck together one morning, and I likened them to the extreme ends of the human ladder of evolution—the one the culmination of all savagery, the other the finished product of the finest civilisation.

But this day, as I noted them pacing up and down, I saw that it was she who terminated the walk. They came up to where I was standing by the entrance to the companionway. Though she betrayed it by no outward sign, I felt, somehow, that she was greatly perturbed. She made some idle remark, looking at me, and laughed lightly enough; but I saw her eyes return to his, involuntarily, as though fascinated; then they fell, but not swiftly enough to veil the rush of terror that filled them.

Wolf Larsen bowed brusquely and turned away.

"I am afraid," she whispered, with a shiver. "I am so afraid."

I, too, was afraid, and what of my discovery of how much she meant to me my mind was in a turmoil; but I succeeded in answering quite calmly:

"All will come right, Miss Brewster. Trust me, it will come right."

She answered with a grateful little smile that sent my heart pounding, and started to descend the companion-stairs. I, Humphrey Van Weyden, was in love!

AMONG the most vivid memories of my life are those of the events on the Ghost, which occurred during the forty hours succeeding the discovery of my love for Maud Brewster. To begin with, at the midday dinner, Wolf Larsen informed the hunters that they were to eat thenceforth in the steerage.

The announcement was received with black silence, though the other four hunters glanced significantly at the two who had been the cause of their banishment.

We left the table to go on-deck, for a steamer was a welcome break in the monotony of the sea on which we floated, while the conviction that it was Death Larsen and the Macedonia added to the excitement. The stiff breeze and heavy sea which had sprung up the previous afternoon had been moderating all morning, so that it was now possible to lower the boats for an afternoon's hunt. The hunting promised to be profitable. We had sailed since daylight across a sea barren of seals, and were now running into the herd.

The smoke was still miles astern, but overhauling us rapidly, when we lowered our boats. They spread out and struck a northerly course across the ocean.

Under the approaching smoke the hull and upperworks of a steamer were growing larger. It was the Macedonia. I read her name through the glasses as she passed by scarcely a mile to starboard. Wolf Larsen looked savagely at the vessel, while Maud Brewster was curious.

"Where is the trouble you were so sure was breeding up, Captain Larsen?" she asked gaily.

He glanced at her, a moment's amusement softening his features.

"What did you expect? That they'd come aboard and cut our throats?"

"Something like that," she confessed.

"You understand, seal-hunters are so new and strange to me that I am quite ready to expect anything."

He nodded his head. "Quite right, quite right. Your error is that you failed to expect the worst."

Having passed several miles beyond

our line of boats, the Macedonia proceeded to lower her own. We knew she carried fourteen boats to our five (we were one short through the desertion of Wainwright), and she began dropping them far to leeward of our last boat, continued dropping them athwart our course, and finished dropping them far to windward of our first weather boat. The hunting, for us, was spoiled. There were no seals behind us, and ahead of us the line of fourteen boats, like a huge broom, swept the herd before it.

Our boats hunted across the two or three miles of water between them and the point where the Macedonia's had been dropped, and then headed for home.

"YOU'VE been on deck, Mr. Van Weyden," Wolf Larsen said, the following morning at the breakfast table. "How do things look?"

"Clear enough," I answered, glancing at the sunshine which streamed down the open companionway. "Fair westerly breeze, with a promise of stiffening, if Louis predicts correctly."

He nodded his head in a pleased way. "Any signs of fog?"

"Thick banks in the north and north-west."

He nodded his head again, evincing even greater satisfaction than before.

"What of the Macedonia?"

"Not sighted," I answered.

I could have sworn his face fell at the intelligence, but why he should be disappointed I could not conceive.

I was soon to learn. "Smoke ho!" came the hail from on deck, and his face brightened.

"Good!" he exclaimed, and left the table at once to go on deck and into the steerage, where the hunters were taking the first breakfast of their exile.

From the sounds on deck I knew that the sailors had been routed out and were preparing to lower the boats. Maud Brewster accompanied me on deck, but I left her at the break of the poop, where she might watch the scene and not be in it.

The five boats went over the side with a rush, spread out like the ribs of a fan, and set a northerly course, as on the preceding afternoon, for us to follow. I watched for some time, curiously, but there seemed nothing extraordinary about their behaviour. They lowered sails, shot seals, and hoisted sails again, and continued on their way as I had always seen them do. The Macedonia repeated her performance of yesterday, "hogging" the sea by dropping her line of boats in advance of ours and across our course. Fourteen boats require a considerable spread of ocean for comfortable hunting, and when she had completely lapped our line she continued steaming into the north-east, dropping more boats as she went.

"What's up?" I asked Wolf Larsen, unable longer to keep my curiosity in check.

"Never mind what's up," he answered gruffly. "You won't be a thousand years in finding out, and in the meantime just pray for plenty of wind."

"Oh, well, I don't mind telling you," he said the next moment. "I'm going to give that brother of mine a taste of his own medicine. In short, I'm going to play the hog myself, and not for one day, but for the rest of the season,—if we're in luck."

"And if we're not?" I queried.

"Not to be considered," he laughed. "We simply must be in luck, or it's all up with us."



The smoke of the *Macedonia* had dwindled to a dim blot on the north-eastern horizon. Of the steamer herself nothing was to be seen. We had been loafing along, till now, our sails shaking half the time and spilling the wind; and twice, for short periods, we had been hove to. But there was no more loafing. Sheets were trimmed, and Wolf Larsen proceeded to put the *Ghost* through her paces. We ran past our line of boats and bore down upon the first weather boat of the other line.

"Down that flying jib, Mr. Van Weyden," Wolf Larsen commanded. "And stand by to back over the jibs."

I ran forward and had the downhaul of the flying jib all in and fast as we slipped by the boat a hundred feet to leeward. The three men in it gazed at us suspiciously. They had been hugging the sea, and they knew Wolf Larsen, by reputation at any rate. They came opposite our stern. Wolf Larsen greeted them with a wave of the hand, and cried:

"Come on board and have a 'gam'!"  
"To gam," among the sealing schooners, is a substitute for the verbs "to visit," "to gossip." It expresses the garrulity of the sea and is a pleasant break in the monotony of the life.

The *Ghost* swung around into the wind, and I finished my work forward in time to run aft and lend a hand with the main sheet.

"You will please stay on deck, Miss Brewster," Wolf Larsen said, as he started forward to meet his guest. "And you, too, Mr. Van Weyden."

The boat had lowered its sail and run alongside. The hunter, golden-bearded like a sea-king, came over the rail and dropped on deck. But his hugeness could not quite overcome his apprehensiveness. Doubt and distrust showed strongly in his face. It was a transparent face, for all of its hairy shield, and advertised instant relief when he glanced from Wolf Larsen to me, noted that there was only the pair of us, and then glanced over his own two men who had joined him. Surely he had little reason to be afraid. He towered like a Goliath above Wolf Larsen. He must have measured six feet eight or nine inches in stature, and I subsequently learned his weight—240 pounds. And there was no fat about him. It was all bone and muscle.

A return of apprehension was apparent, when, at the top of the companion-way, Wolf Larsen invited him below. But he reassured himself with a glance down at his host—a big man himself but dwarfed by the propinquity of the giant. So all hesitancy vanished, and the pair descended into the cabin. In the meantime, his two men, as was the wont of visiting sailors, had gone forward into the fore-castle to do some visiting themselves. Suddenly, from the cabin, came a great, choking bellow, followed by all the sounds of a furious struggle. It was the leopard and the lion, and the lion made all the noise. Wolf Larsen was the leopard.

"You see the sacredness of our hospitality," I said bitterly, to Maud Brewster. She nodded her head that she heard, and I noted in her face the signs of the same sickness at sight or sound of violent struggle from which I had suffered so severely during my first weeks on the *Ghost*.

The sounds from below soon died away. Then Wolf Larsen came alone on deck. There was a slight flush under his bronze, but otherwise he bore no signs of the battle.

"Send those two men aft, Mr. Van Weyden," he said.

I obeyed, and a minute or two later they stood before him.

"Hoist in your boat," he said to them. "Your hunter's decided to stay aboard awhile and doesn't want it pounding alongside."

"Hoist in your boat, I said," he repeated, this time in sharper tones as they hesitated to do his bidding.

"Who knows? you may have to sail with me for a time," he said, quite softly, with a silken threat that belied the softness, as they moved slowly to comply, "and we might as well start with a friendly understanding. Lively now! Death Larsen makes you jump better than that, and you know it!"

Their movements perceptibly quickened under his coaching, and as the boat swung inboard I was sent forward to let go the jibs. Wolf Larsen, at the wheel, directed the *Ghost* after the *Macedonia*'s second weather boat.

Under way, and with nothing for the time being to do, I turned my attention to the situation of the boats.

THE boat we were pursuing had squared away and was running before the wind to escape us, and, in the course of its flight to take part in repulsing our general boat attack.

Attending to sheets and tacks now left me little time to see what was taking place, but I happened to be on the poop when Wolf Larsen ordered the two strange sailors forward and into the fore-castle. They went sullenly, but they went. He next ordered Miss Brewster below, and smiled at the instant horror that leapt into her eyes.

"You'll find nothing gruesome down there," he said, "only an unharmed man securely made fast to the ring-bolts. Bullets are liable to come aboard, and I don't want you killed, you know."

Even as he spoke, a bullet was deflected by a brass-capped spoke of the wheel between his hands and screeched off through the air to windward.

"You see," he said to her; and then to me, "Mr. Van Weyden, will you take the wheel?"

There was no more shooting, though the rifles were still cracking merrily from the other boats.

The hunter had managed to get the boat before the wind again, but we ran down upon it, going at least two feet to its one. A hundred yards away, I saw the boat-puller pass a rifle to the hunter. Wolf Larsen went amidships and took the coil of the throat-halyards from its pin. Then he peered over the rail with levelled rifle. Twice I saw the hunter let go the steering-rod with one hand, reach for his rifle, and hesitate. We were now alongside and foaming past.

"Here, you!" Wolf Larsen cried suddenly to the boat-puller. "Take a turn!"

At the same time he flung the coil of rope. It struck fairly, nearly knocking the man over, but he did not obey. Instead, he looked to his hunter for orders. The hunter, in turn, was in a quandary. His rifle was between his knees, but if he let go the steering-rod in order to shoot, the boat would sweep around and collide with the schooner. Also he saw Wolf Larsen's rifle bearing upon him and knew he would be shot ere he could get his rifle into play.

"Take a turn," he said quietly to the man.

The boat-puller obeyed, taking a turn around the little forward thwart and

paying the line as it jerked taut. The boat sheered out with a rush, and the hunter steadied it to a parallel course some twenty feet from the side of the *Ghost*.

"Now get that sail down and come alongside!" Wolf Larsen ordered.

He never let go his rifle, even passing down the tackles with one hand. When they were fast, bow and stern, and the two uninjured men prepared to come aboard, the hunter picked up his rifle as if to place it in a secure position.

"Drop it!" Wolf Larsen cried, and the hunter dropped it as though it were hot and had burned him.

Once aboard, the two prisoners hoisted in the boat and under Wolf Larsen's direction carried the wounded boat-steerer down into the fore-castle.

"If our five boats do as well as this and I have done, we'll have a pretty full crew," Wolf Larsen said to me.

"The man you shot—he is, I hope—" Maud Brewster quavered.

"In the shoulder," he answered. "Nothing serious. Mr. Van Weyden will pull him around as good as ever in three or four weeks."

"But he won't pull these chaps round, from the look of it," he added, pointing at the *Macedonia*'s third boat, for which I had been steering and which was now nearly abreast of us. "That's Horner's and Smoke's work. I told them we wanted live men, not carcasses. But the joy of shooting to hit is a most compelling thing, when once you've learned how to shoot. Ever experienced it, Mr. Van Weyden?"

I shook my head and regarded their work.

"Don't look, Miss Brewster, please don't look," I had begged of her, and I was glad that she had minded me and been spared the sight.

"Head right into the bunch, Mr. Van Weyden," was Wolf Larsen's command.

As we drew nearer, the firing ceased, and we saw that the fight was over. The remaining two boats had been captured by our five, and the seven were grouped together, waiting to be picked up.

"Look at that!" I cried involuntarily, pointing to the north-east.

The blot of smoke which indicated the *Macedonia*'s position had reappeared.

"Yes, I've been watching it," was Wolf Larsen's calm reply. He measured the distance away to the fog-bank and for an instant paused to feel the weight of the wind on his cheek. "We'll make it, I think, but you can depend upon it that blessed brother of mine has trigged our little game and is just a-humping for us. Ah, look at that!"

The blot of smoke had suddenly grown larger, and it was very black.

"I'll beat you out, though, brother mine," he chuckled. "I'll beat you out, and I hope you no worse than that you rack your old engines into scrap."

"Better get your rifles, you fellows," Wolf Larsen called to our hunters, and the five men lined the lee rail, guns in hand, and waited.

A puff of smoke broke from the *Macedonia*'s deck, we heard a heavy report, and a round hole took form in the stretched canvas of our mainsail. They were shooting at us with one of the small cannon which rumor had said they carried on board. Our men, clustering amidships, waved their hats and raised a derisive cheer. Again there was a puff of



smoke and a loud report, this time the cannon-ball striking not more than twenty feet astern and glancing twice from sea to sea to windward ere it sank.

But there was no rifle-firing for the reason that all their hunters were out in the boats or our prisoners. When the two vessels were half a mile apart, a third shot made another hole in our mainsail. Then we entered the fog. It was about us, veiling and hiding us in its dense, wet gauze.

It was weird, strangely weird. I looked at Maud Brewster and knew that she was similarly affected. Then I looked at Wolf Larsen, but there was nothing subjective about his state of consciousness. His whole concern was with the immediate, objective present. He still held the wheel, and I felt that he was timing time, reckoning the passage of the minutes with each forward lunge and leeward roll of the Ghost.

"Go forward and hard-a-lee without any noise," he said to me in a low voice. "Clew up the topsails first. Set men at all the sheets. Let there be no rattling of blocks, no sound of voices. No noise, understand, no noise."

We had scarcely filled away, it seemed, when the fog thinned abruptly and we were again in the sunshine, the wide-stretching sea, breaking before us to the skyline. But the ocean was bare. No wrathful Macedonia broke its surface nor blackened the sky with her smoke.

Wolf Larsen at once squared away and ran down along the rim of the fog-bank. His trick was obvious. He had entered the fog to windward of the steamer and, while the steamer had blindly driven on into the fog in the chance of catching him, he had come about and out of his shelter and was now running down to re-enter to leeward. Successful in this, the old simile of the needle in the haystack would be mild indeed compared with his brother's chance of finding him.

He did not run long. Jibing the fore and main sails and setting the topsails again, we headed back into the bank. As we entered I could have sworn I saw a vague bulk emerging to windward. I looked quickly at Wolf Larsen. Already we were ourselves buried in the fog, but he nodded his head. He, too, had seen it—the Macedonia, guessing his manoeuvre and falling by a moment in anticipating it. There was no doubt that we had escaped unseen.

"And now, Mr. Van Weyden," he said to me when he had been relieved from the wheel, "we must make these newcomers welcome. Serve out plenty of whiskey to the hunters and see that a few bottles slip forward. I'll wager every man Jack of them is over the side to-morrow, hunting for Wolf Larsen as contentedly as ever they hunted for Death Larsen."

**W**OLF LARSEN took the distribution of the whisky off my hands, and the bottles began to make their appearance while I worked over the fresh batch of wounded men in the fore-castle. I had seen whisky drunk, such as whisky and soda by the men of the clubs, but never as these men drank it, from pannikins and mugs, and from the bottles—great, brimming drinks, each one of which was in itself a debauch. But they did not stop at one or two. They drank and drank, and ever the bottles slipped forward and they drank more.

Everybody drank; the wounded drank; Ooty-Ooty, who helped me, drank.

The stateroom, where were two wounded hunters, was a repetition of the fore-

castle, except that Wolf Larsen was not being cursed; and it was with a great relief that I again emerged on deck and went aft to the cabin. Supper was ready, and Wolf Larsen and Maud were waiting for me.

While all his ship was getting drunk as fast as it could, he remained sober. Not a drop of liquor passed his lips. He did not dare it under the circumstances, for he had only Louis and me to depend upon, and Louis was even now at the wheel. We were sailing on through the fog without a lookout and without lights. That Wolf Larsen had turned the liquor loose among his men surprised me, but he evidently knew their psychology, and the best method of cementing in cordiality what had begun in bloodshed.

His victory over Death Larsen seemed to have had a remarkable effect upon him.

As I say, he discovered himself in splendid trim when I entered the cabin. He had had no headaches for weeks, his eyes were clear blue as the sky, his bronze was beautiful with perfect health; life swelled through his veins in full and magnificent flood. While waiting for me he had engaged Maud in animated discussion.

If ever Wolf Larsen attained the summit of living, he attained it then. From time to time I forsook my own thoughts to follow him, and I followed in a maze, mastered for the moment by his remarkable intellect, under the spell of his passion, for he was preaching the passion of revolt.

"I'll relieve Louis at the wheel," he said shortly, "and call upon you to relieve at midnight. Better turn in now and get some sleep."

He pulled on a pair of mittens, put on his cap, and ascended the companion-stairs, while I followed his suggestion by going to bed.

I knew not what had aroused me, but I found myself out of my bunk, on my feet wide awake, my soul vibrating to the warning of danger as it might have thrilled to a trumpet call. I threw open the door. The cabin light was burning low. I saw Maud, my Maud, straining and struggling and crunched in the embrace of Wolf Larsen's arms. I could see the vain beat and flutter of her as she strove, pressing her face against his chest, to escape from him. All this I saw on the very instant of seeing and as I sprang forward.

I struck him with my fist, on the face, as he raised his head, but it was a puny blow. He roared in a ferocious, animal-like way, and gave me a shove with his hand. It was only a shove, a flirt of the wrist, yet so tremendous was his strength that I was hurled backward as from a catapult. I struck the door of the stateroom which had formerly been Macridine's, splintering and smashing the panels with the impact of my body. I struggled to my feet, with difficulty dragging myself clear of the wrecked door, unaware of any hurt whatever. I was conscious only of an overwhelming rage. I think I, too, cried aloud, as I drew the knife at my hip and sprang forward a second time.

But something happened. They were reeling apart. I was close upon him, my knife uplifted, but I withheld the blow.

Then I saw red again. All my wrongs and humiliations flashed upon me with a dazzling brightness, all that I had suffered and others had suffered at his hands, all the enormity of the man's very existence. I sprang upon him, blindly, insanely, and drove the

knife into his shoulder. I knew, then, that it was no more than a flesh wound—I had felt the steel grate on his shoulder-blade—and I raised the knife to strike at a more vital part.

But Maud had seen my first blow, and she cried, "Don't! Please don't!"

I dropped my arm for a moment, and a moment only. Again the knife was raised, and Wolf Larsen would have surely died had she not stepped between. Her arms were around me, her hair was brushing my face. My pulse rushed up in an unwonted manner, yet my rage mounted with it. She looked me bravely in the eyes.

"For my sake," she begged.

**I** WOULD kill him for your sake!" I cried, trying to free my arm without hurting her.

"Hush!" she said, and laid her fingers lightly on my lips. I could have kissed them, had I dared, even then, in my rage, the touch of them was so sweet, so very sweet. "Please, please," she pleaded, and she disarmed me by the words, as I was to discover they would ever disarm me.

I stepped back, separating from her, and replaced the knife in its sheath. I looked at Wolf Larsen. He still pressed his left hand against his forehead. It covered his eyes. His head was bowed. He seemed to have grown limp. His body was sagging at the hips, his great shoulders were drooping and shrinking forward.

"Van Weyden!" he called hoarsely, and with a note of fright in his voice. "Oh, Van Weyden! where are you?"

I looked at Maud. She did not speak, but nodded her head.

"Here I am," I answered, stepping to his side. "What is the matter?"

"Help me to a seat," he said, in the same hoarse, frightened voice.

"I am a sick man, a very sick man, Hump," he said, as he left my sustaining grip and sank into a chair.

His head drooped forward on the table and was buried in his hands.

"I am a sick man, a very sick man," he repeated again, and yet once again.

"What is the matter?" I asked, resting my hand on his shoulder. "What can I do for you?"

But he shook my hand off with an irritated movement, and for a long time I stood by his side in silence. Maud was looking on, her face awed and frightened. What had happened to him we could not imagine.

"Hump," he said at last, "I must get into my bunk. Lend me a hand. I'll be all right in a little while. It's those headaches, I believe. I was afraid of them. I had a feeling—no, I don't know what I'm talking about. Help me into my bunk."

But when I got him into his bunk he again buried his face in his hands, covering his eyes, and as I turned to go I could hear him murmuring, "I am a sick man, a very sick man."

Maud looked at me inquiringly as I emerged. I shook my head, saying:

"Something has happened to him. What, I don't know. He is helpless, and frightened, I imagine, for the first time in his life. It must have occurred before he received the knife-thrust, which made only a superficial wound. You must have seen what happened."

She shook her head. "I saw nothing. It is just as mysterious to me. He suddenly released me and staggered away."



But what shall we do? What shall I do?"

"If you will wait, please, until I come back," I answered.

I went on deck. Louis was at the wheel. "You may go forward and turn in," I said taking it from him.

He was quick to obey, and I found myself alone on the deck of the Ghost. As quietly as was possible, I ciewed up the topsails, lowered the flying jib and staysail, backed the jib over, and flattened the mainsail. Then I went below to Maud. I placed my finger to my lips for silence, and entered Wolf Larsen's room. He was in the same position in which I had left him, and his head was rocking—almost writhing—from side to side.

"Anything I can do for you?" I asked.

He made no reply at first but on my repeating the question he answered, "No, no; I'm all right. Leave me alone till morning."

But as I turned to go I noted that his head had resumed its rocking motion. Maud was waiting patiently for me, and I took notice, with a thrill of joy, of the queenly poise of her head and her glorious calm eyes. Calm and sure they were as her spirit itself.

"Will you trust yourself to me for a journey of six hundred miles or so?" I asked.

"You mean—?" she asked, and I knew she had guessed aright.

"Yes, I mean just that," I replied. "There is nothing left for us but the open boat."

"For me, you mean," she said. "You are certainly as safe here as you have been."

"No, there is nothing left for us but the open boat," I reiterated stoutly. "Will you please dress as warmly as you can, and make into a bundle whatever you wish to bring with you."

"And make all haste," I added, as she turned towards her state-room.

We worked feverishly at carrying our plunder on deck and depositing it amidships, so feverishly that Maud, whose strength was hardly a positive quantity, had to give over, exhausted, and sit on the steps at the break of the poop.

Next to obtain was a stock of ammunition—an easy matter, though I had to enter the steerage companionway to do it. Here the hunters stored the ammunition boxes they carried in the boats, and here, but a few feet from their noisy revels, I took possession of two boxes.

Next, to lower a boat. Not so simple a task for one man. Having cast off the lashings, I hoisted first on the forward tackle, then on the aft, till the boat cleared the rail, when I lowered away, one tackle and then the other, for a couple of feet, till it hung snugly, above the water, against the schooner's side.

While Maud was passing me the provisions and I was storing them in the boat, a sailor came on deck from the fore-castle. He stood by the weather rail for a time (we were lowering over the lee rail), and then sauntered slowly amidships, where he again paused and stood facing the wind, with his back towards us.

A few minutes sufficed to finish the loading, and I lowered the boat into the water. As I helped Maud over the rail and felt her form close to mine, it was all I could do to keep from crying out, "I love you! I love you!" Truly Humphrey Van Weyden was at last in love, I thought, as her finger, clung to mine while I lowered her down to the boat. As the boat ascended on a sea, her feet

touched and I released her hands. I cast off the tackles and leaped after her. I had never rowed in my life, but I put out the oars and at the expense of much effort got the boat clear of the Ghost.

We turned our heads, swayed by a common impulse to see the last of the Ghost. Her low hull lifted and rolled to windward on a sea; her canvas loomed darkly in the night; her lashed wheel creaked as the rudder kicked; then sight and sound of her faded away, and we were alone on the dark sea.

**D**AY broke, grey and chill. The boat was close-hauled on a fresh breeze and the compass indicated that we were just making the course which would bring us to Japan. Though stoutly mittened, my fingers were cold, and they pained from the grip on the steering-par. My feet were stinging from the bite of the frost, and I hoped fervently that the sun would shine.

Before me, in the bottom of the boat, lay Maud. She, at least, was warm, for under her and over her were thick blankets.

So insistent was my gaze that at last she stirred under the blankets, the top fold was thrown back and she smiled out on me, her eyes yet heavy with sleep.

"Good morning, Mr. Van Weyden," she said. "Have you sighted land yet?"

"No," I answered, "but we are approaching it at a rate of six miles an hour."

She made a moue of disappointment. "But that is equivalent to one hundred and forty-four miles in twenty-four hours," I added reassuringly.

Her face brightened. "And how far have we to go?"

"Siberia lies off there," I said, pointing to the west. "But to the south-west, some six hundred miles, is Japan. If this wind should hold, we'll make it in five days."

"And if it storms? The boat could not live?"

She had a way of looking one in the eyes and demanding the truth, and thus she looked at me as she asked the question.

"It would have to storm very hard," I temporized.

"And now we shall have breakfast," I said. "But first you must be more warmly clad."

I got out a heavy shirt, new from the slop-chest and made from blanket goods. I knew the kind, so thick and so close of texture that it could resist the rain and not be soaked through after hours of wetting. When she had slipped this on over her head, I exchanged the boy's cap she wore for a man's cap, large enough to cover her hair, and, when the flap was turned down, to completely cover her neck and ears.

A puff, slightly stronger than usual, struck us just then. The boat was caught as it obliquely crossed the crest of a wave. It went over suddenly, burying its gunwale level with the sea and shipping a bucketful or so of water. I was opening a can of tongue at the moment, and I sprang to the sheet and cast it off just in time. The sail flapped and fluttered, and the boat paid off. A few minutes of regulating sufficed to put it on its course again, when I returned to the preparation of breakfast.

"It does very well, it seems, though I am not versed in things nautical," she said, nodding her head with grave approval at my steering contrivance.

"But it will serve only when we are sailing by the wind," I explained. "When

running more freely, with the wind astern, abeam, or on the quarter, it will be necessary for me to steer."

"Then we'll learn together, sir. And since you've had a night's start you shall teach me what you have learned. And now, breakfast. My! this air does give one an appetite!"

"No coffee," I said regretfully, passing her buttered sea-biscuits and a slice of canned tongue. "And there will be no tea, no soups, nothing hot, till we have made land somewhere, somehow."

After the simple breakfast, capped with a cup of cold water, Maud took her lesson in steering. In teaching her I learned quite a deal myself, though I was applying the knowledge already acquired by sailing the Ghost and by watching the boat-steerers sail the small boats. She was an apt pupil, and soon learned to keep the course, to luff in the puffs and to cast off the sheet in an emergency.

Having grown tired, apparently, of the task, she relinquished the oar to me. I had folded up the blankets, but she now proceeded to spread them out on the bottom. When all was arranged snugly, she said:

"Now, sir, to bed. And you shall sleep until luncheon. Till dinner-time," she corrected, remembering the arrangement on the Ghost.

What could I do? She insisted, and said, "Please, please," whereupon I turned the oar over to her and obeyed.

I looked at my watch. It was one o'clock. I had slept seven hours! And she had been steering seven hours! When I took the steering-oar I had first to unbend her cramped fingers. Her modicum of strength had been exhausted, and she was unable even to move from her position. I was compelled to let go the sheet while I helped her to the nest of blankets and chafed her hands and arms.

"I am so tired," she said, with a quick intake of the breath and a sigh, drooping her head wearily.

But she straightened at the next moment. "Now don't scold, don't you dare scold," she cried with mock defiance.

"I hope my face does not appear angry," I answered seriously. "For I assure you I am not in the least angry."

"N-no," she considered. "It looks only reproachful."

"Then it is an honest face, for it looks what I feel. You were not fair to yourself, nor to me. How can I ever trust you again?"

She looked penitent. "I'll be good," she said, as a naughty child might say it. "I promise."

"To obey as a sailor would obey his captain?"

"Yes," she answered. "It was stupid of me, I know."

"Then you must promise something else," I ventured.

"Readily."

"That you will not say, 'Please, please,' too often; for when you do you are sure to override my authority."

She laughed with amused appreciation. She, too, had noticed the power of the repeated "please."

"It is a good word—" I began.

"But I must not overwork it," she broke in.

Late in the afternoon I sighted a steamer's smoke on the horizon to leeward, and I knew it either for a Russian cruiser, or, more likely, the Macedonia still seeking the Ghost. The sun had not shone all day, and it had been bitter cold. As night drew on, the clouds darkened and the wind freshened, so that when



Maud and I ate supper it was with our mittens on and with me still steering and eating morsels between puffs.

By the time it was dark, wind and sea had become too strong for the boat, and I reluctantly took in the sail and set about making a drag or sea-anchor. I had learned of the device from the talk of the hunters, and it was a simple thing to manufacture. Furling the sail and lashing it securely about the mast, boom, sprit, and two pairs of spare oars, I threw it overboard.

"And now?" Maud asked cheerfully, when the task was accomplished and I pulled on my mittens.

"And now we are no longer travelling toward Japan," I answered. "Our drift is to the southeast, or south-southeast, at the rate of at least two miles an hour."

"That will be only twenty-four miles," she urged, "if the wind remains high all night."

"Yes, and only one hundred and forty miles if it continues for three days and nights."

"But it won't continue," she said, with easy confidence. "It will turn around and blow fair."

"The sea is the great faithless one."

"But the wind!" she retorted. "I have heard you grow eloquent over the brave trade-wind."

"I wish I had thought to bring Wolf Larsen's chronometer and sextant," I said, still gloomily. "Sailing one direction, drifting another direction, to say nothing of the set of the current in some third direction, makes a resultant which dead reckoning can never calculate. Before long we won't know where we are by five hundred miles."

THERE is no need of going into an extended recital of our suffering in the small boat during the many days we were driven and drifted, here and there, willy-nilly, across the ocean. The high wind blew from the north-west for twenty-four hours, when it fell calm, and in the night sprang up from the south-west. This was dead in our teeth, but I took in the sea-anchor and set sail, hauling a course on the wind which took us in a south-south-easterly direction. It was an even choice between this and the west-north-westerly course which the wind permitted; but the warm airs of the south fanned my desire for a warmer sea and swayed my decision.

In three hours—it was midnight, I well remember, and as dark as I had ever seen it on the sea—the wind, still blowing out of the south-west, rose furiously, and once again I was compelled to set the sea-anchor.

Day broke and found me wan-eyed and the ocean lashed white, the boat pitching, almost on end, to its drag.

I had had no sleep for forty-eight hours. I was wet and chilled to the marrow, till I felt more dead than alive. My body was stiff from exertion as well as from cold, and my aching muscles gave me the severest torture whenever I used them, and I used them continually. And all the time we were being driven off into the north-east, directly away from Japan and towards bleak Berling Sea.

Maud's condition was pitiable. She sat crouched in the bottom of the boat, her lips blue, her face grey and plainly showing the pain she suffered. But ever her eyes looked bravely at me, and ever her lips uttered brave words.

Came days of fog, when even Maud's spirit drooped and there were no merry words upon her lips; days of calm, when

we floated on the lonely immensity of sea, oppressed by its greatness and yet marvelling at the miracle of tiny life, for we still lived and struggled to live; days of sleet and wind and snow-squalls, when nothing could keep us warm; or days of drizzling rain, when we filled our water-breakers from the drip of the wet sail.

And ever I loved Maud with an increasing love.

One thing about her which surprised me was her lack of timidity and fear.

Came days of storm, days and nights of storm, when the ocean menaced us with its roaring whiteness, and the wind smote our struggling boat with a Titan's buffets. Then one day I sighted a headland. Days and nights of sleeplessness and anxiety had doubtless turned my head, I looked back at Maud, to identify myself, as it were, in time and space. The sight of her dear wet cheeks, her flying hair, and her brave brown eyes convinced me that my vision was still healthy. Again I turned my face to leeward, and again I saw the jutting promontory, black and high and naked, the raging surf that broke about its base and beat its front high up with spouting fountains, the black and forbidding coast-line running towards the south-east and fringed with a tremendous scarf of white.

"Maud," I said. "Maud."

She turned her head and beheld the sight.

"It cannot be Alaska!" she cried.

"Alas, no," I answered, and asked, "Can you swim?"

She shook her head.

"Neither can I," I said. "So we must get ashore without swimming, in some opening between the rocks through which we can drive the boat and clamber out. But we must be quick, most quick—and sure."

I spoke with a confidence she knew I did not feel, for she looked at me with that unfaltering gaze of hers and said: "I have not thanked you yet for all you have done for me, but—"

She hesitated, as if in doubt how best to word her gratitude.

"Well?" I said, brutally, for I was not quite pleased with her thanking me.

"You might help me," she smiled.

"We shall go clear," I said, with a confidence which I knew deceived neither of us.

"You have convinced me of your sincerity," she said, with a faint smile. "I do know, now, that we shall go clear."

I had seen a distant headland past the extreme edge of the promontory, and as we looked we could see grow the intervening coast-line of what was evidently a deep cove. At the same time there broke upon our ears a continuous and mighty bellowing. It partook of the magnitude and volume of distant thunder, and it came to us directly from leeward, rising above the crash of the surf and travelling directly in the teeth of the storm. As we passed the point the whole cove burst upon our view, a half-moon of white sandy beach upon which broke a huge surf, and which was covered with myriads of seals. It was from them that the great bellowing went up.

"A rocky!" I cried. "Now are we indeed saved. There must be men and cruisers to protect them from the seal-hunters. Possibly there is a station ashore."

But as I studied the surf beat upon the beach, I said, "Still bad, but not so bad.

And now, if the gods be truly kind, we shall drift by that next headland and come upon a perfectly sheltered beach, where we may land without wetting our feet."

And the gods were kind. The first and second headlands were directly in line with the south-west wind; but once around the second—and we went perilously near—we picked up the third headland, still in line with the wind and with the other two.

I attended to making the boat secure and joined her. Thus we landed on Endeavor Island, as we came to it, land-sick from long custom of the sea.

"FOOL!" I cried aloud in my vexation.

I had unloaded the boat and carried its contents high up on the beach, where I had set about making a camp. There was driftwood, though not much, on the beach, and the sight of a coffee tin I had taken from the Ghost's larder had given me the idea of a fire.

"Blithering idiot!" I was continuing.

But Maud said, "Tut, tut," in gentle reproval, and then asked why I was a blithering idiot.

"No matches," I groaned. "Not a match did I bring. And now we shall have no hot coffee, soup, tea, or anything!"

"Oh, well, we've managed so far without it," she said cheerfully. "And there's no reason why we cannot still manage without it."

"But think of the coffee!" I cried. "It's good coffee, too. I know. I took it from Larsen's private stores. And look at that good wood."

I confess, I wanted the coffee badly; and I learned, not long afterwards, that the berry was likewise a little weakness of Maud's. Besides, we had been so long on a cold diet that we were numb inside as well as out. Anything warm would have been most gratifying. But I complained no more, and set about making a tent of the sail for Maud.

The next morning I dug a shallow ditch around the tent, and, an hour later, a sudden gust of wind, whipping over the rocky wall behind us, picked up the tent and smashed it down on the sand thirty yards away.

Maud laughed at my crestfallen expression, and I said, "As soon as the wind abates I intend going in the boat to explore the island. There must be a station somewhere, and men. And ships must visit the station. Some governments must protect all these seals. But I wish to have you comfortable before I start."

"I should like to go with you," was all she said.

"It would be better if you remained. You have had enough of hardship. It is a miracle that you have survived. And it won't be comfortable in the boat, rowing and sailing in this rainy weather. What you need is rest, and I should like you to remain and get it."

Something suspiciously akin to moistness dimmed her beautiful eyes before she dropped them and partly turned away her head.

"I should prefer going with you," she said in a low voice, in which there was just a hint of appeal.

"Please, please," she said, oh, so softly.

I stiffened myself to refuse, and shook my head. Still she waited and looked at me. I tried to waver, my refusal, but wavered. I saw the glad light spring into her eyes and knew that I had lost. It was impossible to say no after that.



The wind died down in the afternoon, and we were prepared to start the following morning. There was no way of penetrating the island from our cove, for the walls rose perpendicularly from the beach, and, on either side of the cove, rose from the deep water.

Morning broke dull and grey, but calm, and I was awake early and had the boat in readiness.

"Fool! Imbecile! Yahoo!" I shouted, when I thought it was meant to arouse Maud; but this time I shouted in merriment as I danced about the beach, bare-headed, in mock despair.

Her head appeared under the flap of the sail.

"What now?" she asked sleepily, and, withal, curiously.

"Coffee!" I cried. "What do you say to a cup of coffee? hot coffee? piping hot?" "My!" she murmured, "you startled me, and you are cruel. Here I have been composing my soul to do without it, and here you are vexing me with your vain suggestions."

"Watch me," I said.

From under the cloths among the rocks I gathered a few dry sticks and chips. These I whittled into shavings or split into kindling. From my note-book I tore out a page, and from the ammunition box took a shotgun shell. Removing the wads from the latter with my knife, I emptied the powder on a flat rock. Next I pried the primer, or cap, from the shell, and laid it on the rock in the midst of the scattered powder. All was ready. Maud still watched from the tent. Holding the paper in my left hand, I smashed down upon the cap with a rock held in my right. There was a puff of white smoke, a burst of flame, and the rough edge of the paper was alight.

Maud clapped her hands gleefully. "Prometheus!" she cried.

I boiled the water, but it was Maud who made the coffee. And how good it was! My contribution was canned beef fried with crumbled sea-biscuits and water. The breakfast was a success, and we sat about the fire much longer than enterprising explorers should have done, sipping the hot black coffee and talking over our situation.

I was confident that we should find a station in some one of the coves, for I knew that the rookeries of Bering Sea were thus guarded; but Maud advanced the theory—to prepare me for disappointment, I do believe, if disappointment were to come—that we had discovered an unknown rookery. She was in very good spirits, however, and made quite merry in accepting our plight as a grave one.

She was right. We sailed with a beam wind along the shore, searching the coves with our glasses and landing occasionally, without finding a sign of human life. Yet we learned that we were not the first who had landed on Endeavor Island. High up on the beach of the second cove from ours, we discovered the splintered wreck of a boat—a sealer's boat, for the rowlocks were bound in scum, a gun-rack was on the starboard side of the bow, and in white letters was faintly visible *Gauche No. 2*. The boat had lain there for a long time, for it was half filled with sand, and the splintered wood had that weather-worn appearance due to long exposure to the elements. In the sternsheets I found a rusty ten-gauge shotgun and a sailor's sheath-knife broken short across and so rusted as to be almost unrecognisable.

"They got away," I said cheerfully; but I felt a sinking at the heart and

seemed to divine the presence of bleached bones somewhere on that beach.

I did not wish Maud's spirits to be dampened by such a find, so I turned seaward again with our boat and skirted the northeastern point of the island.

No wonder we called it Endeavor Island. For two weeks we toiled at building a hut. Maud insisted on helping, and I could have wept over her bruised and bleeding hands. And still, I was proud of her because of it. There was something heroic about this gently-bred woman enduring our terrible hardship and with her pittance of strength bending to the tasks of a pleasant woman. She gathered many of the stones which I built into the walls of the hut; also, she turned a deaf ear to my entreaties when I begged her to desist. She compromised, however, by taking upon herself the lighter labors of cooking and gathering driftwood and moss for our winter's supply.

The hut's walls rose without difficulty, and everything went smoothly until the problem of the roof confronted me. Of what use the four walls without a roof? And of what could a roof be made? There were the spare oars, very true. They would serve as roof-beams; but with what was I to cover them? Moss would never do. Tundra grass was impracticable. We needed the sail for the boat, and the tarpaulin had begun to leak.

"Winters used walrus skins on his hut," I said.

"There are the seals," she suggested.

So next day the hunting began. I did not know how to shoot, but I proceeded to learn. And when I had expended some thirty shells for three seals, I decided that the ammunition would be exhausted before I acquired the necessary knowledge. I had used eight shells for lighting fires before I hit upon the device of banking the embers with wet moss, and there remained not over a hundred shells in the box.

"We must club the seals," I announced when convinced of my poor marksmanship. "I have heard the sealers talk about clubbing them."

"They are so pretty," she objected. "I cannot bear to think of it being done. It is so directly brutal, you know; so different from shooting them."

"That roof must go on," I answered grimly. "Winter is almost here. It is our lives against theirs. It is unfortunate we haven't plenty of ammunition, but I think, anyway, that they suffer less from being clubbed than from being all shot up. Besides, I shall do the clubbing."

"That's just it," she began eagerly, and broke off in sudden confusion.

"Of course," I began. "If you prefer

"But what shall I be doing?" she interrupted, with that softness I knew full well to be insistence.

"Gathering firewood and cooking dinner," I answered lightly.

The upshot of the affair was that she accompanied me next morning. I rowed into the adjoining cove and up to the edge of the beach. There were seals all about us in the water, and following thousands on the beach compelled us to shout at each other to make ourselves heard.

A quarter of a mile inland we came upon the holluschickie-sleek young bulls, living out the loneliness of their bachelorhood and gathering strength

against the day when they would fight their way into the ranks of the benedictines.

I seemed to know just what to do and how to do it. Shouting, making threatening gestures with my club, and even prodding the lazy ones, I quickly cut out a score of the young bachelors from their companions. Whenever one made an attempt to break back toward the water I headed it off. Maud took an active part in the drive and, with her cries and flourishes of a broken oar, was of considerable assistance.

"My, it's exciting!" she cried, pausing from sheer weakness. "I think I'll sit down."

I drove the little herd (a dozen strong, now, what of the escapes she had permitted) a hundred yards farther on; and by the time she joined me I had finished the slaughter and was beginning to skin. An hour later we went proudly back along the path between the harems. And twice again we came down the path burdened with skins, till I thought we had enough to roof the hut. I set the sail, laid one tack-out of the cove, and on the other tack made our own little inner cove.

"It's just like home-coming," Maud said, as I ran the boat ashore.

I heard her words with a responsive thrill. It was all so dearly intimate and natural, and I said:

"It seems as though I have lived this life always. The world of books and bookish folk is very vague, more like a dream memory than an actuality. I surely have hunted and forayed and fought all the days of my life. And you, too, seem a part of it. You are——" I was on the verge of saying, "my woman, my mate," but glibly changed it to—"standing the hardship well."

"It will smell," I said, "but it will keep in the heat and keep out the rain and snow."

We were surveying the completed seal-skin roof.

"It is clumsy, but it will serve the purpose, and that is the main thing," I went on, yearning for her praise.

And she clapped her hands and declared that she was hugely pleased.

"But it is dark in here," she said the next moment, her shoulders shrinking with a little involuntary shiver.

"You might have suggested a window when the walls were going up," I said. "It was for you, and you should have seen the need of a window."

"But I never do see the obvious, you know," she laughed back. "And besides, you can knock a hole in the wall at any time."

"Quite true; I had not thought of it," I replied, wagging my head sagely. But have you thought of ordering the window glass? Just call up the firm—Red, 4451. I think it is—and tell them what size and what kind of glass you wish."

"That means——" she began.

"No window."

It was a dark and evil-appearing thing, that hut, not fit for aught better than swine in a civilised land; but for us, who had known the misery of the open boat, it was a snug little habitation.

The second hut was easier to erect, for I built it against the first, and only three walls were required. But it was work, hard work all of it. Maud and I worked from dawn till dark, to the limit of our strength, so that when night came we crawled stiffly to bed and slept the animal-like sleep of exhaustion. Where she obtained her strength was the marvel to me.



I AWOKE, oppressed by a mysterious sensation. There seemed something missing in my environment. But the mystery and oppressiveness vanished after the first few seconds of waking, when I identified the missing something as the wind.

It was a clear day, and the sun was shining. I had slept late, and I stepped outside with sudden energy, bent upon making up lost time as befitting a dweller on Endeavor Island.

And when outside, I stopped short. I believed my eyes without question, and yet I was for the moment stunned by what they disclosed to me. There, on the beach, not fifty yards away, bow on, dimasted, was a black-hulled vessel. Masts and booms, tangled with shrouds, sheets and rent canvas, were rubbing gently alongside. I could have rubbed my eyes as I looked. There was the home-made galley we had built, the familiar break of the poop, the low yacht-cabin scarcely rising above the rail. It was the Ghost.

It came upon me suddenly, as strange, that nothing moved aboard. Worn from the night of struggle and wreck all hands were yet asleep, I thought. My next thought was that Maud and I might escape.

My knife was at my hip. I returned to my hut for the shotgun, made sure it was loaded, and went down to the Ghost. With some difficulty, and at the expense of a wetting to the waist, I climbed aboard. The fore-cabin scuttle was open. I paused to listen for the breathing of the men, but there was no breathing. Everywhere was a thick litter of discarded and ragged garments, old sea-boots, leaky oilskins—all the worthless fore-cabin dunnage of a long voyage.

Abandoned hastily, was my conclusion, as I ascended to the deck. Hope was alive again in my breast, and I looked about me with greater coolness.

As I rounded the galley, the new satisfaction was mine at thought of all the splendid cooking utensils inside. I sprang up the break of the poop, and saw—Wolf Larsen. What of my impetus and the stunning surprise, I clattered three or four steps along the deck before I could stop myself. He was standing in the companionway, only his head and shoulders visible, staring straight at me. His arms were resting on the half-open slide. He made no movement whatever—simply stood there, staring at me.

I began to tremble. The old stomach sickness clutched me. I put one hand on the edge of the house to steady myself. There was something ominous in his silence, his immobility. All my old fear of him returned, and my new fear was increased a hundredfold. And still we stood, the pair of us, staring at each other.

I was aware of the demand for action, and, my old helplessness strong upon me, I was waiting for him to take the initiative.

I cocked both barrels and levelled the shotgun at him. Had he moved, attempted to drop down the companionway, I know I would have shot him. But he stood motionless, and staring as before. And as I faced him, with levelled gun shaking in my hands, I had time to note the worn and haggard appearance of his face.

I lowered the gun and stepped to the corner of the cabin, primarily to relieve the tension on my nerves and to make a new start, and incidentally to be closer. Again I raised the gun.

He was almost at arm's length. There was no hope for him. I was resolved. There was no possible chance of missing him, no matter how poor my marksmanship. And yet I wrestled with myself, and could not pull the triggers.

"Well?" he demanded impatiently. I strove vainly to force my fingers down on the triggers, and vainly I strove to say something.

"Why don't you shoot?" he asked. I cleared my throat of a huskiness which prevented speech.

"Hump," he said slowly, "you can't do it. You are not exactly afraid. You are impotent. Your conventional morality is stronger than you."

"I know it," I said hoarsely.

I had backed away from him, almost weeping at my inability to shoot him, but not fool enough to put down the gun. I hoped, desperately, that he might commit some hostile act, attempt to strike me or choke me; for in such way only I knew I could be stirred to shoot.

"This is Endeavor Island," I said, "and you are intruding."

"Never heard of it," he broke in. "At least that's our name for it," I amended.

"Our?" he queried. "Who's our?" "Miss Brewster and myself. And the Ghost is lying, as you can see for yourself, bow on to the beach."

"There are seals here," he said. "They woke me up with their barking, or I'd be sleeping yet. I heard them when I dove in last night. They were the first warning that I was on a lee shore. It's a rookery, the kind of a thing I've hunted for years. Thanks to my brother, Death, I've lighted on a fortune. It's a mint. What's its bearings?"

"Haven't the least idea," I said. "But you ought to know quite closely. What were your last observations?"

He smiled inscrutably, but did not answer.

"Well, where's all hands?" I asked. "How does it come that you are alone?" I was prepared for him again to set aside my question, and was surprised at the readiness of his reply.

"My brother got me inside forty-eight hours, and through no fault of mine. Boarded me in the night with only the watch on deck. Hunters went back on me. He gave them a bigger lay. Heard him offering it. Did it right before me. Of course the crew gave me the go-by. This was to be expected. All hands went over the side, and there I was marooned on my own vessel. It was Death's turn, and it's all in the family, anyway."

"But how did you lose the masts?" I asked.

"Walk over and examine those lanyards," he said, pointing to where the mizzen rigging should have been.

"They have been cut with a knife!" I exclaimed.

"Not quite," he laughed. "It was a heater job. Look again."

I looked. The lanyards had been almost severed, with just enough left to hold the shrouds till some severe strain should be put upon them.

"Cooky did that," he laughed again. "I know, though I didn't spot him at it. Kind of evened up the score a bit."

"Good for Mugridge!" I cried.

"Yes, that's what I thought when everything went over the side. Only I said it on the other side of my mouth."

"But what were you doing while all this was going on?" I asked.

"My best, you may be sure, which wasn't much under the circumstances."

I turned to re-examine Thomas Mugridge's work.

"I guess I'll sit down and take the sunshine," I heard Wolf Larsen saying.

"How are your headaches?" I asked.

"They still trouble me," was his answer.

"I think I have one coming on now."

He slipped down from his sitting posture till he lay on the deck. Then he rolled over on his side, his head resting on the biceps of the under arm, the forearm shielding his eyes from the sun. I stood regarding him wonderingly.

"Now's your chance, Hump," he said. "I don't understand," I lied, for I thoroughly understood.

"Oh, nothing," he added, softly, as if he were drowsing; "only you've got me where you want me."

"No, I haven't," I retorted; "for I want you a few thousand miles away from here."

He chuckled, and thereafter spoke no more. He did not stir as I passed by him and went down into the cabin.

A bright thought struck me. I stole into his state-room and possessed myself of his revolvers. There were no other weapons, though I thoroughly ransacked the three remaining state-rooms. To make sure, I returned and went through the steerage and fore-cabin and in the galley gathered up all the sharp meat and vegetable knives. Then I brought me of the great yachtman's knife he always carried, and I came to him and spoke to him, first softly, then loudly. He did not move. I bent over and took it from his pocket. I breathed more freely. He had no arms with which to attack me from a distance; while I, armed, could always forestall him should he attempt to grapple me with his terrible gorilla arms.

Filling a coffee-pot and frying-pan with part of my plunder, and taking some chinaware from the cabin pantry, I left Wolf Larsen lying in the sun and went ashore.

Maud was still asleep. I blew up the embers (we had not yet arranged a winter kitchen), and quite feverishly cooked the breakfast. Toward the end, I heard her moving about within the hut, making her toilet. Just as all was ready and the coffee poured, the door opened and she came forth.

"It's not fair of you," was her greeting. "You are usurping one of my prerogatives. You know you agreed that the cooking should be mine, and—"

"But just this once," I pleaded.

"If you promise not to do it again," she smiled. "Unless, of course, you have grown tired of my poor efforts."

To my delight, she never once looked toward the beach, and I maintained the banter with such success that all unconsciously she sipped coffee from the china cup, ate fried evaporated potatoes, and spread marmalade on her biscuit. But it could not last. I saw the surprise that came over her. She had discovered the china plate from which she was eating. She looked over the breakfast, noting detail after detail. Then she looked at me, and her face turned slowly toward the beach.

"Humphrey!" she said. The old unnamable terror mounted into her eyes.

"Is—he?" she quavered. I nodded my head.

WE waited all day for Wolf Larsen to come ashore. It was an intolerable period of anxiety. Each moment one or the other of us cast expectant glances toward the Ghost. But



he did not come. He did not even appear on deck.

The next day we waited, and the next, and still he made no sign.

"These headaches of his, these attacks," Maud said, on the afternoon of the fourth day, "perhaps he is ill, very ill. He may be dead."

"Or dying," was her afterthought, when she had waited sometime for me to speak.

"Better so," I answered.  
"But think, Humphrey, a fellow-creature in his last lonely hour."

"Perhaps," I suggested.

"You must go aboard, Humphrey, and find out," she said. "And if you want to laugh at me, you have my consent and forgiveness."

I arose obediently and went down the beach.

"Do be careful," she called after me.

I waved my arm from the fore-castle head and dropped down to the deck. After I walked to the cabin companionway, where I contented myself with hailing below, Wolf Larsen answered, and as he started to ascend the stairs I cocked my revolver, but he took no notice of it. He appeared the same, physically, as when last I saw him, but he was gloomy and silent. In fact, the few words we spoke could hardly be called a conversation. I did not inquire why he had not been ashore, nor did he ask why I had not come aboard. His head was all right again, he said, and so, without further parley, I left him.

Maud received my report with obvious relief, and the sight of smoke which later rose in the galley put her in a more cheerful mood. The next day, and the next, we saw the galley smoke rising, and sometimes we caught glimpses of him on the poop. But that was all. He made no attempt to come ashore. This we knew, for we still maintained our night-watches. We were waiting for him to do something, to show his hand, so to say, and his inaction puzzled and worried us.

A week of this passed by. We had no other interest than Wolf Larsen, and his presence weighed us down with an apprehension which prevented us from doing any of the little things we had planned.

But at the end of the week the smoke ceased rising from the galley, and he no longer showed himself on the poop. I could see Maud's solicitude again growing, though timidly—and even proudly. I think—forgot a repetition of her request.

So I did not wait a second time for Maud to send me. I discovered that we stood in need of condensed milk and marmalade, and announced that I was going aboard. I could see that she wavered.

I took off my shoes when I gained the fore-castle head, and went noiselessly aft in my stocking feet. Nor did I call this time from the top of the companionway. Cautiously descending, I found the cabin deserted. The door to his state-room was closed. At first I thought of knocking, then I remembered my ostensible errand, and resolved to carry it out. Carefully avoiding noise, I lifted the trap-door and set it to one side. The stow-chest, as well as the provisions, was stored in the lazarette, and I took advantage of the opportunity to lay in a stock of underclothes.

As I emerged from the lazarette I heard sounds in Wolf Larsen's state-room. I crouched and listened. The

door-knob rattled. Furtively, instinctively, I slunk back behind the table and drew and cocked my revolver. The door swung open and he came forth. Never had I seen so profound a despair as that which I saw on his face—the face of Wolf Larsen, the fighter, the strong man, the indomitable one. For all the world like a woman wringing her hands, he raised his clenched fists and groaned. One fist unclosed, and the open palm swept across his eyes as though brushing away cobwebs.

It was horrible. I was trembling all over, and I could feel the shivers running up and down my spine and the sweat standing out on my forehead. Surely there can be little in this world more awful than the spectacle of a strong man in the moment when he is utterly weak and broken.

But Wolf Larsen regained control of himself by an exertion of his remarkable will. He caught his breath once or twice and sobbed. Then he was successful. I could have thought him the old Wolf Larsen, and yet there was in his movements a vague suggestion of weakness and indecision. He started for the companionway, and stepped forward quite as I had been accustomed to see him do; and yet again, in his very walk, there seemed that suggestion of weakness and indecision.

I was now concerned with fear for myself. The open trap lay directly in his path, and his discovery of it would lead instantly to his discovery of me. He took no notice of me. Nor did he notice the open trap. Before I could grasp the situation, or act, he had walked right into the trap. One foot was descending into the opening, while the other foot was just on the verge of beginning the uplift. But when the descending foot missed the solid flooring and felt vacancy beneath, it was the old Wolf Larsen and the tiger muscles that made the falling body spring across the opening, even as it fell, so that he struck on his chest and stomach, with arms outstretched, on the floor of the opposite side. The next instant he had drawn up his legs and rolled clear. But he rolled into my marmalade and underclothes and against the trap-door.

The expression of his face was one of complete comprehension. But before I could guess what he had comprehended, he had dropped the trap-door into place, closing the lazarette. Then I understood. He thought he had me inside. Also, he was blind, blind as a bat. I watched him, breathing carefully so that he should not hear me. He stepped quickly to his state-room. I saw his hand miss the door-knob by an inch, quickly fumble for it, and find it. This was my chance. I tiptoed across the cabin and to the top of the stairs. He came back, dragging a heavy sea-chest, which he deposited on top of the trap. Not content with this, he fetched a second chest and placed it on top of the first. Then he gathered up the marmalade and underclothes and put them on the table. When he started up the companionway I retreated, silently rolling over on top of the cabin.

He shoved the slide part way back and rested his arms on it, his body still in the companionway. His attitude was of one looking forward the length of the schooner, or staring, rather, for his eyes were fixed and unblinking. I was only five feet away and directly in what should have been his line of vision. It was uncanny. I felt myself a ghost, what

of my invisibility. I waved my hand back and forth, of course without effect; but when the moving shadow fell across his face I saw at once that he was susceptible to the impression.

To my amused chagrin, he discovered my shoes on the fore-castle head and brought them back with him into the galley. I watched him build the fire and set about cooking food for himself; then I stole into the cabin for my marmalade and underclothes, slipped back past the galley, and climbed down to the beach to deliver my barefoot report.

"IT'S too bad the Ghost has lost her masts. Why, we could sail away in her. Don't you think we could, Humphrey?"

I sprang excitedly to my feet.  
"I wonder, I wonder," I repeated, pacing up and down.

Maud's eyes were shining with anticipation as they followed me. She had such faith in me! And the thought of it was so much added power.

"It can be done, it can be done," I was thinking and asserting aloud. "What men have done, I can do; and if they have never done this before, still I can do it."

We both laughed, and then went seriously to work constructing the plan whereby we were to step the masts of the Ghost and return to the world.

There was the mainmast, fifteen inches in diameter at what was now the butt, still sixty-five feet in length, and weighing, I roughly calculated, at least three thousand pounds. And then came the foremast, larger in diameter and weighing surely thirty-five hundred pounds. Where was I to begin? Maud stood silently by my side, while I evolved in my mind the contrivance known among sailors as "shears." But though known to sailors, I invented it there on Endeavor Island. By crossing and lashing the ends of two spars, and then elevating them in the air like an inverted "V," I could get a point above the deck to which to make fast my hoisting tackle. To this hoisting tackle I could, if necessary, attach a second hoisting tackle. And then there was the windlass!

Maud saw that I had achieved a solution, and her eyes warmed sympathetically.

Her task was to hold the boat in position while I worked at the tangle. And such a tangle—halyards, sheets, guys, downhauls, shrouds, stays, all washed about and back and forth and through, and twined and knotted by the sea. I cut no more than was necessary, and what with passing the long ropes under and around the booms and masts, of unreeling the halyards and sheets, of coiling down in the boat and uncoiling in order to pass through another knot in the bight, I was soon wet to the skin.

The sails did require some cutting, and the canvas, heavy with water, tried my strength severely; but I succeeded before nightfall in getting it all spread out on the beach to dry. We were both very tired when we knocked off for supper, and we had done good work, too, though to the eye it appeared insignificant.

Next morning, with Maud as able assistant, I went into the hold of the Ghost to clear the steps of the mast-butts. We had no more than begun work when the sound of my knocking and hammering brought Wolf Larsen.

"Hello below!" he cried down the open hatch.

The sound of his voice made Maud



quickly draw close to me, as for protection, and she rested one hand on my arm while we parleyed.

"Hello on deck," I replied. "Good morning to you."

"What are you doing down there?" he demanded. "Trying to scuttle my ship for me?"

"Quite the opposite; I'm repairing her," was my answer.

"But what in thunder are you repairing?" There was puzzlement in his voice.

"Why, I'm getting everything ready for restrepping the masts," I replied easily, as though it were the simplest project imaginable.

"It seems as though you're standing on your own legs at last, Hump," we heard him say; and then for some time he was silent.

"But I say, Hump," he called down. "You can't do it."

"Oh, yes, I can," I retorted. "I'm doing it now."

"But this is my vessel, my particular property. What if I forbid you?"

"You forget," I replied. "You are no longer the biggest bit of the ferment. You were, once, and able to eat me, as you pleased to phrase it; but there has been a diminishing, and I am now able to eat you. The yeast has grown stale."

He gave a short, disagreeable laugh. "I see you're working my philosophy back on me for all it is worth. But don't make the mistake of underestimating me. For your own good, I warn you."

I had stepped underneath the open hatchway so that I could see him. The lack of expression on his face, so different from when I had watched him unseen, was enhanced by the unblinking, staring eyes. It was not a pleasant face to look upon.

"How do you do, Miss Brewster?" he said suddenly, after a pause.

I started. She had made no noise whatever, had not even moved. Could it be that some glimmer of vision remained to him? or that his vision was coming back?

"How do you do, Captain Larsen?" she answered. "Pray, how did you know I was here?"

"Heard you breathing, of course. I say, Hump's improving; don't you think so?"

"I don't know," she answered, smiling at me. "I have never seen him otherwise."

"You should have seen him before then."

"Wolf Larsen, in large doses," I murmured, "before and after taking."

"I want to tell you again, Hump," he said threateningly, "that you'd better leave things alone."

"But don't you care to escape as well as we?" I asked incredulously.

"No," was his answer. "I intend dying here."

"Well, we don't," I concluded defiantly, beginning again my knocking and hammering.

Next day, the mast-steps clear and everything in readiness, we started to get the two topmasts aboard. The maintopmast was over thirty feet in length, the foretopmast nearly thirty, and it was of these that I intended making the shears. It was puzzling work. Fastening one end of a heavy tackle to the windlass, and with the other end fast to the butt of the foretopmast, I began to heave. Maud held the turn on the windlass and coiled down the slack.

Instructing her how to hold the turn

and be ready to slack away at command, I laid hold of the mast with my hands and tried to balance it inboard across the rail. When I thought I had it, I cried to her to slack away; but the spar righted, despite my efforts, and dropped back toward the water. Again I heaved it up to its old position, for I had now another idea. I remembered the watch-tackle—a small double and single block affair—and fetched it.

While I was rigging it between the top of the spar and the opposite rail, Wolf Larsen came on the scene. We exchanged nothing more than good mornings, and though he could not see, he sat on the rail out of the way and followed by the sound all that I did.

Again instructing Maud to slack away at the windlass when I gave the word, I proceeded to heave on the watch-tackle. Slowly the mast swung in until it balanced at right angles across the rail; and then I discovered to my amazement that there was no need for Maud to slack away.

In less than an hour I had the maintopmast on deck and was constructing the shears.

Then I discovered I had forgotten guyropes. This necessitated my climbing the shears, which I did twice, before I finished guying it fore and aft and to either side. Twilight had set in by the time this was accomplished. Wolf Larsen, who had sat about and listened all afternoon and never opened his mouth, had taken himself off to the galley and started his supper. I felt quite stiff across the small of the back, so much so that I straightened up with an effort and with pain. I looked proudly at my work. It was beginning to show. I was wild with desire, like a child with a new toy, to hoist something with my shears.

"I wish it weren't so late," I said. "I'd like to see how it works."

"Don't be a glutton, Humphrey," Maud chided me. "Remember, to-morrow is coming, and you're so tired now that you can hardly stand."

"It's a shame, after working hard all day, that we cannot have an uninterrupted night's sleep," I complained, after supper.

"But there can be no danger now?"

"I shall never be able to trust him."

I averred, "and far less now that he is blind. The liability is that his partial helplessness will make him more malignant than ever. I know what I shall do to-morrow, the first thing—run out a light anchor and kedge the schooner off the beach. And each night when we come ashore in the boat, Mr. Wolf Larsen will be left a prisoner on board. So this will be the last night we have to stand watch, and because of that it will go the easier."

We were awake early and just finishing breakfast as daylight came.

"Oh, Humphrey!" I heard Maud cry in dismay, and suddenly stop.

I looked at her. She was gazing at the Ghost. I followed her gaze, but could see nothing unusual. She looked at me, and I looked inquiry back.

"The shears," she said, and her voice trembled.

I had forgotten their existence. I looked again, but could not see them.

"If he has—" I muttered savagely. She put her hand sympathetically on mine, and said, "You will have to begin over again."

"Oh, believe me, my anger means nothing; I could not hurt a fly," I smiled back bitterly. "And the worst of it is, he knows it. You are right. If he has destroyed the shears, I shall do nothing except begin over again."

"But I'll stand my watch on board hereafter," I blurted out a moment later. "And if he interferes—"

"But I dare not stay ashore all night alone," Maud was saying when I came back to myself. "It would be so much nicer if he would be friendly with us and help us. We could all live comfortably aboard."

"We will," I asserted, still savagely, for the destruction of my beloved shears had hit me hard. "That is, you and I will live aboard, friendly or not, with Wolf Larsen."

"It's childish," I laughed later, "for him to do such things, and for me to grow angry over them, for that matter."

But my heart smote me when we climbed aboard and looked at the havoc he had done. The shears were gone altogether. The guys had been slashed right and left. The throat-halyards which I had rigged were cut across through every part. And he knew I could not splice. A thought struck me. I ran to the windlass. It would not work. He had broken it. We looked at each other in consternation. Then I ran to the side. The masts, booms, and gaffs I had cleared were gone. He had found the lines which held them, and cast them adrift.

Tears were in Maud's eyes, and I do believe they were for me.

"Here he comes now," she whispered. I glanced up. He was strolling leisurely along the poop on the port side.

"Take no notice of him," I whispered.

"He's coming to see how we take it. Don't let him know that we know. We can deny him that satisfaction. Take off your shoes—that's right—and carry them in your hand."

And then we played hide-and-seek with the blind man. As he came up the port side we slipped past on the starboard; and from the poop we watched him turn and start aft on our track.

FOR two days Maud and I ranged the sea and explored the beaches in search of the missing masts. But it was not till the third day that we found them, all of them, the shears included, and, of all perilous places, in the pounding surf of the grim southwestern promontory. And how we worked! At the dark end of the first day we returned, exhausted, to our little cove, towing the mainmast behind us. And we had been compelled to row, in a dead calm, practically every inch of the way.

Another day of heart-breaking and dangerous toil saw us in camp with the two topmasts to the good. The day following I was desperate, and I rafted together the foremast, the fore and main booms and the fore and main gaffs.

Night began to fall, and to make matters worse, the wind sprang up ahead. Not only did all forward motion cease, but we began to drift back and out to sea. I struggled at the oars till I was played out. Poor Maud, whom I could never prevent from working to the limit of her strength, lay weakly back in the stern-sheets. I could row no more. My bruised and swollen hands could no longer close on the oar handles. My wrists and arms ached intolerably, and, though I had eaten heartily of a twelve o'clock lunch, I had worked so hard that I was faint from hunger.

I pulled in the oars and bent forward to the line which held the tow. But



Maud's hand leaped out restrainingly to mine.

"What are you going to do?" she asked in a strained, tense voice.

"Cast it off," I answered, slipping a turn of the rope.

But her fingers closed on mine.

"Please don't," she begged.

"It is useless," I answered. "Here in night, and the wind blowing us off the land."

"But think, Humphrey. If we cannot sail away on the Ghost, we may remain for years on the island—for life even. If it has never been discovered all these years, it may never be discovered."

"You forget the boat we found on the beach," I reminded her.

"It was a seal-hunting boat," she replied, "and you know perfectly well that if the men had escaped they would have been back to make their fortunes from the rookery. You know they never escaped."

I remained silent, undecided.

"Besides," she added haltingly, "it's your idea, and I want to see you succeed."

Now I could harden my heart. As soon as she put it on a flattering personal basis, generosity compelled me to deny her.

Morning broke, and we looked long in the growing light for our island. At last it showed, small and black, on the horizon, fully fifteen miles away. I scanned the sea with my glasses. Far away in the south-west I could see a dark line on the water, which grew even as I looked at it.

"Fair wind!" I cried in a husky voice I did not recognise as my own.

Maud tried to reply, but could not speak. Her lips were blue with cold, and she was hollow-eyed—but, oh, how bravely her brown eyes looked at me! How pitiously brave!

Again I felt to chafe her hands, and to moving her arms up and down and about until she could thrash them herself.

She gave me a quick look, and again I caught that dancing, tremulous light and something more in her eyes. But it was only for the moment. Then she smiled.

"It must have been the conditions," she said; but I knew she was wrong, and I wondered if she likewise knew.

Then the wind came, fair and fresh, and the boat was soon laboring through a heavy sea towards the island. At half-past three in the afternoon we passed the south-western promontory. Not only were we hungry, but we were now suffering from thirst. Our lips were dry and cracked, nor could we longer moisten them with our tongues. Then the wind slowly died down. By night it was dead calm and I was toiling once more at the oars—but weakly, most weakly. At two in the morning the boat's bow touched the beach of our own inner cove, and I staggered out to make the painter fast. Maud could not stand, nor had I strength to carry her. I fell in the sand with her, and when I had recovered, contented myself with putting my hands under her shoulders and dragging her up the beach to the hut.

The next day we did no work. In fact, we slept till three in the afternoon, or at least I did, for I awoke to find Maud cooking dinner. Her power of recuperation was wonderful. There was something tenacious about that lily-frail body of hers, a clutch on existence which one

could not reconcile with its patent weakness.

"You know I was travelling to Japan for my health," she said, as we lingered at the fire after dinner and delighted in the movelessness of loafing. "I was not very strong. I never was. The doctors recommended a sea voyage."

"You little knew what you were choosing," I laughed.

"But I shall be a different woman for the experience, as well as a stronger woman," she answered; "and, I hope, a better woman. At least I shall understand a great deal more of life."

**I**n the morning we had breakfast and were at work by daylight. I found a light kedge anchor in the fore hold, where such things were kept, and with a deal of exertion got it on deck and into the boat. With a long running-line coiled down in the stern, I rowed well out into our little cove and dropped the anchor into the water.

Three days I worked on the windlass. Least of all things was I a mechanic, and in that time I accomplished what an ordinary machinist would have done in as many hours. I had to learn my tools to begin with, and every simple mechanical principle which such a man would have at his finger-ends I had likewise to learn. And at the end of three days I had a windlass which worked clumsily. It never gave the satisfaction the old windlass had given, but it worked and made my work possible.

In half a day I got the two topmasts aboard and the shears rigged and guyed as before. And that night I slept on board and on deck beside my work. Maud, who refused to stay alone ashore, slept in the forecabin. Wolf Larsen had sat about, listening to my repairing the windlass and talking with Maud and me upon indifferent subjects. No reference was made on either side to the destruction of the shears; nor did he say anything further about my leaving his ship alone. But still I had feared him, blind and helpless and listening, always listening, and I never let his strong arms get within reach of me while I worked.

On this night, sleeping under my beloved shears, I was aroused by his footsteps on the deck. It was a starlight night, and I could see the bulk of him dimly as he moved about. I rolled out of my blankets and crept noiselessly after him in my stocking feet. He had armed himself with a draw-knife from the tool locker, and with this he prepared to cut across the throat-halyards I had again rigged to the shears. Then he prepared to saw across with the draw-knife.

"I wouldn't do it if I were you," I said quietly.

He heard the click of my pistol and laughed.

"Hello, Hump," he said. "I knew you were here all the time. You can't fool my ears."

"That's a lie, Wolf Larsen," I said, just as quietly as before. "However, I am aching for a chance to kill you, so go ahead and cut."

"You have the chance always," he sneered.

"Go ahead and cut," I threatened ominously.

"I'd rather disappoint you," he laughed, and turned on his heel and went aft.

"Something must be done, Humphrey," Maud said, next morning, when I had told her of the night's occurrence. "If he has liberty, he may do anything. He may sink the vessel, or set fire to it. There

is no telling what he may do. We must make him a prisoner."

"But how?" I asked, with a helpless shrug. "I dare not come within reach of his arms, and he knows that so long as his resistance is passive I cannot shoot him."

"There must be some way," she contended. "Let me think."

"There is one way," I said grimly.

She waited.

I picked up a seal-jub.

"It won't kill him," I said. "And before he could recover I'd have him bound hard and fast."

She shook her head with a shudder. "No, not that. There must be some less brutal way. Let us wait."

But we did not have to wait long, and the problem solved itself. In the morning after several trials, I found the point of balance in the foremast and attached my hoisting tackle a few feet about it. Maud held the turn on the windlass and coiled down while I heaved. Had the windlass been in order it would not have been so difficult; as it was, I was compelled to apply all my weight and strength to every inch of the heaving. I had to rest frequently. In truth, my spells of resting were longer than those of working. Maud even contrived, at times when all my efforts could not budge the windlass, to hold the turn with one hand and with the other to throw the weight of her slim body to my assistance.

At the end of an hour the single and double blocks came together at the top of the shears. I could hoist no more. And yet the mast was not swung entirely inboard.

While I was considering the problem, Wolf Larsen came on deck. We noticed something strange about him at once. The indecisiveness, or feebleness, of his movements was more pronounced. His walk was actually tottery as he came down the port side of the cabin. At the break of the poop he reeled, raised one hand to his eyes with the familiar brushing gesture, and fell down the steps—still on his feet—to the main deck, across which he staggered, falling and flinging out his arms for support. He regained his balance by the steerage companion-way and stood there dizzily for a space, when he suddenly crumpled up and collapsed, his legs bending under him as he sank to the deck.

"One of his attacks," I whispered to Maud.

She nodded her head; and I could see sympathy warm in her eyes.

We went up to him, but he seemed unconscious, breathing spasmodically. She took charge of him, lifting his head to keep the blood out of it and despatching me to the cabin for a pillow. I also brought blankets, and we made him comfortable. I took his pulse. It beat steadily and strong, and was quite normal. This puzzled me. I became suspicious.

"What if he should be feigning this?" I asked, still holding his wrist.

Maud shook her head, and there was reproof in her eyes. But just then the wrist I held leaped from my hand, and the hand clasped like a steel trap about my wrist.

My wrist was released, but his other arm, passed around my back, held both my arms so that I could not move. His free hand went to my throat, and in that moment I knew the bitterest foretaste of death earned by one's own idiocy. Why had I trusted myself within reach of those terrible arms? I could feel other hands



at my throat. They were Maud's hands, striving mainly to tear loose the hand that was throttling me. She gave it up, and I heard her scream in a way that cut me to the soul, for it was a woman's scream of fear and heart-breaking despair. I had heard it before, during the sinking of the Martinez.

My face was against his chest and I could not see, but I heard Maud turn and run swiftly away along the deck. Everything was happening quickly. I had not yet had a glimmering of unconsciousness, and it seemed that an interminable period of time was lapsing before I heard her feet flying back. And just then I felt the whole man sink under me. The breath was leaving his lungs and his chest was collapsing under my weight. Whether it was merely the expelled breath, or his consciousness of his growing impotence, I know not, but his throat vibrated with a deep groan. The hand at my throat relaxed. I breathed. It fluttered and tightened again. But even his tremendous will could not overcome the dissolution that assailed it. That will of his was breaking down. He was fainting.

Maud's footsteps were very near as his hand fluttered for the last time and my throat was released. I rolled off and over to the deck on my back, gasping and blinking in the sunshine. Maud was pale but composed—my eyes had gone instantly to her face—and she was looking at me with mingled alarm and relief.

"Dear woman!" I cried, scrambling to my feet.

The next moment she was in my arms, weeping convulsively on my shoulder while I clasped her close. I looked down at the brown glory of her hair, glinting gems in the sunshine far more precious to me than those in the treasure-chests of kings. And I bent my head and kissed her hair softly, so softly that she did not know.

"It was a real attack this time," I said; "another shock like the one that made him blind. He feigned at first, and in doing so brought it on."

Maud was already rearranging his pillow.

"No," I said, "not yet. Now that I have him helpless, helpless he shall remain. From this day we live in the cabin. Wolf Larsen shall live in the steerage."

I caught him under the shoulders and dragged him to the companionway. At my direction Maud fetched a rope. Placing this under his shoulders, I balanced him across the threshold and lowered him down the steps to the floor. I could not lift him directly into a bunk, but with Maud's help I lifted first his shoulders and head, then his body, balanced him across the edge, and rolled him into a lower bunk.

At once we moved aboard the Ghost, occupying our old state-rooms and cooking in the galley. The imprisonment of Wolf Larsen had happened most opportunely, for what must have been the Indian summer of this high latitude was gone and drizzling stormy weather had set in. We were very comfortable, and the inadequate shears, with the foremast suspended from them, gave a businesslike air to the schooner and a promise of departure.

And now that we had Wolf Larsen in irons, how little did we need it! Like his first attack, his second had been accompanied by serious disablement. Maud made the discovery in the afternoon while trying to give him nourishment. He had shown signs of consciousness, and she had spoken to him, eliciting no re-

sponse. He was lying on his left side at the time, and in evident pain. With a restless movement he rolled his head around, clearing his left ear from the pillow against which it had been pressed. At once he heard and answered her, and at once she came to me.

Pressing the pillow against his left ear, I asked him if he heard me, but he gave no sign. Removing the pillow and repeating the question, he answered promptly that he did.

"Do you know you are deaf in the right ear?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered in a low, strong voice, "and worse than that. My whole right side is affected. It seems asleep. I cannot move arm or leg."

"Feigning again?" I demanded angrily. He shook his head, his stern mouth shaping the strangest, twisted smile. It was indeed a twisted smile, for it was on the left side only, the facial muscles of the right side moving not at all.

"That was the last play of the Wolf," he said. "I am paralysed. I shall never walk again."

Maud and I went about our work oppressed by the fearful fate which had overtaken him—how fearful we were yet fully to realize. There was the awfulness of retribution about it. Our thoughts were deep and solemn, and we spoke to each other scarcely above whispers.

"You might remove the handcuffs," he said that night, as we stood in consultation over him. "It's dead safe. I'm paralytic now. The next thing to watch out for is bed sores."

He smiled his twisted smile, and Maud, her eyes wide with horror, was compelled to turn away her head.

"Do you know that your smile is crooked?" I asked him; for I knew that she must attend him, and I wished to save her as much as possible.

"Then I shall smile no more," he said calmly. "I thought something was wrong. My right cheek has been numb all day. Yes, I've had warnings of this for the last three days; by spells, my right side seemed going to sleep, sometimes arm or hand, sometimes leg or foot."

"So my smile is crooked?" he queried a short while after. "Well, consider henceforth that I smile internally; with my soul if you please, my soul. Consider that I am smiling now."

And for the space of several minutes he lay there, quiet, indulging his grotesque fancy.

The man of him was not changed. It was the old indomitable, terrible Wolf Larsen, imprisoned somewhere within that flesh which had once been so invincible and splendid. Now it bound him with insistent fetters, walling his soul in darkness and silence, blocking it from the world which to him had been a riot of action.

And yet, though I even removed the handcuffs, we could not adjust ourselves to his condition. Our minds revolted. To us he was full of potentiality. We knew not what to expect of him next, what fearful thing rising above the flesh, he might break out and do. Our experience warranted this state of mind, and we went about our work with anxiety always upon us.

I had solved the problem which had arisen through the shortness of the shears. By means of the watch-tackle (I had made a new one), I heaved the butt of the foremast across the rail and then lowered it to the deck. To the end of the boom I had likewise rigged a hoisting tackle;

and when the whole arrangement was completed I could not but be startled by the power and latitude it gave me.

Of course, two days' work was required for the accomplishment of this part of my task, and it was not till the morning of the third day that I swung the foremast from the deck and proceeded to square its butt to fit the step. Here I was especially awkward. I sawed and chopped and chiselled the weathered wood till it had the appearance of having been gnawed by some gigantic mouse. But it fitted.

"It will work, I know it will work," I cried.

THE fierce winter had now descended upon us. Gale followed gale, with snow and sleet and rain. The seals had started on their great southern migration, and the rookery was practically deserted. I worked feverishly, in spite of the bad weather, and of the wind which especially hindered me. I was on deck from daylight till dark and making substantial progress.

I profited by my lesson learned through raising the shears and then climbing them to attach the guys. To the top of the foremast, which was just lifted conveniently from the deck, I attached the rigging, stays, and throat and peak halyards. As usual, I had underrated the amount of work involved in this portion of the task, and two long days were necessary to complete it. And there was so much yet to be done—the sails, for instance, which practically had to be made over.

While I toiled at rigging the foremast, Maud sewed on canvas, ready always to drop everything and come to my assistance when more hands than two were required. The canvas was heavy and hard, and she sewed with the regular sailor's palm and three-cornered sail-needle. Her hands were soon sadly blistered, but she struggled bravely on, and in addition doing the cooking and taking care of the sick man.

"A fig for superstition," I said on Friday morning. "That must go in to-day."

Everything was ready for the attempt. Carrying the boom-tackle to the windlass, I hoisted the mast nearly clear of the deck. Making this tackle fast, I took to the windlass the shears-tackle (which was connected with the end of the boom), and with a few turns had the mast perpendicular and clear.

Maud clapped her hands the instant she was relieved from holding the turn, crying:

"It works! It works! We'll trust our lives to it!"

Then she assumed a rueful expression.

"It's not over the hole," she said. "Will you have to begin all over?"

I smiled in superior fashion, and, slackening off on one of the boom-guys and taking in on the other, swung the mast perfectly in the centre of the deck. Still it was not over the hole. Again the rueful expression came on her face, and again I smiled in a superior way. Slackening away on the boom-tackle and hoisting an equivalent amount on the shears-tackle, I brought the butt of the mast into position directly over the hole in the deck. Then I gave Maud careful instructions for lowering away and went into the hold to the step on the schooner's bottom.

I called to her, and the mast moved easily and accurately. Straight towards the square hole of the step the square butt descended; but as it depended it



slowly twisted so that square would not fit into square. But I had not even a moment's indecision. Calling to Maud to cease lowering, I went on deck and made the watch-tackle fast to the mast with a rolling hitch. I left Maud to pull on it while I went below. By the light of the lantern I saw the butt twist slowly around till its sides coincided with the sides of the step. Maud made fast and returned to the windlass. Slowly the butt descended the several intervening inches, at the same time slightly twisting again. Again Maud rectified the twist with the watch-tackle, and again she lowered away from the windlass. Square fitted into square. The mast was stepped.

**I** RAISED a shout, and she ran down to see. In the yellow lantern light we peered at what we had accomplished. We looked at each other, and our hands felt their way and clasped. The eyes of both of us, I think, were moist with the joy of success.

"It was done so easily after all," I remarked. "All the work was in the preparation."

"And all the wonder in the completion," Maud added. "I can scarcely bring myself to realise that that great mast is really up and in; that you have lifted it from the water, swung it through the air, and deposited it here where it belongs. It is a Titan's task."

"And they made themselves many inventions," I began merrily, then paused to sniff the air.

I looked hastily at the lantern. It was not smoking. Again I sniffed.

"Something is burning," Maud said, with sudden conviction.

We sprang together for the ladder, but I raced past her to the deck. A dense volume of smoke was pouring out of the steerage companionway.

"The Wolf is not yet dead," I muttered to myself as I sprang down through the smoke.

It was so thick in the confined space that I was compelled to feel my way; and so potent was the spell of Wolf Larsen on my imagination, I was quite prepared for the helpless giant to grip my neck in a strangle hold. I hesitated, the desire to race back and up the steps to the deck almost overpowering me. Then I recollected Maud. The vision of her, as I had last seen her, in the lantern light of the schooner's hold, her brown eyes warm and moist with joy, flashed before me, and I knew that I could not go back.

I was choking and suffocating by the time I reached Wolf Larsen's bunk. I reached my hand and felt for his. He was lying motionless, but moved slightly at the touch of my hand. I felt over and under his blankets. There was no warmth, no sign of fire. Yet that smoke which blinded me and made me cough and gasp must have a source. I lost my head temporarily and dashed frantically about the steerage. A collision with the table partially knocked the wind from my body and brought me to myself. I reasoned that a helpless man could start a fire only near to where he lay.

I returned to Wolf Larsen's bunk. There I encountered Maud. How long she had been there in that suffocating atmosphere I could not guess.

"Go up on deck!" I commanded peremptorily.

"But, Humphrey—" she began to protest in a queer, husky voice.

"Please, please!" I shouted at her harshly.

She drew away obediently, and then I thought: What if she cannot find the steps? I started after her, to stop at the foot of the companionway. Perhaps she had gone up. As I stood there, hesitant, I heard her cry softly:

"Oh, Humphrey, I am lost."

I found her fumbling at the wall of the after bulkhead, and half leading her, half carrying her, I took her up the companionway. The pure air was like nectar. Maud was only faint and dizzy, and I left her lying on the deck when I took my second plunge below.

The source of the smoke must be very close to Wolf Larsen—my mind was made up to this, and I went straight to his bunk. As I felt about among his blankets, something hot fell on the back of my hand. It burned me, and I jerked my hand away. Then I understood. Through the cracks in the bottom of the upper bunk he had set fire to the mattress. He still retained sufficient use of his left arm to do this. The damp straw of the mattress, fired from beneath and denied air, had been smoldering all the while.

As I dragged the mattress out of the bunk it seemed to disintegrate in mid-air, at the same time bursting into flames. I beat out the burning remnants of straw in the bunk, then made a dash for the deck for fresh air.

Several buckets of water sufficed to put out the burning mattress in the middle of the steerage floor, and ten minutes later, when the smoke had fairly cleared, I allowed Maud to come below. Wolf Larsen was unconscious, but it was a matter of minutes for the fresh air to restore him. We were working over him, however, when he signed for paper and pencil.

"Pray do not interrupt me," he wrote. "I am smiling."

"I am still a bit of the ferment, you see," he wrote a little later.

"I am glad you are as small a bit as you are," I said.

"Thank you," he wrote. "But just think of how much smaller I shall be before I die."

"And yet I am all here, Hump," he wrote with a final flourish. "I can think more clearly than ever in my life before. Nothing to disturb me. Concentration is perfect. I am all here and more than here."

It was like a message from the night of the grave; for this man's body had become his mausoleum. And there in so strange sepulture his spirit fluttered and lived. It would flutter and live till the last line of communication was broken, and after that who was to say how much longer it might continue to flutter and live?

**I** THINK my left side is going," Wolf Larsen wrote, the morning after his attempt to fire the ship. "The numbness is growing. I can hardly move my hand. You will have to speak louder. The last lines are going down."

"Are you in pain?" I asked.

I was compelled to repeat my question loudly before he answered.

"Not all the time."

The left hand stumbled slowly and painfully across the paper, and it was with extreme difficulty that we deciphered the scrawl. It was like a "spirit message," such as are delivered at seances of spiritualists for a dollar admission.

"But I am still here, all here," the hand scrawled more slowly and painfully than ever.

The pencil dropped, and we had to replace it in the hand.

"When there is no pain I have perfect peace and quiet. I have never thought so clearly. I can ponder life and death like a Hindu sage."

"And immortality?" Maud queried loudly in the ear.

Three times the hand essayed to write, but fumbled hopelessly. The pencil fell. In vain we tried to replace it. The fingers could not close on it. Then Maud pressed and held the fingers about the pencil with her own hand, and the hand wrote, in large letters, and so slowly that the minutes ticked off to each letter:

"B-O-S-H."

It was Wolf Larsen's last word, "bosh," sceptical and invincible to the end. The arm and hand relaxed. The trunk of the body moved slightly. Then there was no movement. Maud released the hand. The fingers spread slightly, falling apart of their own weight, and the pencil rolled away.

She looked at me queerly. I saw her lips trembling and the tears swimming up in her eyes. She swayed towards me, and I caught her in my arms.

"Oh, Humphrey," she sobbed, "when will it all end? I am so tired, so tired."

She buried her head on my shoulder, her frail form shaken with a storm of weeping. She was like a feather in my arms, so slender, so ethereal. "She has broken down at last," I thought. "What can I do without her help?"

But I soothed and comforted her, till she pulled herself bravely together and recuperated mentally as quickly as she was wont to do physically.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself," she said. Then added, with the whimsical smile I adored, "but I am only one small woman."

That phrase, the "one small woman," startled me like an electric shock. It was my own phrase, my pet, secret phrase, my love phrase for her.

**T**HE day came for our departure. There was no longer anything to detain us on Endeavor Island. The Ghost's stumpy masts were in place, her crazy sails bent. All my handiwork was strong, none of it beautiful; but I knew that it would work, and I felt myself a man of power as I looked at it.

"I did it! I did it! With my own hands I did it!" I wanted to cry aloud.

But Maud and I had a way of voicing each other's thoughts, and she said, as we prepared to hoist the mainsail:

"To think, Humphrey, you did it all with your own hands!"

"But there were two other hands," I answered. "Two small hands, and don't say that was a phrase, also, of your father's."

She laughed and shook her head, and held her hands up for inspection.

"I can never get them clean again," she wailed, "nor soften the weather-beat."

"Then dirt and weather-beat shall be your guerdon of honor," I said, holding them in mine; and, spite of my resolutions, I would have kissed the two dear hands had she not swiftly withdrawn them.

Our comradeship was becoming tremulous. I had mastered my love long and well, but now it was mastering me. Wilfully had it disobeyed and won my eyes to speech, and now it was winning my tongue—ay, and my lips, for they were mad this moment to kiss the two small hands which had toiled so faithfully and hard. And I, too, was mad. There was



a cry in my being like bugles calling me to her.

And there was a wind blowing upon me which I could not resist, swaying the very body of me till I leaned toward her, all unconscious that I leaned. And she knew it. She could not but know it as she swiftly drew away her hands, and yet could not borbear one quick, searching look before she turned away her eyes.

By means of deck-tackles I had arranged to carry the halyards forward to the windlass; and now I hoisted the main-sail, peak and throat, at the same time. It was a clumsy way, but it did not take long, and soon the foresail as well was up and fluttering.

I had devised an automatic jib-sheet which passed the jib across of itself, so there was no need for Maud to attend to that; but she was still hoisting the jib when I put the wheel hard down. It was a moment of anxiety, for the Ghost was rushing directly upon the beach, a stone's throw distant. But she swung obediently on her heel into the wind. There was a great fluttering and flapping of canvas and reef points, most welcome to my ears, then she filled away on the other tack.

Maud had finished her task and come aft, where she stood beside me, a small cap perched on her wind-blown hair, her cheeks flushed from exertion, her eyes wide and bright with the excitement, her nostrils quivering to the rush and bite of the fresh salt air. Her brown eyes were like a startled deer's. There was a wild, keen look in them I had never seen before, and her lips parted and her breath suspended as the Ghost, charging upon the wall of rock at the entrance to the inner cove, swept into the wind and filled away into safe water.

My first mate's berth on the sealing grounds stood me in good stead, and I cleared the inner cove and laid a long tack along the shore of the outer cove. Once again about, and the Ghost headed out to open sea. All Endeavor Island brightened under the sun. Even the grim south-western promontory showed less grim, and here and there, where the sea-spray wet its surface, high lights flashed and dazzled in the sun.

"I shall always think of it with pride," I said to Maud.

She threw her head back in a queenly way, but said "Dear, dear Endeavor Island! I shall always love it."

"And I," I said quickly.

It seemed our eyes must meet in a great understanding, and yet, loath, they struggled away and did not meet.

There was a silence I might almost call awkward, till I broke it by saying: "See those dark clouds to windward. You remember I told you last night the barometer was falling."

"And the sun is gone," she said, her eyes still fixed upon our island, where we had proved our mastery over matter and attained to the truest comradeship that may fall to man and woman.

"And it's slack off the sheets for Japan!" I cried gaily. "A fair wind and a flowing sheet, you know, or however it goes."

Lashing the wheel, I ran forward, eased the fore and main sheets, took in on the boom-tackles, and trimmed everything for the quartering breeze which was ours. It was a fresh breeze, very fresh, but I resolved to run as long as I dared. Unfortunately, when running free, it is impossible to lash the wheel, so I faced an

all-night watch. Maud insisted on relieving me, but proved that she had not the strength to steer in a heavy sea, even if she could have gained the wisdom on such short notice. She appeared quite heart-broken over the discovery, but recovered her spirits by coiling down tackles and halyards and all stray ropes. Then there were meals to be cooked in the galley, beds to make. Wolf Larsen to be attended upon, and she finished the day with a grand house-cleaning attack upon the cabin and steerage.

All night I steered, without relief, the wind slowly and steadily increasing and the sea rising. At five in the morning Maud brought me hot coffee and biscuits she had baked, and at seven a substantial hot breakfast put new life into me.

Throughout the day, and as slowly and steadily as ever, the wind increased. It impressed one with its sullen determination to blow, and blow harder, and keep on blowing. And still the Ghost foamed along, racing off the miles till I was certain she was making at least eleven knots. It was too good to lose, but by nightfall I was exhausted. Though in splendid physical trim, a thirty-six hour trick at the wheel was the limit of my endurance. Besides, Maud begged me to heave to, and I knew, if the wind and sea increased at the same rate during the night, that it would soon be impossible to heave to. So as twilight deepened, gladly and at the same time reluctantly, I brought the Ghost up on the wind.

**B**UT I had not reckoned upon the colossal task the reefing of three sails meant for one man. While running away from the wind I had not appreciated its force, but when we ceased to run I learned to my sorrow, and well-nigh to my despair, how fiercely it was really blowing. The wind balked my every effort, ripping the canvas out of my hands and in an instant undoing what I had gained by ten minutes of severest struggle. At eight o'clock I had succeeded only in putting the second reef into the foresail. At eleven o'clock I was no further along. Blood dripped from every finger end, while the nails were broken to the quick. From pain and sheer exhaustion I wept in the darkness, secretly, so that Maud should not know.

I was famished, but Maud tried vainly to get me to eat. I dozed with my mouth full of food. I would fall asleep in the act of carrying food to my mouth and waken in torment to find the act yet uncompleted. So sleepily helpless was I that she was compelled to hold me in my chair to prevent my being flung to the floor by the violent pitching of the schooner.

Of the passage from the galley to the cabin I knew nothing. It was a sleep-walker Maud guided and supported. In fact, I was aware of nothing till I awoke, how long after I could not imagine, in my bunk with my boots off. It was dark. I was stiff and lame, and cried out with pain when the bed-clothes touched my poor finger-ends.

Morning had evidently not come, so I closed my eyes and went to sleep again. I did not know it, but I had slept the clock around and it was night again.

When I awoke at seven I saw no sign of Maud and concluded she was in the galley preparing breakfast. On deck I found the Ghost doing splendidly under

her patch of canvas. But in the galley, though a fire was burning and water boiling, I found no Maud.

I discovered her in the steerage, by Wolf Larsen's bunk. I looked at him, the man who had been hurled down from the topmost pitch of life to be buried alive and be worse than dead. There seemed a relaxation of his expressionless face which was new. Maud looked at me and I understood.

"His life flickered out in the storm," I said.

"But he still lives," she answered, in finite faith in her voice.

"He had too great strength."

"Yes," she said, "but now it no longer shackles him. He is a free spirit."

"He is a free spirit surely," I answered, and, taking her hand I led her on deck.

The storm broke that night, which is to say that it diminished as slowly as it had arisen. After breakfast next morning when I had hoisted Wolf Larsen's body on deck ready for burial, it was still blowing heavily and a large sea was running. I lifted the end of the hatch over, and the canvas-shrouded body slipped feet first into the sea. The weight of iron dragged it down. It was gone.

"Good-bye, Lucifer, proud spirit," Maud whispered, so low that it was drowned by the shouting of the wind; but I saw the movement of her lips and knew.

As we clung to the lee rail and worked our way aft, I happened to glance to leeward. The Ghost, at the moment, was up-tossed on a sea, and I caught a clear view of a small steamship two or three miles away, rolling and pitching, head on to the sea, as it steamed toward us. It was painted black, and from the talk of the hunters of their poaching exploits I recognised it as a United States revenue cutter. I pointed it out to Maud and hurriedly led her aft to the safety of the poop.

I started to rush below to the flag-locker, then remembered that in rigging the Ghost I had forgotten to make provision for a flag halyard.

"We need no distress signal," Maud said. "They have only to see us."

"We are saved," I said, soberly and solemnly. And then in an exuberance of joy, "I hardly know whether to be glad or not."

I looked at her. Our eyes were not loath to meet. We leaned toward each other, and before I knew it my arms were about her.

"Need I?" I asked.

And she answered, "There is no need though the telling of it would be sweet, so sweet."

Her lips met the press of mine, and by what strange trick of the imagination I know not, the scene in the cabin of the Ghost flashed upon me, when she had pressed her fingers lightly on my lips and said, "Hush, hush."

"My woman, my one small woman," I said, my free hand petting her shoulder in the way all lovers know though never learn in school.

"My man," she said, looking at me for an instant with tremulous lids which fluttered down and veiled her eyes as she snuggled her head against my breast with a happy little sigh.

I looked toward the cutter. It was very close. A boat was being lowered.

(THE END.)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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